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THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

FORTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XXVII.

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL.

BY

JAMES FERGUSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY."

Second Edition.

IN FORTY VOLUMES.

XXVII.

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THE

CONNOISSEUR.

No. 71. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755.

Est brevitate epus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est, modò tristi, sæpe jocoso.
HOR.

I write as I would talk; am short and clear;
Not clogg'd with words that load the wearied ear!
A grave, dull essay now and then goes down;
But folks expect to laugh with Mr. Town.

AMONG the several degrees of authors, there are none, perhaps, who have more obstacles to surmount at their setting out, than the writers of periodical essays. Talk with a modern critic, and he will tell you, that a new paper is a vain attempt after the inimitable Spectator and others; that all the proper subjects are already pre-occupied, and that it is equally impossible to find out a new field for observation, as to discover a new world. With these prejudices the public are prepared to receive us; and while they expect to be cloyed with the stale repetition of the same fare, though tossed up in a different manner, they sit down with but little relish for the entertainment.

That the Spectator first led the way, must undoubtedly be acknowledged: but that his followers must for that reason be always supposed to tread in his steps, can by no means be allowed. In the high road of life there are several extensive walks, as well as bye-paths, which we may strike into, without the necessity of keeping the same beaten track with those that have gone before us. New objects for ridicule will continually present themselves; and even the same characters will appear different by being differently disposed, as in the same pack of cards, though ever so often shuffled, there will never be two hands exactly alike.

After this introduction, I hope to be pardoned, if I indulge myself in speaking a word or two concerning my own endeavours to entertain the public. And first, whatever objections the reader may have had to the subjects of my papers, I shall make no apology for the manner, in which I have chose to treat them. The dread of falling into (what they are pleased to call) colloquial barbarisms, has induced some unskilful writers to swell their bloated diction with uncouth phrases and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expression, merely for the sake of introducing a more sounding word with a Latin termination. The English language is sufficiently copious and expressive without any further adoption of new terms; and the native words seem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however pompously ushered in; as British soldiers fight our battles better than the troops taken into our pay.

The subjects of my essays have been chiefly such as I thought might recommend themselves to the public notice by being new and uncommon. For this reason I purposely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing scraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the Spectator is inimitable; nor could I hope to say any thing new upon these topics after so many excellent moral and religious essays, which are the principal ornament of that work. I have therefore contented myself with exposing vice and folly by painting mankind in their natural colours, without assuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the moroseness of a philosopher. I have rather chose to undermine our fashionable excesses by secret sapping, than to storm them by open assault. In a word, upon all occasions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour: as I am convinced, that the sting of reproof is not less sharp for being concealed; and advice never comes with a better face, than when it comes with a laughing one.

There are some points in the course of this work, which perhaps might have been treated with a more serious air. I have thought it my duty to take every opportunity of exposing the absurd tenets of our modern Free-thinkers and Enthusiasts. The Enthusiast is, indeed, much more difficult to cure than the Free-thinker; because the latter, with all his bravery, cannot but be conscious that he is wrong; whereas the former may have deceived himself into a belief, that he is certainly in the right; and the more he is opposed, the more he considers himself as 'patiently suffering for the truth's sake.' Ignorance is too stubborn to yield to conviction: and on the other hand those, whom 'a little learning has made mad,' are too proud and self-sufficient to hearken to the sober voice of reason. The only way left us, therefore, is to root out superstition, by making its followers ashamed of themselves: and as for our Free-thinkers, it is but right to turn their boasted weapons of ridicule against them; and as they themselves endeavour to banter others out of every serious and virtuous notion, we too (in the language of the psalmist) should 'laugh them to scorn, and have them in derision.'

It is with infinite pleasure, that I find myself so much encouraged to continue my labours, by the kind reception which they have hitherto met with from the public: and Mr. Baldwin, with no less pleasure, informs me, that as there are but few numbers left of the folio edition, he intends to collect them into two pocket volumes. The reader cannot conceive, how much I already pride myself on the charming figure, which my works will make in this new form: and I shall endeavour to render these volumes as complete as I possibly can, by several considerable additions and amendments. Though contracted into the small space of a twelves volume, I still hope to maintain my former dignity; like the devils in Milton's Pandæmonium.

> ———To smallest forms
> Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large.

The Spectator has very elegantly compared his single papers, as they came out, to 'cherries on a stick,' of the dearness of which the purchasers cannot complain, who are willing to gratify their taste with choice fruit at its earliest production. I have considered my own papers as so many flowers, which joined together, would make up a pretty nosegay; and though each of them, singly taken, may not be equally admired for their odours, they may receive an additional fragrance by a happy union of their sweets.

The learned decoration in the front of my papers, though perhaps it has sometimes put my scholarship to a stand, I could by no means dispense with: for such is the prevalence of custom, that the most finished essay without a motto would appear to many people as maimed and imperfect, as a beautiful face without a nose. But custom has imposed upon us a new task of giving translations to these mottos: and it has been the usual method to copy them promiscuously from Dryden to Francis; though (as Denham has remarked of translation in general) 'the spirit of the original is evaporated in the transfusion, and nothing is left behind but a mere *caput mortuum.*' A motto, as it stands in the original, may be very apposite to the subject of the essay, though nothing to he purpose in the common translation; and it freuently derives all its elegance from an humourous plication, in a different sense to what it bears in the author, but of which, not the least trace can appear in the version. For this reason, I have determined to give entire new translations, or rather imitations, of all the mottos and quotations, adapted to the present times. And these, I flatter myself, will reflect an additional beauty on my work; as some of them admit of epigrammatic turns, while others afford room for lively and picturesque allusions to modern manners. In this dress, they will at least appear more of a piece with the essays themselves; and not like the patch-work of random translations.

In the mean time, I shall only add, that if any nobleman, gentleman, or rich citizen, is ambitious to have his name prefixed to either of these volumes, he is desired to send in proposals, together with a list of his virtues and good qualities, to the publisher; and the dedications shall be disposed of to the best bidder.

⁂ None but principals will be treated with.

T.

Nº. 72. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1755.

——*Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

Hor.

What though our songs to wit have no pretence,
The fiddle-stick shall scrape them into sense.

The managers of our public gardens, willing to make their summer diversions as complete as possible, are not content with laying out beautiful walks, and providing an excellent band of music, but are also at much expense to amuse us with the old English entertainment of ballad-singing. For this end, they not only retain the best voices that can be procured, but each of them also has a poet in ordinary, who is allowed a stated salary, and the run of the gardens. The productions of these petty laureats naturally come within my notice as critic: and, indeed, whether I am at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, or even Sadler's Wells, I indulge myself in many remarks on the poetry of the place; and am as attentive to the songs as to the cascade, the fire-works, or Miss Isabella Wilkinson.

Ballads seem peculiarly adapted to the genius of our people; and are a species of composition, in which we are superior to all other nations. Many of our old English songs have in them an affecting simplicity; and it is remarkable, that our best writers have not been ashamed to cultivate this branch of poetry. Cowley, Waller, Roscommon, Rowe, Gay, Prior, and many others, have left behind them very elegant ballads: but it must be confessed, to the honour of the present age, that it was reserved for our modern writers to bring this kind of poetry to perfection. Song-writing is now reduced to certain rules of art; and the ballad-maker goes to work by a method as regular and mechanical, as a carpenter or a blacksmith.

Swift, in his Voyage to Laputa, describes a machine to write books in all arts and sciences: I have also read of a mill to make verses; and remember to have seen a curious table, by the assistance of which the most illiterate might amuse themselves in composing hexameters and pentameters in Latin: inventions wonderfully calculated for the promotion of literature. Whatever gentlemen of Grub-street or others are ambitious to enlist themselves as hackney sonnetteers are desired to attend to the following rules, drawn from the practice of our modern songwriters; a set of geniuses excellent in their manner, and who will probably be hereafter as much known and admired as garden-poets, as the celebrated Taylor is now famous under the denomination of water-poet.

I must beg leave positively to contradict any reports, insinuating that our ballad makers are in possession of such a machine, mill, or table, as abovementioned; and believe it to be equally false, that it is their practice to hustle certain quaint terms and phrases together in a hat, and take them out at random. It has, indeed, been asserted on some just ground, that their productions are totally void of sense and expression, that they have little rhyme and less reason, and that they are, from beginning to end, nothing more than nonsensical rhapsodies to a new tune. This charge I do not mean to deny: though I cannot but lament the deplorable want of taste, that mentions it as a fault. For it is this very circumstance, which I, who am professedly a Connoisseur, particularly admire. It is a received maxim with all composers of music, that nothing is so melodious as nonsense. Manly sense is too harsh and stubborn to go through the numberless divisions and sub-divisions of modern music, and to be trilled forth in crotchets and demiquavers. For this reason, thought is so cautiously sprinkled over a modern song; which it is the business of the singer to warble into sentiment.

Our ballad-makers for the most part slide into the familiar style, and affect that easy manner of writing which (according to Wycherly) is easily written. Seeing the dangerous consequence of meaning, in words adapted to music, they are very frugal of sentiment: and indeed they husband it so well, that the same thoughts are adapted to every song. The only variation requisite in twenty ballads is, that the last line of the stanza be different. In this ingenious line the wit of the whole song consists; and the author, whether he shall die if he has not the lass of the mill, or deserves to be reckoned an ass, turns over his dictionary of rhymes for words of a similar sound, and every verse jingles to the same word, with all the agreeable variety of a set of bells eternally ringing the same peal.

The authors of love songs formerly wasted a great deal of poetry in illustrating their own passion and the beauty of their mistress; but our modern poets content themselves with falling in love with her name. There cannot be a greater misfortune to one of these rhymers than a mistress with a hard name: such a misfortune sends them all over the world, and makes them run through all arts, sciences, and languages for correspondent terms; and after all perhaps the name is so harsh and untractable, that our poet has as much difficulty to bring it into verse, as the celebrators of the Duke of Marlborough were puzzled to reduce to rhyme the uncouth names of the Dutch towns taken in Queen Anne's wars. Valentine in Love for Love, when he talks of turning poet, orders Jeremy to get the maids together of an evening to Crambo: no contemptible hint to our ballad-makers, and which if properly made use of, would be of as much service to them as Byshe's Art of Poetry.

Fearing lest this method of song-writing should one day grow obsolete, in order to preserve to posterity some idea of it, I have put together the following dialogue as a specimen of the modern manner. I must however be ingenuous enough to confess, that I can claim no further merit in this elegant piece than that of compiler. It is a cento from our most celebrated new songs; from which I have carefully culled all the sweetest flowers of poetry, and bound them up together. As all the lines are taken from different songs set to different tunes, I would humbly propose, that this curious performance should he sung jointly by all the best voices, in the manner of a Dutch concert, where every man sings his own tune. I had once some thoughts of affixing marginal references to each line, to inform the reader

7 note, at what place the song, whence it is taken,

was first sung. But I shall spare myself that trouble by desiring the reader to look on the whole piece, as arising from a coalition of our most eminent song-writers at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, and Sadler's Wells: assuring him, that this short dialogue contains the pith and marrow, or rather (to borrow an expression from the Fine Lady in Lethe) the *quinsetence* and *emptity* of all our modern songs.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN

CORYDON AND SUSAN.

Sus. AH! whither so fast would my Corydon go?
Step in, you've nothing else to do,
Cor. They say I'm in love, but I answer no no;
So I wish I may die if I do.

Once my heart play'd a tune that went pitty pattie,
And I sigh'd but I could not tell why.
Now let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
Sus. O fie, shepherd, fie, shepherd, fie.

Cor. Tho' you bid me begone back again,
Yet, Sukey, no matter for that,
The women love kissing as well as the men.
Sus. Why, what a pox would you be at?

You told me a tale of a cock and a bull;
Upon my word he did.
Cor. I swear I meant nothing but playing the fool.
Sus. Very fine! very pretty indeed!

Cor. Come, come, my dear Sukey, to church let us go;
No more let your answer be no.
Sus. The deuce sure is in him to plague a maid so:
I cannot deny you, you know.

CHORUS BY BOTH.

No courtiers can be so happy as we,
Who bill like the sparrow and dove.
I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
Sure this is mutual love.

Nº 73. THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1755.

———*Secernere sacra profanis.* HOR.

Wherever God erects an house of pray'r,
The devil always has a chapel there. DEFOE.

WALKING the other day in Westminster Abbey, among the many ostentatious monuments erected to kings and warriors, I could not help observing a little stone, on which was this pompous inscription —*Eternæ memoriæ sacrum*—Sacred to the eternal memory of——. The name of the person to whom immortality was thus secured, is almost obliterated; and perhaps, when alive, he was little known, and soon forgot by the small circle of his friends and acquaintance.

I have been used to look upon epitaphs as a kind of flattering dedications to the dead; in which is set down a long catalogue of virtues, that nobody knew they were possessed of while living, and not a word of their vices or follies. The veracity of these posthumous encomiums may, indeed, be fairly suspected, as we are generally told, that the disconsolate widow, or weeping son, erected the monument in testimony of their affliction for the loss of the kindest husband, or most affectionate father. But what dowager, who enjoys a comfortable jointure by her good man's decease, would refuse to set her hand to it on his tomb-stone, that he was the best of husbands, though perhaps they had parted beds? or what heir would be so base and ungrateful, as not to give a few good words to a crabbed parent after his death, in return for his estate.

By the extravagant praises which are indiscriminately lavished on the ashes of every person alike, we entirely pervert the original intent of epitaphs, which were contrived to do honour and justice to the virtuous and the good. But by the present practice the reputations of men are equally confounded with their dust in the grave, where there is no distinction between the good and the bad. The law has appointed searchers to inquire, when any one dies, into the cause of his death, in the same manner I could wish, that searchers were appointed to examine into his way of living, before a character be given of him upon the tomb-stone.

The flatteries that are paid to the deceased are undoubtedly owing to the pride of their survivors, which is the same among the lowest as the highest set of people. When an obscure grocer or tallow-chandler dies at his lodgings at Islington, the newspapers are stuffed with the same parade of his virtues and good qualities, as when a duke goes out of the world: and the petty overseer of a little hamlet has a painted board stuck up at the end of his wickered turf, with a distich setting forth the godliness of his life, in humble imitation of the nobleman, who reposes under a grand mausoleum erected to his memory, with a long list of his titles and heroic deeds.

The great, indeed, have found means to separate themselves even in their graves from the vulgar, by having their ashes deposited in churches and cathedrals, and covered by the most superb monuments: but the false pomp of the monument, as well as the gross flattery of the inscription, often tends only to make the deceased ridiculous. In my late visit to Westminster Abbey, I could not but remark the difference of taste which has prevailed in setting up these edifices for the dead. In former times, it was thought sufficient to clap up the bust or statue of the deceased, set round, perhaps, with the emblems of their merits, their employment, or station of life. Thus, if any lady was remarkable for her virtue and piety, it was pointed out by two or three little chubby-faced cherubims, crying for her death, or holding a crown over her head. The warrior was spread along in full length, in a complete suit of armour, with the trophies of war hung round about him: and the bishop was laid flat upon his back, with his coifed head resting on a stone Bible, and his hands joined together in the posture of praying.

If Socrates, or any other of the ancient philosophers, could revive again, and be admitted into Westminster Abbey, he would now be induced to fancy himself in a pantheon. The modern taste, not content with introducing Roman temples into our churches, and representing the virtues under allegorical images, has ransacked all the fabulous accounts of the heathen theology to strike out new embellishments for our Christian monuments. We are not in the least surprised to see Mercury attending the tomb of an orator, and Pallas or Hercules supporting that of a warrior. If there is not a stop put to this taste, we may soon expect to see our churches, instead of being dedicated to the service of religion, set apart for the reception of the heathen gods. A deceased admiral will be represented like Neptune, with a trident in his hand, drawn in a shell by Dolphins, preceded by Tritons, and followed by Nereids lashing the marble waves with their tails. A general will be habited like Mars, bearing an helmet and spear in polished stone; and a celebrated toast will be stuck up naked, like the *Venus de Medicis*, cut in alabaster. Our pious forefathers were content with exhibiting to us the usual emblems of death, the hour-glass, the skull, and the cross-marrow-bones. These emblems, if not very elegant, were at least not indecent; but now the Three Fatal Sisters, mentioned in the heathen mythology, must be introduced spinning, drawing, and cutting the thread of life. Could one of the last century see a winged figure blowing the trumpet on the top of a modern monument, he would be apt to mistake it for an archangel, and be naturally put in mind of that awful time, ‘ when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall rise.’ But the design, we are told, is very different; and this winged messenger is no other than the ancient personage of Fame, who is proclaiming the virtues of the defunct round the world.

It has been recommended, on a different account to have a separate place, distinct from our churches, for the reception of our monuments. I could wish to see such a scheme put in execution: for the present absurd mixture of the several objects of Pagan and Christian belief, as represented on the tombs lately set up in compliance with the modern taste, must be shocking to every serious beholder. Should any one propose to take down from St. Paul’s cathedral those paintings of Sir James Thornhill representing the transactions of St. Paul, and in their place to set up Titian’s pictures of the amours of the heathen gods and goddesses, every one would be shocked at the impiety of the proposal. But the fashion of introducing heathen deities into our monuments is not much less absurd; and as Milton has been blamed for his frequent allusions to the heathen theology in his sacred poem, surely we are more to be condemned, for admitting the whole class of their fictitious deities into the house of God itself. A reformation in this point is no less necessary, than from the Popish Superstitions; and these profane images, though not the objects of our idolatry, have no more pretence to be set up in the Temple of the living Lord, than those of the canonized saints of the Roman Catholics.

Modern taste is continually striking out new improvements. We may therefore conclude, that when our statuaries have travelled through the ancient Pantheon, and exhausted all the subjects of the Grecian and Roman Mythology, we shall have recourse to the superstitions of other nations for the designs of our monuments. They will then probably be adorned with Ægyptian hieroglyphics, and the tomb of some future hero may be built according to the model of the prophet's tomb at Mecca. It is not to be doubted, but that the Chinese taste, which has already taken possession of our gardens, our buildings, and our furniture, will also soon find its way into our churches: and how elegant must a monument appear, which is erected in the Chinese taste, and embellished with dragons, bells, pagods, and mandarins. O.

N° 74. THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1755.

———Non ita Romuli
Prescriptum, et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque normâ. HOR.

Rome boasts her sons, a race of stubborn fools,
To virtue train'd by grey-beard Cato's rules.
Such rigid pride our modest youth disclaim,
Great in their crimes, and glorious in their shame.

THERE is no method of reproof more in vogue, than the fashion of drawing invidious parrallels between the present times and the past. The grumbling politician rails over his coffee at the present ministry, and reminds you, with a sigh, of the golden days of Queen Bess: while, in matters of less consequence, the critic shakes his head at Mr. Town, and mentions Bickerstaff. But the moralists are above all others devoted to this practice. These wise gentlemen are continually looking backwards, and condemning what lies immediately before them by retrospect. They are for ever harping on this jarring chord, and have scarce more words in their mouths than the solemn sentences said to be delivered by

Friar Bacon's Brazen Head, Time is—Time was—Time is past.

No comparisons of this sort are so frequently repeated, and so much insisted on, as those drawn between the ancients and moderns. If an eloquent member of the House of Commons is cruelly suspected of bellowing for a place, nothing rings in his ears but Tully and Demosthenes. If a gentleman, or perhaps a nobleman, with a heavy mortgage upon his estate, disencumbers it by selling his interest at a county election, he is immediately upbraided with one Roman, that was not ashamed to follow the plough tail, and another, who could refuse large bribes, and content himself with a cottage and turnips. If a lady makes an unfortunate slip, she is told again and again of Lucretia, and fifty other school-boy tales of honour and chastity. In a word, there is not one fashionable frailty, but has some stubborn antiquated virtue set in opposition to it; and our unhappy metropolis is every day threatened with destruction, for its degeneracy from the rigid maxims of Rome or Sparta.

In the midst of all these severe reflections, it gives me infinite pleasure, that I can with justice take notice of the incontestable superiority of the moderns in point of modesty. The arrogance of the ancients was so remarkable, that, in their idea of a perfect character they included every public and private virtue. They aimed at a strict observance of all the duties of life; and if some old Romans had been styled gods while living, it would not have been such gross flattery as was afterwards practised in honouring the emperors with an Apotheosis. Their inflexible honesty was their perpetual boast, and their virtue was their pride. This high idea of a perfect character among the ancients naturally urged them to lift themselves to an invidious superiority above the rest of the world: while the modest moderns, by taking all the vices, instead of the virtues, into their notion of a fine gentleman, endeavour to let themselves down to a level with the lowest of their species, and have laid the surest foundation for humility. Fine gentlemen are so far from being proud, that they are never guilty of any thing, which gives them the least reason to be so: and our fine ladies have none of the disgusting haughtiness of virtue, though indeed, they are seldom known to be ashamed.

It is impossible to devise any one method of lowering the good opinion a man might possibly conceive of himself, that has not been put in practice. No fine gentleman ever aimed at acquiring any excellence: and if any natural perfections might give some little occasion for pride, the greatest pains have been taken to destroy them. Good parts have been often drowned in taverns, and a strong constitution sweated away in bagnios; and in the mean time learning has been totally neglected, lest improvement should bring on pedantry and literary pride. The most shining parts in the character of a fine gentleman are, that he drinks deep, dresses genteely, rides well, can shoe his own horse, and is possessed of some other qualifications, which nobody can ever suspect, that a mind, the least given to ambition, would ever labour to acquire. For my part I am so far from agreeing with our satirist, that the love of fame is the universal passion, that when I observe the behaviour of our fine gentlemen, I am apt to think it proceeds from the lowest and humblest turn of mind. Indeed, their singular modesty appears to me the only means of accounting for their actions, which commonly tend to place them in the meanest and most contemptible light.

Nothing but this invincible modesty, and fear of seeming to aim at excellence, could ever give rise to certain habits, not only ridiculous, but ungraceful.

Good eyes, for instance, are universally acknowledged to give lustre to the whole countenance; yet fashion and humility have blinded the whole town. The beau draws his eyes out of his pocket, and the beauties kill us through spying-glasses. It has been known to be the vogue for persons of fashion to loose the use of their legs, and limp along as if they were crippled: this practice I daily expect to be revived; for I take it for granted, that the tall staves now carried about must naturally dwindle into crutches. An inarticulate lisp even now infects the delivery in polite conversation. It is not at all unfashionable to pretend deafness; and unless the ladies object to it, I do not despair of seeing the time, when the whole modish world shall affect to be dumb.

This humble way of thinking has been carried so far, that it has even introduced a new species of hypocrisy. Fine gentlemen, fearing lest their good qualities should in their own despite overbalance their bad ones, claim several vices, to which they have no title. There is something very admirable and ingenious in this disposition among our young people, who not only candidly discover all their frailties, but accuse themselves of faults, which they never intended to commit. I know a young fellow, who is almost every morning complaining of the head-ache, and cursing the last night's Champagne at the St. Alban's, when I am well assured he passed his evening very soberly with his maiden aunts in Cheapside. I am also acquainted with another gentleman, who is very fond of confessing his intrigues, and often modestly takes shame to himself for the great mischief he does among the women; though I well know, he is too bashful even to make love to his laundress. He sometimes laments publicly the unlucky consequences of an amour, and has, more than once, been discovered to send pill-boxes and gallipots directed for himself, to be left at the bar of neighbouring coffee-houses. The same humble turn of mind induces the frugal to appear extravagant; and makes many a religious young fellow deny his principles, brave his conscience, and affect the character and conversation of an atheist. To say the truth, the generality of the gay world are arrant hypocrites in their vices, and appear to be worse than they really are. Many of our pretended bloods are, in fact no more drunkards, whoremasters, or infidels, than a bully is a man of courage; and are as little sincere in their boasts of vice, as statesmen or beauties in their mutual professions of friendship.

That part of the female world, which composes the order of fine ladies, have as much humility as their counterparts, the fine gentlemen. There is something so charming in the fair sex, that we should almost adore them, if they did not lay aside all the pride of reputation, and by some good-natured familiarities reduce themselves to an equality with us. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe, with what diligence our polite ladies pare off the excellencies from their characters. When we see them almost as naked as the Graces, it is natural to suppose them as warmly devoted to Venus; and when we hear them talk loosely and encourage double meaning in conversation, we are apt to imagine their notions of honour not very strict or severe. But after all, this is frequently mere hypocrisy, and the effect of humility. Many a lady, very wanton in appearance, is in reality very modest; and many a coquet has lost her reputation without losing her virtue. I make no doubt, but that several ladies of suspicious characters are not so bad as they seem, and that there are honourable persons among the gayest of our women of quality.

To return whence I set out, the extraordinary modesty of the moderns, so averse to the arrogant pide of the ancients claiming all virtues and good qualities whatsoever, is the only key to their behaviour. Vice, or at least the appearance of vice, becomes absolutely requisite to pass through the world with tolerable decency, and the character of a man of spirit. As Sir John Brute says, 'they were sneaking dogs, and afraid of being damned in those days;' but we are better informed and fear nothing but the appearance of too much virtue. To secure the nobility, gentry, and others from so shocking an imputation, a friend of mine will speedily present the world with a curious piece, compiled from the practice and principles of the present times, entitled, A New Treatise on Ethics; or, a System of Immoral Philosophy. In this work he has treated at large of modern modesty, shown the excellence and utility of immorality, and considered drinking, whoring, fighting, and gaming, as the four cardinal vices, or in other words, the principal constituents of bucks, bloods, and fine gentlemen. O.

N° 75. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1755.

Non tu corpus eras sine pectores. Hor.

Without a mind a man is but an ape,
A mere brute body in a human shape.

Good-nature is to the mind, what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable disposition creates a love and esteem for us in the rest of mankind, as a handsome person recommends us to to the good graces of the fair sex. It may be further observed, that any little defect in point of figure is sooner overlooked, than a sourness in the temper; and we conceive a more lasting disgust at a morose churlishness of manners, than at a hump-back or a pair of bandy legs. Good-nature is, indeed, so amiable a qualification, that every man would be thought to possess it: and the ladies themselves would no more like to be accused of a perverse turn of mind, than of an unhappy cast of features. Hence it proceeds, that those unfortunate stale virgins, usually called old maids, have both these heavy censures thrown upon them; and are at once condemned as ugly and ill-natured.

Some persons are (according to the strict import of the phrase itself) born good-natured. These fortunate people are easy in themselves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, constitutionally pleasing; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in conversation, than a Hamilton or a Coventry can be otherwise than beautiful or charming. Yet it is the duty even of those, who are naturally endowed 'with the soft parts of conversation,' to be careful not to deprave or abuse them. They must not rely too confidently on their native sweetness of disposition: for we should no more esteem a man, who discovered a negligence of pleasing, than we should admire a beauty, who was an intolerable slattern. Nor on the other hand, should they let their good-nature run to an excess of compliment and extravagant civility: for an engaging temper has been as often spoiled by this troublesome politeness, as a fine shape has been squeezed into frightful distortions by tight stays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But if this care is requisite even in those few, who are blessed with this native complacency and good humour, how necessary is it for the generality of mankind to labour at rectifying the irregularities in their temper? For this purpose it would be fully sufficient, if they would employ half the art to cultivate their minds, that is daily used to set off their persons. To this important end, not only the female delicacies of paint and essence are called in as auxiliaries to the embroidered suits and French perukes, but this anxiety to supply any personal defect has set the invention of artificers to work with so much earnestness, that there is scarce any external blemish, which may not be removed or concealed: and however unkindly nature may have dealt with you, you may by their assistance be made a model for a statuary, or a pattern for a painter to study. If you want an inch in height, your shoemaker can supply it: and your hosier can furnish you with a pair of calves, that may put an Irishman to the blush. An irregularity in your shape can be made invisible by your tailor, or at least by the artist near the Haymarket, who daily gives notice, that he makes steel stays for all those who are inclined to be crooked. There are various beautifying lotions and cosmetics, that will cure spots and freckles in the complexion, and combs and unguents, that will change red hair to the finest brown. Do you want an eye? Taylor will fill the vacant socket with as bright a piercer, as the family of the Pentweazles can boast. Or is your mouth deficient for want of teeth? Paul Jullion (to use his own phrase) will rectify your head, and will fix a set in your gums as even and as white, as ever adorned the mouth of a chimney-sweeper. These, and many other inventions no less curious and extraordinary, have been devised: and there are no operations, however painful, which have not been submitted to with patience to conquer personal deformities. I know a gentleman, who went through the agony of having his leg broke a second time, because it had been set awry: and I remember a lady, who died of a cancer in her breast, occasioned by the application of repelling plasters to keep back her milk, that the beauty of her neck might not be destroyed. I most heartily wish the same resolution was discovered in improving the disposition. Tully in that part of his Offices, where he speaks of grace, tells us 'that it is destroyed by any violent perturbations either of the body or mind.' It is a pity that mankind cannot be reconciled to this opinion; since it is likely they would spare no pains in cultivating their minds, if it tended to adorn their persons. Yet it is certain, that a man makes a worse figure with an ignorant pate, than an unpowdered peruke! and that knowledge is a greater ornament to the head, than a bag or a smart cocked hat; that anger sits like a bloodshot in the eyes, while good-nature lights them up with smiles, and makes every feature in the face charming and agreeable.

The difficulty of being convinced, that we want this social turn, is the grand reason, that so little pains are taken to acquire and perfect it. Would a man once be persuaded of any irregularity in his temper, he would find the blemishes of the mind more easily corrected and amended, than the defects and deformities of the body: but alas! every man is in his own opinion sensible and good humoured. It is, indeed, possible to convince us, that we have a bad complexion or an awkward deportment, which we endeavour to amend by washes and a dancing master; but when the mind is accused, self-adulation, the most fatal species of flattery, makes us cajole ourselves into a belief, that the fault is not in our own disposition, but in that of our companions; as the mad inhabitants of Moor fields conclude all, that come to visit them, out of their senses. This foolish flattery it is, that makes us think ourselves inflexibly in the right, while we are obstinately wrong, and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleasure in society. A whimsical person complains of the fickleness of his acquaintance, and constantly accuses them of fancy and caprice: and there never was an instance of a positive untoward man, that did not continually rail at the perverseness and obstinancy of the rest of the world. A modern buck damns you for a sullen fellow, if you refuse a pint bumper, and looks upon you as a sneaking scoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not choose to lie all night in the round-house. The untractable humourist, while he disgusts all that are about him, conceives himself to be the person affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the conversation, though he is himself the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that 'the eye sees not itself:' but when this blind partiality is carried so far, as to induce us to believe those guilty of the folly, who make us sensible of it, it is surely as absurd as to imagine, that the hair-lip or carbuncled nose, a man sees in the glass, belongs to the figure in the mirror, and not to his own face.

Perfection is no more to be expected in the minds of men than in their persons: natural defects and irregularities in both must be overlooked and excused. But then equal attention should be paid to both; and we should not be anxious to clothe the person, and at the same time let the mind go naked. We should be equally assiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are completely dressed, we should take care that good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole: which will throw the same grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine clothes receive from being cut according to the fashion. In order to acquire these good qualities, we should examine ourselves impartially, and not erect ourselves into judges. and treat all the rest of mankind like criminals. Would it not be highly ridiculous in a person of quality to go to court in a ruff cloak, a pair of trunk-hose, and the habit worn in the days the rise and fall of the money-barometer in 'Change Alley. This is the present state of politics within the bills of mortality; of which I shall now take no further notice, but submit to the perusal of my readers the following letter from cousin Village on the same important subject.

Dear Cousin, ——, *June* 30, 1755.

War, though it has not laid our fields waste or made our cities desolate, engrosses almost all the attention of this place. Every farm-house swarms with politicians, who lay their wise heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's shop in town, while the half quarterns of tea are weighed out, the balance of Europe is adjusted. The preparations now making by sea and land are as popular subjects as the price of corn or the broad-wheel act. Success to our noble admirals, and a speedy war, are also as common toasts over a mug of ale as GOD speed the Plough, or a good harvest; though it must be owned, that some selfish country squires, who have not an equal share of public spirit and love of their country with their fellow rustics, are somewhat apprehensive of the influence which a war may have upon the Land-tax.

I am at present on a visit to Sir Politic Hearty, who is one of those country gentlemen who so much prefer the public welfare to their own private interest, that they are more anxious about the affairs of the nation than the care of their own estates. Sir Politic is miserable three days in the week for want of intelligence; but his spirits revive at the sound of the post-horn, when the mail brings him the London Evening Post, and a long letter of news from his nephew at the Temple. These Sir Politic himself reads after dinner to me, the curate of the parish, and the town apothecary, whom he indulges with the run of his table for their deep insight into the proceedings of the government. He makes many shrewd remarks on every paragraph, and frequently takes the opinion of the two doctors (for he honours both the curate and apothecary with that title) on the asterisks, dashes, and italics. Nothing at first puzzled the honest baronet, and his privy council, so much as the new seat of war. They very well knew the situation of Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other scenes of action in Flanders; but Virginia, the Ohio, Oswego, &c. (to use a common phrase) were quite out of their latitude. But this difficulty is at length surmounted by the Templar having transmitted to his uncle one of D'Anville's maps, by the help of which the baronet sometimes delineates the progress of the French up the Ohio in meanders of port winding along the table, and sometimes demolishes the forts lately raised by the enemy in different parts of our colonies. At present writing I am but just withdrawn from the taking of Crown Point, represented by a cork, and stormed by Sir Politic at the head of an army of cherry-stones.

Sir Politic has, indeed, studied Monsieur D'Anville thoroughly: he has also been very much taken up of late with the perusal of the History of the Six Nations; so that he has scarce one idea in his head, that does not bear some relation to the West Indies. We had some boiled beef the other day for dinner; when the good knight observed, that he should be glad to partake of a buttock, boiled in the war-kettle; and he had no sooner lighted his pipe, than the first puff of the tobacco threw him into some reflections on the danger of Virginia. 'By the bye,' said the baronet, 'I am a great admirer of the Indian oratory; and I dare say old Hendrick the Sachem would have made a good figure in the House of Commons. There is something very elegant in the Covenant-Belt; but pray what a pox are those damned Strings of Wampum? I cannot find any account of them in Chambers's Dictionary.' He then entered into a dissertation on the war-whoop; and turning to the apothecary, 'Doctor,' said he, 'what do you think of scalping?' The doctor replied, 'that for his part he imagined it to be somewhat in the nature of an epispastic or blister.' 'Ay,' said the other reverend doctor, shaking his head, 'it is a very barbarous custom indeed; though it is no wonder, since they have only had a few Jesuits among them; so that they have very little notion of Christianity.'

War never fails of producing groundless and contradictory reports; and if Fame is a lying jade in town, she is the idlest gossip that ever spoke in the country. We have gained several victories in Virginia, and taken several forts, but lost them all back again the next post. At one time we burnt, sunk, took, and destroyed the whole French fleet, though it had not stirred out of Brest harbour: and but last week we shot off poor Boscawen's legs, and made him fight, like Witherington on his stumps; till a letter from Sir Politic's nephew confuted this report, and set the admiral on his legs again.

I am, dear Cousin, your's, &c.

T.

N° 77. THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1755.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes.
HOR.

Wisdom with perriwigs, with cassocks grace,
Courage with swords, gentility with lace.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I READ your late paper, shewing the close analogy which clothing the body bears to adorning the mind, and am thoroughly persuaded, that the generality of mankind would be as glad to embellish their minds as to set off their persons, if they could procure knowledge, virtue, and good-nature, with the same ease that they can furnish themselves with the ornaments of the body. The clown in rug or duffle can, at a moment's warning, be furnished with a complete suit of lace or embroidery from Monmouth-street; his long lank greasy hair may be exchanged in Middle-Row for a smart bag or a jemmy scratch; and his clouted shoes, with the rough hobnails in the heel and sole clumping at every step, may be transformed into a pair of dancing pumps at the Yorkshire warehouse, or the old Crispin in Cranbourn-alley. The draggled street-walker can rig herself with a clean smock, a linen gown, and a hat smartly cocked up behind and before, in Broad St. Giles's; or if she can afford it, every pawnbroker will let out a gold watch with coronets, a tissue or brockaded sack, and all the paraphernalia of a countess. But where, Mr. Town, can these people go to clothe their minds, or at what shops are retailed sense and virtue? Honour and honesty are not to be purchased in Monmouth-street; knowledge is not infused into the head through the powder-puff; and, as good wine needs no bush, sense is not derived from the full-bottomed perriwig. The woman of the town, vamped up for show with paint, patches, plumpers, and every external ornament that art can administer, knows no method to beautify her mind. She cannot, for any price, buy chastity in Broad St. Giles's, or hire honesty from the pawnbroker's.

Seeing, therefore, at one view, the difficulty in obtaining the accomplishments of the mind, and the exact analogy they bear to dress, I have been labouring this week past to remedy that inconvenience, and have at length devised a scheme, which will fully answer that purpose. In a word, then, I shall next winter open a shop or warehouse in the most public part of the town, under the name of a Mind-and-Body Clothier; two trades which, though never yet united, are so far from being incompatible, that they are in their nature inseparable. I shall not only supply my friends with a suit or a single virtue, but furnish them with complete habits of mind and body from head to foot; and by a certain secret art, in the form and texture of the things sold, the required virtues shall be as inherent in them as the materials of which they are composed. That such virtues may be transfused by clothes, is evident from experience. In the narrow extent of my reading, Mr. Town, I remember to have met with an account of Fortunatus's wishing-cap, by which he could transport himself in an instant from one place to another: it is also well known, that the famous Jack the Giant-killer possessed a Sword of Sharpness, Shoes of Swiftness, and a Coat of Invisibility. Why then may not I sell a surtout of patriotism, or a sword of honour, and retail modesty and chastity to fine ladies in tuckers and aprons.

No one who duly considers the natural influence which clothes commonly have upon their wearers, will object to my scheme as utterly impracticable. That a person can put on or throw off the internal habits of his mind together with his coat or his perriwig, is plain in very numerous instances. The young counsellor, who every morning in term-time takes the measure of Westminster-Hall with the importance of a judge upon the circuit, at once divests himself of his gravity with the starched band and long robe, and resumes the spirit of a buck together with the sword and bag-wig. In the same manner the orthodox vicar once a week wraps himself up in piety and virtue with his canonicals; which qualities are as easily cast off again as his surplice; and for the rest of the week he wears the dress as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patron. We may learn the disposition of a man by his apparel, as we know the trade of the carpenter by his leathern apron, or a soldier by his red coat. When we see a snuff-coloured suit of ditto with bolus buttons, a metal headed cane, and an enormous bushy grizzle, we as readily know the wearer to be a dispenser of life and death, as if we had seen him pounding a mortar or brandishing a clyster-pipe. The different affections of the mind have been distinguished by different colours; as scarlet has been made to represent valour, yellow to denote jealousy, and true blue to signify integrity. Thus we may likewise discover all the virtues and vices lurking in the different parts of the apparel. When at a city feast I see the guests tucking their napkins into their shirt collars, as if they were all of them going to be shaved, I very well know that their thoughts wear a different dress than when in the Alley: and when the antiquated toast is laying on her complexion at the toilette, and repairing the ruins of beauty, what is she doing but patching her mind with pride and conceit? In a word, I can discover impudence staring from the bold cock of a Kavenhuller, parsimony skulking in a darned stocking, coquetry spread out in a hoop-petticoat, and foppery dangling from a shoulder-knot. I often please myself with thus remarking the various dresses of the mind; and by the clue you have already given us, I have been able to unfold the inmost linings of the heart, and discover 'the very stuff of the thoughts.'

It must, however, be owned, that in these matters the nicest penetration may be imposed on; since, in the present random method of dressing, many persons appear in masquerade. This inconvenience, among others, will be remedied by my project; for, as whoever deals with me, will at once clothe his mind and his body, the whole town will be dressed in character. Thus if a chimney-sweeper or a plough-boy put on a suit of embroidery, a sword, bag-wig, &c. they will at the same time invest themselves with the internal dignity of a person of quality: my lady's youngest son may buy courage with his regimentals, and orthodoxy may be purchased at the same time with a gown and cassock by the young smarts from the universities. My scheme also further recommends itself, by laying open the only path to virtue and knowledge, that the world will choose to follow: for, as my clothes will always be cut according to the newest and most elegant manner, these qualifications of the mind, inherent in them, must necessarily come into fashion. Thus our fine gentlemen will learn morality under their valet de chambre; and a young lady of fashion will acquire new accomplishments with every new riband, and become virtuous as well as beautiful at her toilette. I depend on your readiness to promote my scheme; but what I most earnestly intreat of you, Mr. Town, is to use your utmost interest with the polite world, but especially with the ladies, not to discard clothes entirely; as by such a resolution my scheme must be defeated: and, indeed, it will not be in the power of man to give them virtue, if they determine to go naked.

As knowledge and virtue can never be sufficiently diffused, my warehouse will be calculated for general use, and stored with large assortments of all kinds of virtues and dresses, that I may suit persons of whatever denomination. Physicians may be furnished from my shop with gravity and learning in the tyes of a perriwig; serjeants at law may be fitted with a competent knowledge of reports under a coif; and young counsellors may be endued with a sufficient fund of eloquence for the circuits, in a smart tye between a bob and a flow, contrived to cover a toupet. I shall sell religion to country parsons in pudding-sleeves, and to young town curates just come from the university, in doctors' scarfs and full grizzles: I shall have some pious ejaculations, whinings, and groans, ready cut out in leathern aprons and blue frocks, for the preaching fraternity of carpenters, bricklayers, tallow-chandlers and butchers, at the Tabernacle and Foundery in Moorfields. For our military gentlemen designed to go abroad, I shall have several parcels of true British courage woven in a variety of cockades and sword-knots; and for our fine gentlemen, who stay at home, I have provided a proper quantity of French Bagatelle, in cut velvet, lace and embroidery, neat as imported.

As the ladies, I suppose, will all of them to a woman, be desirous of purchasing beauty with every branch of the female apparel, I am afraid I shall not be able to answer their demands; but I shall have several dresses, which will make up for the want of it. I shall have neatness done up in a great variety of plain linen; decency and discretion in several patterns for mobs, hoods, and nightgowns; together with modesty disposed into tuckers, kerchiefs for the neck, stays that almost meet the chin, and petticoats that touch the ground. I shall also have a small portion of chastity knit into garters, and twisted into laces for the stays, very proper to be worn at masquerades and assemblies.

I had almost forgot to mention, that authors, who are often in equal want of sense and clothes shall be fitted out by me with both at once on very reasonable rates. As for yourself, Mr. Town, I shall beg leave to present you with an entire suit of superfine wit and humour, warranted to wear well, and appear creditable, and in which no author would be ashamed to be seen.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

W. EUTRAPELUS TRIM.

Nº 78. THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1755.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores. HOR.

What foibles wait on life through ev'ry stage!
Our youth a wild-fire, and a frost our age!

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

NOTHING is more necessary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverseness in our opinions, than mixing with persons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whosoever confines himself entirely to the society of those who are engaged in the same pursuits, and whose thoughts naturally take the same turn with his own, acquires a certain stiffness and pedantry of behaviour, which is sure to make him disagreeable, except in one particular set of company. Instead of cramping the mind by keeping it within so narrow a circle, we should endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accomplishment; and temper each qualification with its opposite, as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The necessity of this free conversation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the consequences, which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in wholly engrosses his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar die, which shows itself in all the operations of it, unless prevented by natural good sense or a liberal education. The physician, the lawyer, and the tradesman, will appear in company, though none of those occupations are the subject of discourse; and the clergyman will grow morose and severe, who seldom or never converses with the laity. If no particular profession has this influence over us, some darling passion or amusement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious, or at least ridiculous. Fine ladies, for instance, by despising the conversation of sensible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, assemblies, birthday suits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the same reason, of almost nothing at all. In like manner, the furious partisan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a scoundrel; and the sectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all those, who will not go to Heaven in the same road with himself, under the guidance of Whitfield, Wesley, or Count Zinzendorff. To the same cause we owe the rough country squire, whose ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horses, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diversions. His hall must be adorned with stags' heads, instead of busts and statues; and in the room of family pictures, you will see prints of the most famous stallions and race-horses: all his doors open and shut with foxes' feet; and even the buttons of his clothes are impressed with the figures of dogs, foxes, stags, and horses. To this absurd practice of cultivating only one set of ideas, and shutting ourselves out from any intercourse with the rest of the world, is owing that narrowness of mind, which has infected the conversation of the polite world with insipidity, made roughness and brutality the characteristics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the most fatal consequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is so necessary to remove any impressions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amusement, what precautions ought to be used, in order to remedy the inconveniences naturally brought on us by the different ages of life! It is not certain, that a person will be engaged in any profession, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleasure; but the mind of every man is subject to the inclinations arising from the several stages of his existence, as well as his body to chronical distempers. This indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cause of my writing to you; for it has often given me great concern to see the present division between the young and the old; to observe elderly men forming themselves into clubs and societies, that they may be more securely separated from youth; and to see young men running into dissipation and debauchery, rather than associate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from such a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be instructed by the experience of age, and lose much of that levity, which they retain too long: while at the same time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be smoothed by the sprightly cheerfulness of youth: by which they might supply the want of spirits, forget the loss of old friends, and bear with ease all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that those young men are the most worthy and sensible, who have kept up any intercourse with the old: and that those old men are of the most cheerful and amiable disposition, who have not been ashamed to converse with the young.

I will not pretend to decide, which party is most blameable in neglecting this necessary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once so beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly arises from a certain selfishness and obstinacy in both, which will not suffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their dispositions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we see the least degree of society preserved between a father and son! a shocking reflection, when we consider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one side, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and son as seldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as a husband or wife; and chiefly for the same reason: for though they are both joined under the same yoke, yet they are each tugging different ways. A father might as well expect his son to be as gouty and infirm as himself, as to have the disposition which he has contracted from age; and a son might as reasonably desire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diversions, in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is absolutely requisite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable stubbornness so frequently dissolves; or at least, if it does not disturb the affection, it constantly destroys the society between father and son.

This unhappy and unnatural division is often the subject of complaint in persons of both ages; but is still unremedied, because neither reflect on the cause whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, because they do not admire and court their company; which, indeed, is no wonder, since they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect such a slavish deference to their years, as destroys that equality by which cheerfulness and society subsist. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but though they do not choose to be corrected by their grave seniors like school-boys, they would be proud to consult them as friends; which the injudicious severity of old age seldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with so great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, shun the company of age, complaining of the small regard and respect paid to them, though they often act with so little reserve and such unbecoming confidence, as not to deserve it. Suppose the old were pleased with the natural flow of spirits and lively conversation of youth, still some respect may be challenged as due to them; nor should the decency and sobriety of their characters ever be insulted by any improper or immodest conversation.

I am an old man myself, Mr. Town, and I have an only boy, whose behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite subject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would strive to soften the rigour of age, and remember that his son must naturally possess those qualities, which ever accompany youth: and if the son would in return endeavour to suit himself to those infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally study to be agreeable to each other, the father would insensibly substitute affection in the room of authority, and lose the churlish severity and peevishness incident to his years: while the son would curb the unbecoming impetuosity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a constant attention to please, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Whereever such a turn of mind is encouraged, there must be happiness and agreeable society: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compose the surest cement of affection; as colours of the most opposite tints, by a skilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain shades, will form a picture, the most heightened and exquisite in its colouring.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JOHN BEVIL.

Nº 79. THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1755.

——O te, Bollane, cerebri
Felicem! aiebam tacitus, cum quidlibet ille
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret.— HOR.

Silent I said, O happiest head of cit,
With brain uncumber'd, and the load of wit!
From street to street still rambling up and down,
While all his talk was still of London town.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

Dear Cousin,

I HAVE been very much diverted with your observations on the honest tradesmen, who make weekly excursions into the villages about town; and I agree with you, that the generality of your citizens seldom dare trust themselves out of the sight of London smoke, or extend their travels further than with their wives and children in the Wandsworth double post-chaise, or the Hampton long coach. But we may now and then pick up a stray citizen, whom business has dragged beyond the bills of mortality, as it happened to myself the other day about forty miles from London; and as I was mightily pleased with his behaviour and conversation, I have taken the liberty to send you an account of it.

Being caught in a shower upon the road, I was glad to take shelter at the first inn I came to; which, if it had not been called the New Inn, I should have thought, from its antique appearance, had been a house of entertainment in the time of our great grandfathers. I had scarce alighted, when a strange figure, (driven thither, as I supposed, on the same account with myself,) came soberly jogging into the yard, dripping wet. As he waited for the steps before he would venture to get off his horse, I had the opportunity of surveying his whole appearance. He was wrapped up in an old thread-bare weather-beaten surtout, which I believe had once been scarlet; the cape was pulled over his head, and buttoned up close round his face; and his hat was flapped down on each side, and fastened about his ears with a list garter tied under his chin. He wore upon his legs something that resembled spatterdashes, which (as I afterwards learned) were cut out of an old pair of boots; but his right shoe was considerably larger than the other, and had several slits in the upper leather. He had spurs on, indeed, but without rowels; and by way of whip, a worm-eaten cane, with a bone head studded with brass pins, hung from his wrist by a string of greasy black leather.

I soon found I was nobody: for the gentleman, it seems, took up the whole attention of the maid, mistress, and hostler, who all of them got round him, and with much difficulty, by the assistance of the steps, helped him down. My landlady, before it was possible for her to see any part of him but his nose, told him "he looked brave and jolly;" and when she had led him into the kitchen, she fetched a large glass of what she called "her own water," which (she said) would drive the cold out of his stomach. All hands were now busied in drawing off his surtout, which discovered underneath a full-trimmed white coat, and a black velvet waistcoat with a broad gold lace very much tarnished. The surtout was hung to dry by the fire as well as his coat, the place of which was supplied by a long riding-hood of my landlady: and as the gentleman complained of having suffered by loss of leather, the maid was dispatched to the doctor's for some diachylon. The usual question now succeeded, concerning dinner; and as he observed I was all alone, he very courteously asked me to join company, which I as readily agreed to.

The important business of dinner being settled, we adjourned into a private room, when my fellow-guest told me of his own mere act and motion, that he lived in London; that for these twenty years he had always come to the town we were now in, once a year, to receive money, and take orders for goods: and that he had always put up at this house. He then run on in the praises of the landlady; and tipping me a wink, 'Ay,' says he, 'she has been a clever woman in her time, before she bore children.' He added, that for his part he did not like your great inns; for that they never looked upon any thing under a coach and six. He further informed me, that he was married to his present wife in the first mayoralty of Alderman Parsons, and in the very waistcoat he had on; 'but,' says he, 'I now wear it only on a journey; because, you know a bit of lace commands respect upon the road.' On inquiring about his family, I found he had three boys; one of whom was bound 'prentice to himself; the other was sent to sea, because he was a wild one; and the youngest he designed to make a parson, because he was grave, and his play-fellows at Poule's school used to call him Bishop.

All this while he had sat in my landlady's riding-hood, with a linen night-cap on his head tied on the top with a piece of black ribband, which (he told me) he always rode in, because it was cooler than a wig. But the saddle-bags were now ordered in; and out of one of them he drew a large flowing grizzle carefully buckled, which he combed out himself, borrowing some flower from the kitchen drudger. His spatterdashes were next taken off, and his shoes wiped with a whisp of hay; when being assured by the landlady herself, that his coat was dry enough to put on, he completely equipped himself, in order to wait on several tradesmen, with whom he had dealings, after dinner. As this was not quite ready, we took a walk to the stables to see his mare: and though the beast seemed as lean and as harmless as Sancho's ass, he assured me he had much ado to ride her, she was so frisky; 'for she had not run in the chaise these two Sundays past.'

Being summoned to dinner, we sat down to a repast of mutton chops and sheeps' hearts, which last he declared to be the wholesomest eating in the world. He objected to wine, because there was not a drop good for any thing to be got upon the road; but he vastly recommended my landlady's home-brewed, which he affirmed to be better than Hogsden ale, or the Thatch beer at Islington. Our meal being ended, my companion took his pipe; and we laid our heads together for the good of the nation, when we mauled the French terribly both by land and sea. At last, among other talk, he happened to ask me, if I lived in the city? As I was desirous of hearing his remarks, I answered, that I had never seen London. 'Never seen it?' says he, 'Then you have never seen one of the finest sights in the whole world. Paris is but a dog-hole to it.' There luckily hung a large map of London over the chimney-piece, which he immediately made me get from my chair to look at. 'There,' says he, there's London for you.—You see it is bigger than the map of all England.' He then led me about, with the end of his pipe, through all the principal streets from Hyde-Park to Whitechapel.—That,' says he, 'is the River Thames—There's London Bridge—There my Lord Mayor lives—That's Poule's—There the monument stands: and now, if you was but on the top of it, you might see all the houses and churches in London.' I expressed my astonishment at every particular: but I could hardly refrain laughing, when pointing out to me Lincoln's-Inn Fields—' There,' says he, 'there all the noblemen live.' At last, after having transported me all over the town, he set me down in Cheapside, 'which,' he said, 'was the biggest street in the city.'—'And now,' says he, 'I'll show you where I live.—That's Bow-Church—and thereabouts—where my pipe is—there—just there my shop stands.' He concluded with a kind invitation to me to come and see him; and pulling out a book of patterns from his coat pocket, assured me that if I wanted any thing in his way, he could afford to let me have a bargain.

I promised to call upon him; and the weather now clearing up, after settling the balance of our reckoning with the landlady, we took leave of each other: but just as I had mounted my horse, and was going to set forward, my new acquaintance came up to me, and shaking me by the hand,—'Harkye,' says he, 'if you will be in town by the twenty-fifth of this instant July, I will introduce you to the Cockney's Feast; where, I assure you, you'll be mighty merry, and hear a great many good songs.'

T. I am, dear Cousin, your's, &c.

No. 80. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1755.

Nulla viri cura intereà, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum.———— Juv.

What though the spouse be ruin'd, where's the sin,
By madam's friends, so dear, so near akin?

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

If polygamy was allowed in this country, I am sure I might maintain a seraglio of wives at less expense, than I have brought upon myself by marrying one woman. One did I say? Alas! I find it, to my cost, that a wife, like a polypus, has the power of dividing and multiplying herself into as many bodies as she pleases. You must know, Mr. Town, I took a woman of small fortune, and made her my own flesh and blood: but I never thought, that all her relations would likewise fasten on me with as little ceremony as a colony of fleas. I had scarce brought her home, before I was obliged to marry her mother; then I was prevailed upon to marry her two maiden sisters; after that I married her aunts; then her cousins; in short, I am now married to the whole generation of them. I do not exaggerate matters, when I say that I am married to them all; for they claim as much right to every thing that is mine, as the person whom the world calls my wife. They eat, drink, and sleep with me: every room in my house is at their command, except my bed-chamber: they borrow money of me; and since I have the whole family quartered upon me, what signifies which of them takes upon her my name,—my wife, her sister, or her twentieth cousin?

O, Mr. Town! I never sit down to table without the lamentable prospect of seeing as much victuals consumed as would dine a whole vestry. So many mouths constantly going at my expense!—And then there is such a variety of provisions! for cousin Biddy likes one dish; my aunt Rachel is fond of another; sister Molly cannot abide this; and mother could never touch that; though I find they are all of them unanimous in liking the best of every thing in season. Besides, I could entertain a set of jolly topers at a less rate than it costs me in light wines for the women. One of them drinks nothing but Lisbon; with another nothing goes down but Rhenish and Spa; a third swallows me an ocean of Bristol Milk, with as little remorse as she would so much small beer: my eldest aunt likes a glass of dry Mountain; while the other thinks nothing helps digestion so well as Madeira. It was but last week that my wife expressed a desire of tasting some Claret, when immediately all my good-natured relations had a mighty longing for it; but with much ado I at last prevailed on them to compound with me for a chest of Florence.

You may imagine, that my house cannot be a very small one; and I assure you there are as many beds in it, as in a country inn. Yet I have scarce room to turn myself about in it; for one apartment is taken up by this relation, another by that; and the most distant cousin must have more respect shown her, than to be clapped up in a garret with the maid-servants; so that poor I have no more liberty in my own house than a lodger. Once, indeed, I in vain endeavoured to shake them off, and took a little box in the neighbourhood of town, scarce big enough to hold my own family. But alas! they stuck as close to it as a snail to her shell: and rather than not lie under the same roof with their relation, they contrived to litter together like so many pigs in a stye. At another time, thinking to clear my house at once of these vermin, I packed up my wife and mother, and sent them to her uncle's in the country for a month. But what could I do? There was no getting rid of those left behind: my wife had made over to them the care of the household, allotting to each of them her particular employment during her absence. One was to pickle walnuts, another to preserve sweetmeats, another to make Morella brandy; all which they executed with the notableness peculiar to good housewives, who spoil and waste more than they save, for the satisfaction of making these things at home. At last my wife returned; and all that I got by her journey, was the importation of two new cousins fresh out of the country, who she never knew before were the least related to her:—but they have been so kind as to claim kindred with me by hanging upon me ever since.

One would imagine, that it were sufficient for these loving relations to have the run of my table, and to make my house in every respect their own: but not content with this, they have the cunning to oblige me in a manner to find them in clothes likewise. I should not repine, if any of my worthy relations were humble enough to put up with a cast-off suit of my wife's; but that would be robbing the maid of her just dues, and would look more like a dependent than a relation. Not but that they will condescend now and then to take a gown, before it was half worn out (when they have talked my wife into a dislike of it)—because it is too good for a common servant. They have more spirit than to beg any thing: but—if my wife has a fancy to part with it—they will wear it, purely for her sake. A cap, an apron, or a handkerchief, which I am told, looks hideous upon her, I always find is very becoming on any other of the family: and I remember, soon after we were married, happening to find fault with the pattern of a silk brocade my wife had just bought, one of her sisters took it from her, and told me she would have it made up for herself, and wear it on purpose to spite me.

You must know, Mr. Town, that upon my marriage I was indiscreet enough to set up my chariot: and since my family has increased so prodigiously, this has given them a pretext to have a coach likewise, and another pair of horses. This also furnishes them with a pretence for running about to public diversions, where I am forced to treat them all: for they are so very fond of each other's company, that one will hardly ever stir out without the other. Thus at home or abroad, they constantly herd together: and what is still more provoking, though I had rather have a rout every week at my house, my wife makes a merit of it, that she keeps little or no company.

Such is the state of my family within doors: and though you would think this sufficient for one man, I can assure you I have other calls upon me from relations no less dear to me, though I have never yet had the happiness to see them. A third cousin by my wife's father's side was set up in the country in a very good way of business; but by misfortunes in trade must have gone to jail, if my wife had not teased me into being bound for him, and for which I was soon afterwards arrested, and obliged to pay the money. Another, a very promising youth, was just out of his time, and only wanted a little sum to set him up; which as soon as I had lent him, he run away, and is gone to sea. One of the aunts, who is now with me, (a widow lady) has an only daughter, a sober discreet body, who lived as a companion with an old gentlewoman in the country; but the poor innocent girl being drawn aside by a vile fellow that ruined her, I have been forced to support the unhappy mother and child ever since, to prevent any reproach falling on our family. I shall say nothing of the various presents, which have travelled down to my wife's uncle, in return for one turkey and chine received at Christmas; nor shall I put to account the charge I have been at in the gossips' fees, and in buying corals, anodyne necklaces, &c. for half a dozen little nephews, nieces, and cousins, to which I had the honour of standing godfather.

And now, Mr. Town, the mention of this large circumstance makes me reflect with a heavy heart on a new calamity, which will shortly befal me. My wife, you must know, is very near her time: and they have provided such a store of clouts, caps, forehead cloths, biggens, belly-bands, whittles, and all kinds of child-bed-linen, as would set up a lying-in hospital. You will conclude, that my family wants no further increase: yet, would you believe it? I have just received a letter, acquainting me, that another aunt, and another cousin, are coming up in the stage coach to see their relation, and are resolved to stay with her the month. Indeed, I am afraid, when they have once got footing in my house, they will resolve to stay with her, till she has had another and another child.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

T.

No. 81. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1755.

—Genus humanum multò fuit illud in arvis
Durius——— LUCRET.

An hardy race of mortals, train'd to sports,
The field their joy, unpolish'd yet by courts.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

Dear Cousin,

A MERE country squire, who passes all his time among dogs and horses, is now become an uncommon character; and the most awkward loobily inheritor of an old mansion-house is a fine gentleman in comparison to his forefathers. The principles of a town education, formerly scarce spread themselves beyond the narrow limits of the bills of mortality: but now every London refinement travels to the remotest corner of the kingdom, and the polite families from the town duly import to their distant seats the customs and manners of Pall-mall and Grosvenor-square.

I have been for this fortnight past at Lord Courtly's, who for about four months in every year leads a town life at the distance of above two hundred miles from London. He never leaves his bed till twelve or one o'clock; though, indeed, he often sees the sun rise; but then that only happens, when, as the old song says, he has 'drank down the moon.' Drinking is the only rural amusement he pursues;

but even that part of his diversions is conducted entirely in the London fashion. He does not swill country ale, but gets drunk with Champagne and Burgundy; and every dish at his table is served up with as much elegance as at White's or Ryan's. He has an excellent pack of hounds; but, I believe, was never in at the death of a fox in his life: yet strangers never want a chase, for the hounds are out three times a week with a younger brother of Lord Courtly, who never saw London, and who, if he was not indulged with a place at his lordship's table, might naturally be considered as his whipper-in or his game-keeper.

The evening walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at Lord Courtly's; for, though situated in a very fine country, he knows no more of the charms of purling streams and shady groves, than if they had never existed but in poetry or romance. As soon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the company is conducted into a magnificent apartment illuminated with wax candles, and set out with as many card-tables, as the rout of a foreign ambassador's lady. Here Faro, Whist, Brag, Lansquenet, and every other fashionable game, make up the evening's entertainment. This piece of politeness has often fallen heavy on some honest country gentlemen, who have found dining with his lordship turn out a very dear ordinary: and many a good lady has had occasion to curse the cards, and her ill-starred connexions with persons of quality; though his lordship is never at a loss for a party; for as several people of fashion have seats near him, he often sits down with some of his friends of the club at White's. I had almost forgot to mention, that her ladyship keeps a day, which is Sunday.

This, dear Cousin, is the genteel manner of living in the country; and I cannot help observing, that persons polite enough to be fond of such exquisite refinements, are partly in the same case with the mechanic at his dusty villa. They both, indeed, change their situation; but neither find the least alteration in their ideas. The tradesman, when at his box, has all the notions that employ him in his counting-house: and the nobleman, though in the furthest part of England, may still be said to breathe the air of St. James's.

I was chiefly induced to send you this short account of the refined manner, in which persons of fashion pass their time at Lord Courtly's, because I think it a very striking contrast to the character described in the following transcript. I hope your readers will not do either you or me the honour to think this natural portraiture a mere creature of the imagination. The picture of the extraordinary gentleman here described is now at the seat of Lord Shaftsbury at St. Giles's, near Cranborn in Dorsetshire, and this lively character of him was really and truly drawn by Anthony Ashly Cowper, first Earl of Shaftsbury, and is inscribed on the picture. I doubt not, but you will be glad of being able to communicate it to the public, and that they will receive it with their usual candour.

THE CHARACTER OF

THE HONOURABLE W. HASTINGS,

Of Woodlands, in Hampshire;

SECOND SON OF

FRANCIS, EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

In the year 1638 lived Mr. Hastings: by his quality son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age; or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

He was low, very strong, and very active; of a reddish flaxen hair. His clothes always green cloth, and never all worth (when new) five pounds.

His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large Park well stocked with dear; and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen: many fish ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levell'd since it was ploughed. They used round sand bowls; and it had a banquetting-house like a stand, built in a tree.

He kept all manner of sport hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger. And hawks, long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the new Forest, and the manor of Christ-church. This last supplied him with red dear, sea and river fish. And indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters; there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular; always speaking kindly to the husband, brother or father: who was, to boot, very welcome to his house, whenever he came. There he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty. A house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes: the great hall strowed with marrow-bones, full of hawk's perches, hounds, spaniels and terriers: the upper side of the hall hung with fox skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixed: game-keepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance.

The parlour was a large room as properly furnished. On a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner; and a little white stick of fourteen inches lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows (which were very large) served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements, The corners of the room full of the best close hunting and hawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons; the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him with them.

The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes, were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses: that being the rule of the house exactly observed. For he never exceeded in drink or permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, that was never used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pye with thick-crust, extremely baked.

His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best salt-fish (as well as other fish) he could get; and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'my part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gilliflower in his sack: and had always a tun glass, without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer which he often stirred with rosemary.

He was well-natured but soon angry, calling his servants bastards, and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge; and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred; never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

I am, dear Cousin, your's, &c.

No. 82. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1755.

Nôsse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis. TER.

All these to know, is safety to the youth.

THOUGH the following letter was originally written for the instruction of a young gentleman going to the university; yet as it contains several just and sensible reflections, which may be of use to many of my readers, I have willingly complied with the request of my correspondent in making it the entertainment of to-day.

Dear Sir,

As you are now going to the university, I would not be thought to pay so ill a compliment to your own natural good sense, as to suppose, that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in some measure apply yourself to study; otherwise the time you spend there will be entirely lost: for (as Swift very justly remarks) 'all ornamental parts of education are better taught in other places.' At the same time I do not mean, that you should commence pedant, and be continually poring on a book; since that will rather puzzle, than inform the understanding. And though I know many sprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to despise it altogether, it will be necessary to learn something of logic; I mean in the same manner one would learn fencing——not to attack others, but to defend one's self. In a word, you will find it a great unhappiness, when you return hither, if you do not bring with you some taste for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no society in books, will have little else to do, besides following his sports, but to sit, as squire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whose understandings are nearly on the level with his dogs and horses.

It has been an established maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of persons according to the company they are known to keep. In the university, as well as in other places, there are people, whom we ought to avoid, as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmost consequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or sink gradually into indolence and stupidity, I shall point out some of these pests of society in as few words as possible.

The first person I would caution you against, is the wretch that takes a delight to turn religion into ridicule: one who employs that speech, which was given him by God to celebrate his praise, in questioning his very being. This, as it is impious in itself, is likewise the height of ill manners. It is hoped, there are but few of them to be met with in a place of sound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much as possible: and if they will force themselves into our company, they should be used with the same contempt, with which they have the hardiness to treat their Maker. And this, I can assure you, may be done safely; for I never knew any body, who pretended to be above the fear of God, but was under the most terrible apprehensions whenever attacked by man.

The next character, whom I would advise you to shun, is the gamester, in some respects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his shrine, and fortune his deity; nor does he ever speak or think of any other, unless by way of blasphemy, oaths, and curses, when he has had a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the least notion of friendship; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himself. He, indeed, professes himself your friend; but that is only with a design to draw you in; for his trade is inconsistent with the principles of honour or justice, without which there can be no real friendship. It should, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with such people, whose acquaintance he cannot enjoy, without giving up his estate.

The next person, whom you ought to beware of, is a drunkard; one that takes an unaccountable pleasure in sapping his constitution, and drowning his understanding. He constantly goes senseless to bed, and rises mawkish in the morning; nor can he be easy in body or mind, till he has renewed his dose, and again put himself beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid a habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellects. It is a misfortune, that society should be esteemed dull and insipid without the assistance of the bottle to enliven it: so that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glass, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought always to 'keep a watch over the doors of our lips.'

A lounger is a creature, that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the streets, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the sot, to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence both in body and mind. He would be as inoffensive as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one, with whom he happens to come in contact.

It were also best to forbear the company of a wrangler, or a person of a litigious temper. This sometimes arises, not from any great share of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of shewing one's parts, or skill in argumentation. It is frequently observed of young academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a dispute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practised by any man of sense, that has seen much of the world. I have sometimes known a person of great sauciness, and volubility of expression, confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his syllogism broken at the same time.

I need not point out to you the profligate rake or the affected coxcomb, as persons from whose company you can reap no sort of benefit. From the first the good principles already instilled into you, will doubtless preserve you; and I am sure you have too much real sense, not to despise the absurd fopperies of the latter. Noted liars are no less to be avoided, as the common pests of society. They are often of a mischievous disposition, and by their calumnies and false suggestions, take a pleasure in setting the most intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmless and improbable lies, their acquaintance must frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we should venture to repeat after them, I am sure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourselves.

But above all, I must advise you never to engage, at least not with any degree of violence, in any party. Be not transported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots beyond the sober dictates of reason and justice; nor let the insinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry satisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwise, you will certainly be despised by all. Perhaps, indeed, if you should hereafter engage in elections, and spend your own money to support another's cause, the person in whose interest you are may shake you by the hand, and swear you are a very honest gentleman; just as butchers treat their bulldogs, who spit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be tossed and torn by the horns of their antagonist.

After having guarded you against the evil influence of your own sex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I shall pass over their faults, only hoping, that their excellencies will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though 'endowed with every accomplishment requisite to make the marriage state happy.' In these hasty and unequal matches it sometimes happens, that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may, perhaps, too late repent of our bargain: and though repentance be an excellent visiting frien when she reminds us of our past miscarriages, and prescribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet she is a most troublesome companion, when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,
Your sincere friend, &c.
H. A.

No. 83. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1755.

Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulsari.——— JUV.

Rough repetition roars in rudest rhyme,
As clappers chinkle in one charming chime.

SINCE genius is the chief requisite in all kinds of poetry, nothing can be more contrary to the very essence of it, than the adopting, as beauties, certain arts, which are merely mechanical. There are daily arising many whimsical excellencies, which have no foundation in nature, but are only countenanced by the present mode of writing. With these it is as easy to fill our compositions, as to dress ourselves in the fashion; but the writer who puts his work together in this manner is no more a poet than his tailor. Such productions often betray great labour and exactness, but shew no genius; for those who sit down to write by rule, and follow 'dry receipts how poems should be made,' may compose their pieces without the least assistance from the imagination; as an apothecary's 'prentice, though unable to cure any disease, can make up medicines from the physician's prescription, with no more knowledge of physic than the names of the drugs. Thus the Muse, that ought to fly, and 'ascend the brightest heaven of invention,' walks in leading-strings, or is supported by a go-cart.

Among the many poetical tricks of this sort, none have been more successfully practised, or had more advocates and admirers, than a certain fantastical conceit, called alliteration, which is nothing more than beginning two, three, or perhaps every word in a line with the same letter. This method of running divisions upon the alphabet, and pressing particular letters into the service, has been accounted one of the first excellencies in versification, and has, indeed, received the sanction of some of our best poets; but wherein the beauty of it consists, is something difficult to discover, since Quarles or Withers might practise it with as much adroitness as Dryden or Spenser. It is one of those modern arts in poetry which require no fancy, judgment, or learning in the execution: for an author may huddle the same letters on each other again and again, as mechanically as the printer selects his types, and ranges them in whatsoever order he pleases.

This partial attachment to particular letters is a kind of contrast to the famous Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, where every letter in the alphabet was in its turn excluded; and the alliterator must be as busily employed to introduce his favourite vowel or consonant, as the Greek poet to shut out the letter he had proscribed. Nothing is esteemed a greater beauty in poetry, than a happy choice of epithets; but alliteration reduces all the elegancies of expression to a very narrow compass. Epithets are culled, indeed, with great exactness; but the closest relation they are intended to bear to the word to which they are joined, is that the initials are the same. Thus the fields must be flowery, beauty must be beaming, ladies must be lovely; and in the same manner must the 'waves wind their watery way,' the 'blustering blasts blow,' and 'locks all loosely lay,' not for the sake of the poetry, but the elegance of the alliteration. This beauty has also taken possession of many of our tragedies; and I have seen ladies wooed and heroes killed in it; though I must own I never hear an actor dying with deadly darts and fiery flames, &c. but it always puts me in mind of the celebrated pippin woman in Gay's Trivia, whose head, when it was severed from her body, rolled along the ice crying pip, pip, pip, and expired in alliteration.

The same false taste in writing, 'that wings display'd and altars rais'd,' also introduced alliteration; and acrostics in particular are the same kind of spelling-book poetry. It is, therefore, somewhat extraordinary, that those sublime writers who have disgraced their pages with it, did not leave this as well as the other barbarous parts of literature to the Goths in poetry, since it is a whimsical beauty, below the practice of any writer, superior to him who turned the Æneid into monkish verses. Shakspeare, who was more indebted to nature than art, has ridiculed this low trick with great humour, in his burlesque tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. Besides that noted passage,

> With blade, with bloody blameful blade,
> He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

He before introduces a mock rant, which Bottom calls Ercles' vein, which is not only rank fustian, but is also remarkable for its alliteration. 'To make all split the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates—and Phibbus' car shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates.' In this strange style have whole poems been written; and every learned reader will recollect on this occasion the *Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Pelagium Poetam,* which I wish some of our poetasters would translate, in the true spirit of the original, and praise pigs and pork with all the beauties of alliteration.

The advocates and admirers of this practice have asserted, that it adds significance and strength of expression to their verses: but I fear this boasted energy seldom appears to the reader. The alliteration either remains unregarded, or, if it is very striking, disgusts those who perceive it; and is often in itself, from such a disagreeable cluster of the same letters, harsh and uncouth. There are many instances, where alliteration, though studiously introduced, render's the versification rough and inharmonious; and I will appeal to the greatest lovers of it, whether the following line, where the repetition was scarce intended, is one of the most pleasing in all Virgil's works:

Neu patriæ Validus in Viscera Vertite Vires.
Wound not with Vigour Vast the Vitals of the Weal.

It must be acknowledged, that there is something very mechanical in the whole construction of the numbers in most of our modern poetry. Sound is more attended to than sense, and the words are expected to express more than the sentiment. There are set rules to make verses run off glibly, or drawl slowly on; and I have read many a poem with scarce one tolerable thought in it, that has contained all these excellencies of versification: for which reason, I must confess myself no friend to those critics who analyze words and syllables, and discover latent beauties in every letter, when the author intended that the whole should be taken together. Poetry should seem at least to flow freely from the imagination, and not to be squeezed from the droppings of the brain. If we would endeavour to acquire a full idea of what we mean to describe, we should then, of course, express ourselves with force, elegance, and perspicuity; and this native strength of expression would have more true energy than elaborate phrases, and a quaint and studied combination of words and letters. Fine numbers are undoubtedly one of the chief beauties in poetry; but to make the sound echo to the sense, we should make the sense our chief object. This appears to me to have been the manly practice of the ancients, and of our own Shakspeare, Milton, &c. who breathed the true spirit of poetry, without having recourse to little tricks and mean artifices, which only serve to disgrace it. A good writer who would be above trifling even with a thought, would never pursue words, and play with letters, but leave such a childish employment for the small fry of rhymers, who amuse themselves with anagrams and crambo. The true poet trusts to his natural ear and strong conception, and knows that the versification is adapted to the sentiment, without culling particular letters, and stringing them on his lines; as he is sure that his verses are just measure, without scanning them on his fingers.

There are almost daily published certain Lilliputian volumes, entitled Pretty Books for Children. A friend of mine, who considers the little rhymers of the age as only 'children of a larger growth,' that amuse themselves with rhymes instead of rattles, proposes to publish a small pocket volume for the use of our poetasters. It will be a Treatise on the Art of Poetry adapted to the meanest capacities, for which subscriptions will be taken, and specimens may be seen, at George's and the Bedford coffee-houses. It will contain full directions how to modulate the numbers on every occasion, and will instruct the young scribbler in all the modern arts of versification. He will here meet with infallible rules how to soften a line and lull us to sleep with liquids and dipthongs; to roughen the verse and make it roar again with reiteration of the letter R; to set it hissing with semi-vowels; to make it pant and breathe short with a hundred heavy aspirates; or clog it up with the thickest double consonants and monosyllables: with a particular table of alliteration containing the choicest epithets, disposed into alphabetical order; so that any substantive may be readily paired with a word beginning with the same letter, which (though a mere expletive) shall seem to carry more force and sentiment in it, than any other of a more relative meaning, but more distant sound. The whole to he illustrated with examples from the modern poets. This elaborate work will be published about the middle of the winter, under the title of The Rhymer's Play-thing, or Poetaster's Horn Book; since there is nothing necessary to form such a poet, except teaching him his letters.

T.

N° 84. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1755.

——Tu, dum tua navis in alto est,
Hoc age.———— HOR.

Think, sailors, think, though landmen are your hate,
Who likes a mere tarpaulin but his mate?

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

YOU obliged the world some time ago with a few reflections on the gentlemen of the army: at the present juncture, a word or two on our sea-officers would not be unseasonable. I do not mean, that you should presume to direct them how to behave in their several stations, but rather to remark on their conduct and conversation in private life, as far as they are influenced by their maratime characters. There is a certain unfashionable dye, which their manners often take from the salt water, that tinctures their whole behaviour on shore. If you could assist in blotting out these stains, and give a new colour to their conduct, you would add grace and politeness to their ordinary conversation, and would be of as much service to our naval commanders in this point, as he was to navigation in general, who first invented the compass.

As the conversation of those fair-weather foplings, many of whom may be met with in the three regiments of guards, is usually flat and insipid, that of our sea officers is turbulent and boisterous: and as a trip to Paris has, perhaps over-refined the coxcomb in red, a voyage round the globe frequently brutalizes the seaman, who comes home so rough and unpolished, that one would imagine he had not visited any nation in the world, except the Savages or the Hottentots. The many advantages he has received from having seen the customs and manners of so many different people, it is natural to suppose, would render his conversation very desirable, as being in itself particularly instructive and entertaining; but this roughness, which clings to the seaman's behaviour like tar to his trowsers, makes him unfit for all civil and polite society. He behaves at an assembly, as if he was upon deck; and his whole deportment manifestly betrays, that he is, according to the common phrase, quite out of his element. Nor can you collect any more from him concerning the several nations he has visited, than if he had been during the whole time confined to his cabin; and he seems to know as little of them, as the fine gentleman of his travels after the polite tour, when he has, for the sake of improvement, rid post through all Europe.

That our ordinary seamen, who are many of them draughted from the very lowest of the populace. should be thus uncivilized is no wonder. The common sailor's education in Tottenham Court, or at Hockley in the Hole, has not qualified him to improve by just reflections on what he sees during his voyage; and going on board a man of war is a kind of university education, suitably adapted to the principles imbibed in the polite seminaries, which he came from. A common sailor too is full as polite as a common soldier, and behaves as genteely to a Wapping landlady, as the gentleman soldier, at a suttling-house. But surely there ought to be as much difference in the behaviour of the commander and his crew, as there is in their situation: and it is beneath the dignity of the British flag to have an admiral behave as rudely as a swabber, or a commodore as foul-mouthed as a boatswain.

It may perhaps be alleged in excuse, that the being placed among such a boisterous set of people as our common sailors, must unavoidably wear off all politeness and good manners: as it is remarkable, that all those who are employed in the care of horses grow as mere brutes as the animals they attend; and as we may often observe those justices, whose chief business is the examination of highwaymen, housebreakers, and street-walkers, become as vulgar and foul-mouthed as a pick-pocket. As there may be some truth in this, the commander should therefore be still more on his guard to preserve the gentleman in his behaviour, and like the sea itself, when the storm is over, grow smooth and calm. It is accounted a piece of humour on the Thames to abuse the other passengers on the water; and there are certain set terms of abuse, which fly to and fro from one boat to another on this occasion. A wag might perhaps amuse himself with this water-language in his voyage to Vauxhall, but must be a very silly fellow indeed, to think of carrying the joke on shore with him. In the same manner some roughness may perhaps be necessary to keep the crew in order; but it is absurd for an officer to retain his harshness in polite company; and is in a manner tying his friends up to the yard-arm, and disciplining his acquaintance with the cat-of-nine tails.

But the worst part of this maritime character is a certain invincible contempt, which they often contract for all mankind, except their fellow-seamen. They look on the rest of the world as a set of fresh-water wretches, who could be of no service in a storm or an engagement; and from an unaccountable obstinacy are particularly deaf to any proposals of new improvements in navigation: though experience daily teaches them the great use of the discoveries already made, and how much room there is for more. They have no notion, how studious men can sit at home, and devise charts and instruments to direct them in their course; they despise those ingenious persons, who would assist them in their undertakings while they consider them with the utmost contempt, as going round the world in their closets, and sailing at sea in their elbow chairs. It is no less shameful than true, that the ventilator, one of the most beneficial inventions that ever was devised, was first offered to the service of our men of war and rejected. It was first used in foreign ships, then by our merchantmen, and last of all among our men of war, to whose use it was first recommended. This is a strong proof of that fatal obstinacy, which our sea-commanders are too apt to contract; and as a further instance of it, I have been told of an admiral's indignation on this subject, venting itself in the following manner: 'A pack of blockheads,' said he, 'sit poring, and pretend to make improvements for our use. They tell you that they discover this, and discover that; but I tell you they are all fools.—For instance now, they say the world is round; every one of them says the world is round;—but I have been all round the world, and it is flat as this table.

The unpolished behaviour of our sea-officers is in great measure owing to their being often sent to sea very young with little or no education, beyond what they have received at the academy of Woolwich or Portsmouth. A lad of good family, but untoward parts, or mischievous disposition, who has been flogged for a-while at the grammar-school, or snubbed by his parents and friends at home, is frequently clapped on board a ship in order to tame him, and to teach him better manners. Here perhaps he at first messes with the lowest of the seamen; and all that the young gentleman can learn from his jolly mess-mates in the course of two or three voyages, is to drink flip, sing a bawdy catch, and dance a hornpipe. These genteel accomplishments he is sure to retain, as he grows old in the service; and if he has the good fortune to rise to a command, he is as surly and brutal when advanced to the cabin, as when he was tugging before the mast.

After all it is but justice to confess, that there are many among our sea-officers, who deservedly bear the character of gentlemen and scholars; and it is easy to perceive, with how much better grace they appear in the world than the rest of their brethren, who, when laid up and taken out of service, are as mere logs as the main-mast. An officer who has any relish for reading, will employ the many vacant hours, in which he is relieved from duty, much more to his improvement and satisfaction, than in sauntering between the decks, or muddling over a bowl of punch. I would, therefore, seriously recommend it to these young sailors, who have the happiness to launch forth with a genteel and liberal education, not to suffer every trace of it to be washed away, like words written on the sands; but that, when they return from sea, they may be fit to be admitted at St. James's, as well as at Wapping or Rotherhithe.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave to say a word or two concerning our sea-chaplains. The common sailors are known to have, when on board, a very serious regard for religion: and their decent behaviour at prayers, and sedate attention to the sermon upon quarter-deck, might shame a more polite audience at St. James's Church. For this reason a truly religious chaplain, of good morals and sober conversation, will necessarily have as much influence on their behaviour, as a mild and prudent commander. Nor can a clergyman be too circumspect in this point; since, if he does not act in every respect conformable to his function, his place might be as well supplied by any one of the unbeneficed doctors of the Fleet. In a word, if a chaplain will so far divest himself of his sacred character, as to drink, swear, and behave in every respect like a common sailor, he should be obliged to work in the gang-way all the rest of the week, and on Sundays, be invested with a jacket and trowsers instead of his canonicals.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

O. T. FORE-CASTLE.

No. 85. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1755.

——*Animorum*
Impulsu, et cæcâ magnâque cupidine. HOR.

As the frail dame now love, now reason guides,
The magic mixture rises or subsides.

So long ago as my fourth number (the reader perhaps may not remember) I made mention of a female thermometer, constructed by my ingenious friend Mr. James Ayscough, optician, on Ludgate-hill; and I then informed the public, that 'the liquor contained within the tube was a chemical mixture, which being acted upon by the circulation of the blood and animal spirits, would rise and fall according to the desires and affections of the wearer.' But I have now the further satisfaction to acquaint my fair readers, that after several repeated trials and improvements we have at length brought the instrument to so great a degree of perfection, that any common by-stander may, by a proper application of it, know the exact temperature of a lady's passions. The liquor, among other secret ingredients, is distilled *secundum artem* from the herbs lady's love and maiden hair, the wax of virgin bees, and the five greater hot and cold seeds: and the properties of it are so subtle and penetrating, that immediatly on its coming within the atmosphere of a lady's affections, it is actuated by them in the same manner, as the spirits are by the impulse of the air in the common thermometer.

It was not without some difficulty, that we could settle the different degrees of heat and cold in a lady's desires, which it would be proper to delineate on our thermometer: but at last we found, that the whole scale of female characters might be reduced to one or other of the following; viz.

Abandoned IMPUDENCE.
. . . . . . *Gallantry.*
. . . . . . *Loose Behaviour.*
. . . . . . *Innocent Freedoms.*
. . . . . . *Indiscretions.*
Inviolable MODESTY.

From these degrees, which we have accurately marked on the side of the tube, we have been able to judge of the characters of several ladies, on whom we have made the experiment. In some of these we have found the gradations very sudden; and that the liquor has risen very fast from the lowest point to the highest. We could likewise discover, that it was differently affected according to the dif ferent station and quality of the subject; so that the same actions, which in a lady of fashion scarce raised the liquor beyond indiscretions, in another caused it to mount almost to impudence. Much also depended upon the air and temperature of the place, where we made our trials: and even the dress had some influence on our thermometer: as we frequently observed, that the rise and fall of the liquor in the tube bore an exact proportion to the rise and fall of the stays and petticoat.

I shall now proceed to give a succinct account of the many repeated experiments, which we have made on different subjects in different places. During the winter season we had frequent opportunities of trying the effects, which the play-house, the opera, and other places of diversion might have on the thermometer.

At the playhouse we always found the liquor rise in proportion, as the drama was more or less indecent or immoral: at some comedies, and particularly the Chances, its elevation kept pace exactly with the lusciousness of the dialogue and the ripening of the plot; so that it has often happened, that with some subjects, at the opening of the play, the liquor has struggled awhile, and rose and sunk about the degrees just above modesty; before the third act it has stood suspended at the middle point between modesty and impudence; in the fourth act it has advanced as far as loose behaviour; and at the conclusion of the play it has settled at downright impudence. At public concerts, and the opera especially, we observed that the thermometer constantly kept time (if I may say so) with the music and singing; and both at the opera and the play-house, it always regulated its motions by the dancer's heels. We have frequently made trials of our instrument at the masquerades in the Hay-market: but the temperature of that climate always proved so exceeding hot, that on the moment of our coming into the room the liquor has boiled up with a surprising effervescence to abandoned impudence.

During the summer season we have not failed to mark our observations on the company at the public gardens. Here we found, indeed, that with some raw unpolished females, who came only to eat cheesecakes and see the cascade and fire-works, the liquor did not stir beyond modesty; with many it has crept up to indiscretions; and with some it has advanced to loose behaviour. We had no opportunity to try our thermometer in the dark walks; but with some subjects we have plainly perceived the liquor hastening up towards innocent freedoms, as they were retiring to these walks from the rest of the company; while with others, who have gone the same way, it has only continued to point (as it did at the beginning of our observations) at gallantry. One young lady in particular we could not help remarking, whom we followed into Vauxhall, gallanted by an officer. We were glad to see, at her first going in, that the liquor, though it now and then faintly aspired towards indiscretions, still gravitated back again to modesty: after they had taken a turn or two in the walks, we perceived it fluctuating between innocent freedoms and loose behaviour: after this we lost sight of them for some time; and at the conclusion of the entertainment (as we followed them out) we could not without concern observe, that the liquor was hastily bubbling up to a degree next to impudence.

Besides the experiments on those ladies, who frequent the public places of diversion, we have been no less careful in making remarks at several private routs and assemblies. We were here at first very much surprised at the extreme degree of cold, which our thermometer seemed to indicate in several ladies, who were seated round the card-tables; as we found not the least alteration in it either from the young or old: but we at last concluded, that this was owing to their love of play, which had totally absorbed all their other passions. We have, indeed, more than once perceived, that when a lady has risen from cards after so much ill luck as to have involved herself in a debt of honour to a gentleman, the thermometer has been surprisingly affected; and as she has been handed to her chair, we have known the liquor which before was quite stagnate, run up instantaneously to the degree of gallantry. We have also been at the trouble to try its efficacy in the long rooms at Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, &c. and we have found, that these places have brought about surprising changes in the constitutions of those sick ladies, who go thither for the benefit of the waters.

Having thus sufficiently proved the perfection of our thermometer, it only remains to acquaint my readers, that Mr. Ayscough will be ready to supply the public with these useful instruments, as soon as the town fills. In the meantime I would advise those ladies, who have the least regard for their characters, to reflect that the gradations, as marked on our thermometer, naturally lead to each other; that the transitions from the lowest to the highest are quick and obvious; and that though it is very easy to advance, it is impossible to regulate their passions in such a manner, as that their conduct may be always consistent with decency and honour, and (as Shakspeare says) ‘not stepping o’er the bounds of modesty.’ I shall conclude with observing, that these thermometers are designed only for the ladies: for though we imagined at first, that they might serve equally for the men, we have found reason to alter our opinion; since, in the course of several fruitless experiments on our own sex, there has scarce appeared any medium in them between modesty and impudence.

N° 86. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1755.

——*Viâ socrâ, sicut meus est mos,*
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis. Hor.

I range in quest of knowledge every street,
And study arts at Ludgate or the Fleet.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

It has been generally imagined, that learning is only to be acquired in the closet, by turning over a great number of pages: for which reason men have been assiduous to heap together a parcel of dusty volumes, and our youth have been sent to study at the universities; as if knowledge was shut up in a library, and chained to the shelves together with the folios. This prejudice has made every one overlook the most obvious and ready means of coming at literature: while (as the wise man has remarked) 'wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, and no man regardeth her.' Every lane teems with instruction, and every alley is big with erudition: though the ignorant or incurious passer-by shuts his eyes against that universal volume of arts and sciences, which constantly lies open before him in the highways and bye-places, like the laws of the Romans, which were hung up in the public streets.

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am a very hard student; and have perhaps gleaned more knowledge from my reading, than any of your poring fellows of colleges, though I was never possessed of so much as a horn-book. In the course of my studies I have followed the example of the ancient Peripatetics, who used to study walking; and as I had not the advantage to be brought up a scholar, I have been obliged, like the Lacedæmonian children, to the public for my education. My first relish for letters I got by conning over those elegant monosyllables, which are chalked out upon walls and gates, and which (as pretty books for children are adorned with cuts) are generally enforced and explained by curious hieroglyphics in caricature. I soon made a further progress in the alphabet by staring up at the large letters upon play-bills, and advertisements for stage coaches and waggons; till at length I was enabled to make out the inscriptions upon signs, bills on empty houses, and the titles on rubric posts. From these I proceeded gradually to higher branches of literature; and my method has since been to visit the philobiblian libraries, and other learned stalls, and the noble collections at Moor-fields; in which choice repositories I have with infinite pleasure and advantage run over the elaborate systems of ancient divines, politicians, and philosophers, which have escaped the fury of pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. As for the modern writings of pamphleteers and magazine compilers, I make it my business to take my rounds every morning at the open shops about the Royal Exchange; where I never fail to run through every thing, fresh as it comes out. Thus, for example, I make a shift to squint over the first page of the Connoisseur, as it lies before me, at Mrs. Cooke's; at the next shop I steal a peep at the middle pages; at another, proceed on to the fourth or fifth; and perhaps return again to conclude it at Mrs. Cooke's. By the same means I am myself become a Connoisseur likewise; and you will be surprised when I assure you, that I have a great variety of the finest prints and paintings, and am master of a more curious set of nicknacks, than are to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's collection. For, as I constantly survey the windows of every print-shop, and attend every auction, I look upon every curiosity as actually in my possession: and you will agree with me, that while I have the opportunity of seeing them, the real owners cannot have more satisfaction in locking them up in cabinets and museums.

It is recorded of Democritus, that he transcribed a system of ethics from the columns of Acicarus in Babylonia: In like manner you will conclude, that the knowledge, which I have thus picked out of the streets, has been very extensive: I have gone through a complete course of physic by perusing the learned treatise of Dr. Rock, and other eminent practitioners, pasted up at the entrance of alleys and bye places: I have learned at every corner, that the scurvy is a popular disease,—that the bloody flux cannot be cured by any of the faculty, except the gentlewoman at the Blue Posts in Haydon-yard; that nervous diseases were never so frequent, and that the royal family and most of our nobility are troubled with corns. I was completely grounded in politics by stopping at Temple-bar every morning to read the Gazetteer, which used to be stuck up there to the great emolument of the hackney-coachmen upon their stands. But above all, I have acquired the most sublime notions of religion by listening attentively to the spirited harangues of our most eminent field-preachers: and I confess myself highly obliged to the itinerant missionaries of Whitfield, Wesley, and Zinzendorff, who have instructed us in the New Light from empty barrels and joint-stools. Next to these, I have received great improvements from the vociferous retailers of poetry; as I constantly used to thrust myself into the circle gathered round them, and listen to their ditties, till I could carry away both the words and the tune. I have likewise got some notion of the drama by attending the theatres; though my finances were too scanty for me ever to get admittance even among the gods in the upper regions of the twelvepenny gallery. I therefore had recourse to the following practice: I would contrive to hear one act at the outside of one of the pit doors; the next act I took my stand at the other; and as the author generally rises in the middle, I could catch the most tearing parts during the third act in the passage to the two-shilling gallery: in the fourth act the rants came tolerably loud to my ear at the entrance of the upper gallery; and I very attentively listened to the pathetic, at the conclusion of the play, with the footmen in the lobby.

Endowed with so much learning, you will doubtless be curious to know to what purposes I have turned it. Almost before I could read at all, I got into the service of a very eminent doctor of physic, who employed me in sticking up his bills and slipping them slily into the hands of spindle-shanked young fellows, as they passed by. After this, by closely studying these elegant compositions, I got together a sufficient set of medical phrases, which (by the help of Bailey's Dictionary) enabled me to draw up bills and affidavits for those doctors, who are not so happy as to be able to write or read. I was next promoted to the garret of a printer of bloody murders, where my business was to invent terrible stories, write Yorkshire tragedies, and occasionally to put the ordinary of Newgate's account of dying speeches into lamentable rhyme. I was afterwards concerned in works, that required a greater fund of erudition, such as bog-house miscellanies, and little books for children: and I was once engaged as the principal compiler of a three-halfpenny magazine. Since that I followed the occupation of an eaves-dropper, or collector of news for the daily papers; in which I turned a good penny by hunting after marriages and deaths, and inventing lies for the day. Once indeed, being out of other business, I descended to the mean office of a ballad singer, and hawked my own verses; but not having a good ear to music, and the tone of my voice being rather inclined to whining, I converted my ballads into penitential hymns, and took up the vocation of methodist preacher. In this station I made new converts every day among the old women by my sighs and groans, who in return contributed their half-pence, which I disposed of in charity to myself: but I was at last beat off the field by a journeyman shoemaker, who fairly out-whined me; and finding myself deserted by my usual audience, I became setter to a Fleet parson.

My employment now was to take my stand at the end of Fleet-market, and whenever I saw any gaping young couple staring about them, to whisper them softly in the ear, and ask them whether they wanted to be married. Whenever the ceremony was performed, I officiated as clerk and father to give away the bride; and when my master the doctor died, I made a shift to purchase his entire stock in trade, (consisting of a rusty cassock, an old grizzle wig, and one lappet of a band) and succeeded him in his benefice of the Hand-and-Pen chapel. I now got a more comfortable subsistence than many regularly ordained curates in the country; but the marriage act soon after taking place, I was flung out of employ; and as the primate of May-fair, the reverend Dr. Keith, is forced to sell snuff in the Fleet-prison, I have been obliged to retail gin in a night-cellar.

Thus, Mr. Town, have I set before you the progress I have made in literature, as well as the particular circumstances of my life, in hopes they will induce you to recommend me to the notice of the public. As the parliament has not thought fit to make any provision for the poor distrest clergy of the Fleet, I intend to open a new oratory chapel in Fleet-market, to be conducted on the same principles with that established in Clare-market; and for which I flatter myself, I shall appear no less qualified by my education, than the renowned Henley or any of his butchers. I shall, therefore, beg leave to subscribe myself, hoping for your countenance and protection,

Your very humble Servant,
T. ORATOR HIGGINS.

N° 87. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1755.

Quid dignum tanto tibu ventre gilâque precabor?
MART.

So wide a swallow, and so vast a paunch,
Say, what shall cram! a turbot, or a haunch?

EATING and drinking being absolutely requisite to keep our crazy frames together, we are obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and satisfy the regular cravings of the appetite; though it is, in truth, but a very small part of the world that eat because they are hungry, or drink because they are dry. The common day labourer may, indeed, be glad to snatch a hasty meal with his wife and children, that he may have strength to return to his work; and the porter finds it necessary to refresh himself with a full pot of entire butt, while he rests his load upon the bulk at the ale-house door. But those who have more leisure to study what they shall eat and drink, require something more in their food, than what is barely wholesome or necessary: their palates must be gratified with rich sauces and high-seasoned delicacies; and they frequently have recourse to whetters and provocatives, to anticipate the call of hunger, and to enable their stomach to bear the load they lay on it. There are a sort of men, whose chief pride is a good taste (as they call it) and a great stomach; and the whole business of their lives is included in their breakfast, dinner and supper. These people of whatever rank and denomination, whether they regale on turtle, or devour shoulders of mutton and peck loves for wagers, whether a duke at White's, or a chairman at the Blue-Posts, are certainly of the number of those 'whom nature,' as Sallust tells us, 'has made, like the brutes, obedient to their bellies,' and, indeed, partake in some measure of the sentence passed on the serpent, 'to be cursed above all cattle, and to go for ever on their bellies.'

There are many vices and follies which men endeavour to hide from the rest of the world; but this, above all others, they take a pride in proclaiming, and seem to run about with the cap and bells, as if they were ambitious to be ranked among the sons of folly. Indeed, as the politeness of the French language has distinguished every glutton by the title of *Bon Vivant*, and the courtesy of our own has honoured their beastly gluttony by the name of Good Living, the epicure thinks to eat and drink himself into your good opinion, and recommend himself to your esteem by an exquisite bill of fare. However this may be, it is remarkable, that as the fox-hunter takes delight in relating the incidents of the chase, and kills the fox again over a bowl of punch at night, so the *Bon Vivant* enjoys giving an account of a delicious dinner, and chews the cud of reflection on his exquisite entertainment.

I have been led into these thoughts by an acquaintance which I have lately made with a person, whose whole conversation is, literally speaking, table-talk. His brain seems to be stuffed with an hodge-podge of ideas, consisting of several dishes, which he is perpetually serving up for the entertainment of the company. As it was said of Longinus, that he was a walking library, in the same manner I consider this gentleman as a walking larder: and as the orations of Demosthenes were said to smell of the lamp, so my friend's whole conversation savours of the kitchen. He even makes use of his stomach as an artificial memory; and recollects every place h has been at, and every person he has seen, by some circumstances relating to the entertainment he met with. If he calls to mind a particular inn, he adds, 'for there the cook spoiled a fine turbot:' another house is recollected, 'because the parson took all the fat of the haunch of venison:' he remembers a gentleman you mention, 'because he had the smallest stomach he ever knew:' or one lady, 'because she drank a great deal of wine at supper:' and another, because she has the best receipt for making her pickled cucumbers look green.'

His passion for eating also influences all his actions, diversions, and studies. He is fond of hare-hunting, as he says his pursuit is animated by the hopes of seeing puss smoking on the table; but he wonders how any man can venture his neck in a chase after a fox, which, when it is got, is not worth eating. He has had occasion, on account of the disorders which his ruling passion has brought upon him, to visit the several Wells in the kingdom; but these he considers not as places where persons go to drink the waters, but where they go to eat; and in this light he gives a character of them all. 'Bath,' says he, 'is one of the best markets in the world: at Tunbridge you have fine mutton, and most exquisite wheat-ears: but at Cheltenham, pox take the place, you have nothing but cow-beef, red veal, and white bacon.' He looks upon every part of England in the same light; and would as soon go to Cheshire for butter, and Suffolk for cheese, as miss eating what each particular town or county is famous for having the most excellent in its kind. He does not grudge to ride twenty miles to dine on a favourite dish: and it was but last week, that he appointed a friend in Buckinghamshire to meet him at Uxbridge, 'which,' says he, in his letter, 'is the best place we can settle our business at, on account of those excellent rolls we may have for breakfast, and the delicious trout we are sure to have at dinner.'

Mr. Cramwell, for that is his name, is so unfortunate as to want a purse adequate to his taste; so that he is obliged to have recourse to several artifices to gratify his appetite. For this purpose he has with great pains constituted a club, consisting of persons most likely to promote good living. This society is composed of members, who are all of some trade that can furnish it with provisions, except one country squire, who supplies it with game: and they are obliged to send in the best of whatever their trade deals in, at prime cost: by which wise management the club is supplied with every delicacy the season affords, at the most reasonable rates. Mr. Cramwell, on account of his extraordinary proficiency in the science of eating, is honoured with the office of perpetual caterer; and he has arrived to such a pitch of accuracy in the calculation of what is sufficient, that he seems to guage the stomachs of the club, as an exciseman does a cask: so that, when all the members are present, they seldom send away three ounces of meat from the table. Upon any vacancy, much care and deliberation is used in electing a new member. A candidate's being able to devour a whole turkey with an equal proportion of chine, or eat one haunch of venison with the fat of another as sauce to it, would be no recommendation: on the contrary, there never was more caution used at the death of a Pope, to elect a successor who appears the most likely to be short-lived, than by this society of epicurean hogs to admit nobody of a stomach superior to their own. A captain of a ship trading to the West-Indies has been admitted an honorary member, having contracted to bring over, as a present to them, a cargo of turtle every voyage; and a few days ago I met Cramwell in prodigious high spirits, when he told me, that he was the happiest man in the world. 'Now,' says he, 'we shall have ortolans as plenty as pigeons; for it was but yesterday, that we balloted into our society one of the Flanderkin-Bird-Merchants.'

This association for the preservation of elegant fare gratifies my friend Cramwell's luxury at a cheap rate: and that he may make as many good meals as possible, he often contrives to introduce himself to the tables of persons of quality. This he effects by sending my lord or her ladyship a present of a Bath cheese, or a ruff or land-rail from his friends in Lincolnshire or Somersetshire; which seldom fails to procure him an invitation to dinner. He then plays his part as lustily, as if he had kept Lent, or were not to make a dinner again for a fortnight. He never suffers the smallest side-dish to escape him: for one is so exceeding good; another looks so tempting; another is so great a rarity: and though he declares he cannot touch a bit more, he will make shift to find room for this or that dainty because he never tasted it in his life. Wherever he goes, he always takes care to secure to himself the best share of every nicer dish, without the least regard to the rest of the company: he will help himself to a whole bird, though there are but a brace; and for fear any tid-bit should be snapped up before him, he snatches at it as greedily, as an hungry Frenchman at an ordinary. It once happened, that dining with an alderman his appetite so far got the better of his good-breeding, that he shaved off all the outside of a plum-pudding; and he has ever since been talked of in the city by the name of skin-pudding.

As all his joy and misery constantly arises from his belly, he thinks it is the same with others; and I heard him ask a perfect stranger to him, who complained that he was sick, whether he had over-eat himself. It is no wonder, that Cramwell should be sometimes troubled with the gout: I called upon him the other morning, and found him with his legs wrapped up in flannel, and a book lying open before him upon the table. On asking him what he was reading, he told me he was taking physic; and on inquiring whose advice he had, 'Oh,' says he, nobody can do me so much good as Mrs. Hannah Glasse. I am here going through a course of her Art of Cookery, in hopes to get a stomach: for indeed, my dear friend,' added he, with tears in his eyes, 'my appetite is quite gone; and I am sure I shall die, if I do not find something in this book, which I think I can eat.' O.

No. 88. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1755.

———Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragœdos.
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus
Expulit helleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese;—Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.
Hor.

A wight there was, whose mad distemper'd brain
Convey'd him ev'ry night to Drury-Lane:
Pleas'd and transported in th' ideal pit
At fancied tragedies he seem'd to sit.
Now to his wits by sage Monro restor'd,
No thanks, but curses on his friends he pour'd.
Ye fools: (he cried) the dear delusion lost,
My pleasure fled, you've cur'd me to my cost:
Seiz'd with such whims, with frenzy so diverting,
Cruel! to close the scene, and drop the curtain.

Horace, in the passage quoted at the head of my paper, tells us (after Aristotle) of a man, who used to sit in the empty theatre and fancy that he saw real exhibitions on the stage. We have the like account, in another ancient author, of a person that used to wait with great solicitude the coming of ships into the harbour, believing them to be his own property. The end of these madmen was also similar: they were both cured: and both complained, that they were deprived of the satisfaction, which they before enjoyed from a pleasing error of their minds.

That the happiness and misery of the far greater part of mankind depends upon the fancy, need not be insisted on: *Crede quod habes et habes*, Think that you have, and you have, is a maxim not confined to those only within the walls of Bedlam. I remember an humourist, who would frequently divert himself in the same manner with the madmen above-mentioned, and supply his real wants by the force of his imagination. He would go round the markets, and suppose himself to be cheapening the most dainty provisions; and when he came home to his scanty meal, by the same ideal contrivance he would convert his trotters into turbot, and his small beer into the most delicious Burgundy. As he was a barber by trade, he would put on the air and manners of his customers, while he combed out their wigs: with every bag he would conceive himself going to court or an assembly; and once when he was sick, he got together three or four of the largest tyes, placed them upon blocks round his bed-side, and called them a consultation of physicians.

But of all others, there are none, perhaps, who are more obliged to the imagination for their ideal happiness, than the fraternity of which I am an unworthy member. There is no set of people, who are more ambitious to appear grand in the world, and yet have less means, than those gentlemen whom the world has styled authors. Wit and pride as often go hand in hand together, as wit and poverty: but though the generality of writers are by the frowns of fortune debarred from possessing a profuse share of the good things of this world, they are abundantly recompensed by enjoying them in speculation. They indulge in golden dreams, at the time that they have not sixpence in their pockets; and conjure up all the luxuries of Pontac's before them, though they are at a loss perhaps where to get a dinner. Thus a critic, by a kind of magic, will transport himself to the theatres in an imaginary chariot, and be seated at once in the front boxes; when in reality he has waited for two hours in Vinegar-yard before the opening of the doors, to secure to himself a corner in the twelve-penny gallery. Hence it also happens to most authors, that though their way of life be ever so mean, their writings savour of the most unbounded magnificence; and as they have nothing to bestow, a most surprising generosity always accompanies every action of the quill. A novelist, for example, is remarkably lavish of his cash on all occasions; and spares no expense in carrying on the designs of his personages through ever so many volumes. Nothing, indeed, is more easy than to be very profuse upon paper: an author, when he is about it, may erect his airy castles to what height he pleases, and with the wave of his pen may command the mines of Peru; and as he deals about his money without once untying his purse-strings, it will cost him the same whether he throws away a mite or a million; and another dip of ink, by the addition of two or three gratis cyphers, may in an instant convert a single ten into as many thousands.

But it must be confessed, that we essay-writers, as we are the greatest egotists, are consequently most vain and ostentatious. As we frequently find occasion to prate about ourselves, we take abundant care to put the reader constantly in mind of our importance. It is very well known, that we keep the best company, are present at the most expensive places of diversion, and can talk as familiarly of White's, as if we had been admitted to the honour of losing an estate there. Though the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life may perhaps be denied us, we readily make up for the want of them by the creative power of the imagination. Thus, for instance, I remember a brother essayist, who took a particular pride in dating his lucubrations, 'From my own Apartment;' which he represented as abounding with every convenience: though at the same time he was working three stories from the ground, and was often forced, for want of other paper, to scribble upon wrappers of tobacco. As to myself, I make no doubt but the reader has long ago discovered, without my telling him, that I loll at my ease in a crimson velvet chair, rest my elbow on the polished surface of a mahogany table, write my essays upon gilt paper, and dip my pen into a silver standish.

Indeed, though I have taken upon me the title of Connoisseur, I shall not presume to boast, that I am possessed of a musuem like Sloane's, or a library equal to Mead's. But as Pliny, and after him our countryman Mr. Pope, have left us a description of their elegant villas, I hope it will not be thought arrogance in me, after what I have said, if I set before the reader an account of my own study. This is a little edifice situated at some distance from the rest of the house, for the sake of privacy and retirement. It is an ancient pile of building, and hangs over a small rivulet; and as the entrance into it is shaded by a thick hedge of ever-greens, which cast a kind of awful gloom about it, some learned antiquaries have been led to conjecture, that it was formerly a Temple, or rather a Chapel of Ease, dedicated to one of the heathen goddesses. This goddess, they inform me, was worshipped by the Romans, and was probably held in no less veneration by the Ægyptians, Chaldees, Syrians, and other nations. However this be, the walls on the inside are decorated with various inscriptions, alluding to the religious rites performed there, and hung round with the rude rhymes of ancient bards.

To this study I retire constantly every morning after breakfast, and at other parts of the day, as occasion calls. Here I am at liberty to indulge my meditations uninterrupted, as I suffer no one to break in upon my privacy: and (what will perhaps surprise my readers) I find in myself the greatest inclination to visit it after a hearty meal. In this place I made a very rapid progress in literature, and have gone through several very learned volumes, which otherwise I should never have looked into. I have here travelled leaf by leaf through the works of many worthy, but neglected, ancient divines, critics, and politicians; and have turned over many a modern pamphlet or poem with equal satisfaction. I must not forget to mention, that (like the scrupulous Mahometans) I have often picked up the fragments of several learned writers, which have come from the chandlers, and lodged them, among others no less valuable, in my study.

I may safely boast, that I am indebted for many of my best thoughts in the course of these papers, to the reflections I have had the leisure to make in this study; which probably has the same influence on my mind, as the stewed prunes had upon Bayes, which he tells us he always took when he wrote. But if my study serves to inspire me sometimes with agreeable ideas, it never fails on the other hand to remind me of the mortality of writers; as it affords repeated proofs, that we may justly say of our works, as well as of ourselves,

Seriùs aut citiùs Sedem properamus ad unam!
OVID.

O lamentable chance! to one vile seat
Sooner or later we must all retreat!

T.

No. 89. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1755.

Lugete, O Veneres, Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum!
Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ;
Passer deliciæ meæ puellæ;
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat.

CATULL.

Weep, ye belles, ye beaux, deplore!
Pretty, pretty Poll's no more!
Poll, the dear delight, the fancy,]
Poll, the darling of my Nancy!
Pretty Poll, whom she did love
'Bove her eyes, O far above.

GOING the other day to visit Mrs. Penelope Doat, after I had waited some time in the parlour, the maid returned with her mistress's compliments, and informed me, that as she was extremely busy, she begged to be excused coming down to me, but that she would be very glad to see me in the nursery. As I knew she was a maiden lady, I was a good deal startled at the messsge: but however I followed the servant up stairs to her mistress; whom I found combing a little spotted dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the settee where she sat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens on the other corner of it. The whole room, which was a very large one, was indeed a nursery for all kinds of animals, except those of the human species. It was hung every where with cages, containing parrots, macaws, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, and goldfinches; on the chairs were several cats reposing on soft cushions; and there were little kennels, in the Chinese taste, in almost every corner of the room, filled with pugs, fidos, and King Charles's breed. As soon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewing of the cats, which my entrance occasioned, began to cease,—'You find me here, Sir,' said the lady, 'tending my little family, the only joy of my life. Here 's a dear pretty creature!' holding up the dog she was combing, 'a beauty! what a fine long-eared snub-nosed beauty! Lady Faddle advertised three quarters of a year, and could not get the fellow to it. Ah, bless it, and love it, sweet soul;' ——And then she stroked it, and kissed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all those inarticulate sounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addressed to dogs, cats, and children, and may be styled the language of the nursery. Upon observing me smile at the embraces she bestowed on her little motley darling, 'I am afraid,' said she, 'you don't love these pretty creatures. How can you be so cruel? Poor dumb things! I would not have them hurt for all the world. Nor do I see why a lady should not indulge herself in having such sweet little company about her, as well as you men run out estates in keeping a pack of filthy hounds.' Then she laid Pompey on his cushion by the fire-side; and railed at the barbarity of the human species to the rest of the creation, and entered into a long dissertation on tenderness and humanity.

A humane disposition is, indeed, so amiable either in man or woman, that it ought always to be cherished and kept alive in our bosoms; but at the same time we should be cautious not to render the first virtue of our nature ridiculous. The most compassionate temper may be sufficiently gratified by relieving the wretches of our own species: but who would ever boast of their generosity to a lap-dog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey? or would any lady deserve to be celebrated for her charity, who should deny support to a relation or a friend, because she maintains a litter of kittens? For my part, before I would treat a Dutch puppy with such absurd fondness, I must be brought to worship dogs, as the Ægyptians did of old; and ere I would so extravagantly doat upon a monkey, I would, as Iago says on a different occasion, 'exchange my humanity with a baboon.'

Yet there have been many instances, besides my female friend, of this fondness for the brute creation being carried to very ridiculous lengths. The grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulse of a lap-dog, and inspect the urine of a squirrel: nay, I am myself acquainted with a lady, who carried this matter so far, as to discharge her chaplain, because he refused to bury her monkey. But the most solemn piece of mummery on these occasions is the making provisions for these animals by will; which absurd legacies as little deserve the title of humanity, as those people merit being called charitable, who in a death-bed fright, starve their relations by leaving their estates to found an hospital. It were indeed to be wished, that money left in trust for such uses were subject to some statute of mortmain: or at least that the gentlemen of the long robe would contrive some scheme to cut off the entail from monkeys, macaws, Italian greyhounds, and tabby-cats.

That a stage coachman should love his cattle better than his wife or children, or a country squire be fond of his hounds and hunters, is not so surprising, because the reason of their regard for them is easily accounted for: and a sea-captain has, upon the same principles, been known to contract an affection for his ship. Yet no coachman would, like Caligula, tie his horses to a golden rack; but think he shows sufficient kindness by giving them a good feed and clean straw: and the country sportsman takes care to provide his hounds with a warm kennel and horse flesh; but would never think of placing them on cushions before the fire, and cramming them with fricasees, or breed them with as much care as the heir to his estate.

This irregular passion, (if I may so call it) is most frequently to be met with among the ladies. How often has the slighted gallant envied the caresses given to a lap-dog, or kisses bestowed on a squirrel! and 'I would I were thy bird!' has been the fond exclamation of many a Romeo. But it is remarkable, that this affection for birds and beasts generally wears off after marriage, and that the ladies discard their four-footed darlings and feathered favourites, when they can bestow their endearments on a husband. Wherefore, these dry nurses to pugs and grimalkins are mostly to be met with among those females, who have been disappointed in the affairs of love, and have, against their will, retained the flower of virginity, till it has withered in their possession. It often happens that there is some kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved, and the animal on which they afterwards fix their affections: and I remember an instance of a lady's passion for a lawyer being converted into dotage on a parrot; and have an old maiden aunt, who once languished for a beau, whose heart is now devoted to a monkey.

But I should not so much quarrel with these humane ladies, who choose to settle their affections on the brute species, if their love for these pretty creatures was not troublesome to others, who are not so sensible of the charms of a snub-nose, or cannot discover any beauty in the grey eyes of a cat. A doating mother would never forgive you, if you did not call her brat a fine child, and dandle it about, and prattle with it, with as much seeming rapture as herself; in like manner, a lady would take it as an affront to her own person, if you did not pay your addresses equally to her pug or parroquet. I know a young fellow, that was cut off with a shilling by an old maiden aunt, on whom he had great dependance, because he gave poor Veny a kick, only for lifting up his leg against the gentleman's stocking: and I have heard of another, who might have carried off a very rich widow, but that he could not prevail upon himself to extend his caresses to her dormouse. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that the embraces and endearments bestowed on these rivals of the human species should be as private as the most secret intrigues; and I would have lap-dogs, like fretful and squalling children, confined to bark and growl only in the nursery. We may often see a footman following his lady to church with a large common-prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other. I have known a grave divine forced to stop short in the middle of a prayer, while the whole congregation has been raised from their knees to attend to the howling of a non-conforming pug; and I once saw a tragedy monarch disturbed in his last moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a discerning critic of King Charles's black breed, who jumped out of the stage box, and fastened upon the hero's perriwig, brought it off in his mouth, and lodged it in his lady's lap.

It will not appear strange, after what has been said, that these ladies, or lady-like gentlemen, should be as solicitous to preserve the breed of their favourite animals, as a sportsman of his hounds and horses. I have known a gentleman in St. James's-street send his little Cupid in a sedan chair as far as Grosvenor-square, to wait upon a lady's Veny for this very purpose: and I shall never forget a card, which was sent to another lady on a like occasion, expressed in the following terms:—'Mr. ———'s compliments to Lady Betty ——, is glad to hear Miss Chloe is safely delivered, and begs it as a particular favour, that her ladyship would be pleased to set him down for a puppy.'

O.

Nº 90. THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 15, 1755.

——Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid prosit, video, ingenium.——
HOR.

Ah, what can application do,
Unless we have a genius too?
Or genius how have cultivation,
Without due pains and application?

If we consider that part of our acquaintance, whom we remember from their infancy, we shall find, that the expectations we once entertained of their future abilities are in many instances disappointed. Those who were accounted heavy dull boys, have by diligence and application made their way to the first honours, and become eminent for their learning and knowledge of the world; while others, who were regarded as bright lads, and imagined to possess parts equal to any scheme of life, have turned out dissolute and ignorant; and quite unworthy the title of a genius, except in the modern acceptation of the word, by which it signifies a very silly young fellow, who from his extravagance and debauchery has obtained the name of a genius, like *lucus a non lucendo*, because he has no genius at all.

It is a shocking drawback from a father's happiness when he sees his son blessed with strong natural parts and quick conception, to reflect that these very talents may be his ruin. If vanity once gets into his head and gives it a wrong turn, the young coxcomb will neglect the means of improvement, trust entirely to his native abilities, and be as ridiculously proud of his parts, as the brats of quality are taught to be of their family. In the meantime, those whom nature threw far behind him, are by application enabled to leave him at a distance in their turn; and he continues boasting of his genius, till it subsists no longer, but dies for want of cultivation. Thus vanity and indolence prevent his improvement; and if he is to rise in the world by his merit, take away the means of success, and perhaps reduce him to very miserable distresses. I know one of these early geniuses, who scarce supports himself by writing for a bookseller; and another, who is at leisure to contemplate his extraordinary parts in the Fleet prison.

If we look into the world, we shall find that the mere genius will never raise himself to any degree of eminence without a close and unwearied application to his respective business or profession. The Inns of Court are full of these men of parts, who cannot bear the drudgery of turning over dry cases and reports; but, though they appear ever so eloquent in taverns and coffee-houses, not the nearest relation will trust them with a brief: and many a sprightly physician has walked on foot all his life, with no more knowledge of his profession than what lies in his perriwig. For whatever opinion they themselves may have of their own parts, other persons do not choose to be bantered out of their estates or joked out of their lives; and even in trade, the plodding men of the Alley would foretel the bankruptcy of any wit among them, who should laugh at the labour of accounts, or despise the Italian method of book-keeping. Thus we see, that parts alone are not sufficient to recommend us to the good opinion of the world; and if not roused and called forth by study and application, they would become torpid, and useless: as the race-horse, though not put to drag a dray or carry a pack, must yet be kept in exercise. But I shall enlarge no further on this subject, as I would not anticipate the thoughts contained in the following elegant little fable; which is written by the same ingenious hand, that obliged the public with the verses on Imitation, inserted in my sixty-seventh number.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

Genius, blest term of meaning wide!
(For sure no term so misapplied),
How many bear the sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'd Inclination.

But yet, suppose a Genius true;
Exempli gratiâ, me or you;
Whate'er he tries with due intention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension:
Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
Should he presume alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts?
Sure of success whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value sake,
Its springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true:
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays
Perhaps within our bosom plays:
O how the purer rays aspire,
If Application fans the fire!
Without it genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise:
Nay, Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and Genius fail;
And now, to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as sung,
And use of speech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind;
A forward Hare, of swiftness vain,
The Genius of the neighbouring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd;
For Geniuses are ever proud.
His flight, he'd boast, 'twere vain to follow,
For horse and dog, he'd beat them *hollow;*

Nay, if he put forth all his strength
Outstript his brethren *half a length.*

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation:—
'O Puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match,—nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.'

'Twas done and done,—all fair—a bet—
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scamp'ring Hare outstripp'd the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.
'Friend Tortoise,' cries the jeering Hare,
'Your burthen's more than you can bear:
'To help your speed, it were as well
'That I should ease you of your shell;
'Jog on a little faster prithee,
'I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.'
So said, so done,—and safely sure;
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it),
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard the taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to *persevere;*
Still drawl'd along, as who should say
I win, like *Fabius*, by delay;
On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets are won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake:
'Puss, though I own thy quicker parts
Things are not always won by starts:
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow and steady* wins the race.

Nº 91. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1755.

Omnia Castor emit; sic fiet, ut omnia vendet.
MART.

Such bargains purchas'd by his dear,
Her taste at auctions showing,
Himself must turn an auctioneer——
A going, a going, agoing.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I AM married to a woman of the most notable disposition, who values herself upon going the nearest way to work in every thing, and laying out her money to more advantage than any body else. But her economy is so strangely expensive, and her savings attended with such ridiculous extravagance, that she has almost undone me by her frugality.

In the first place, my wife is particularly proud of being an excellent market-woman. She understands this business so well, it seems, that she buys every thing better of its sort, and at a cheaper rate, than any other person; for which reason she always undertakes it herself, and trudges to market with all the notable airs and housewifely appearance of an old butter-woman. Here she flatters herself that she has the art of beating down every thing so very low, that she cannot resist the temptation of buying such extraordinary pennyworths; and after spending the whole morning at twenty different shops, and four or five different markets, she comes home with provisions enough to support the first duke's family in the kingdom for a week. Though the natural consequence of this housewifery is, that above half her marketings stink and grow musty before we can use them, yet she is highly delighted with her management; and entertains all the good ladies of her acquaintance with an account of her economy, and the complaints of the tradesmen, that there was no dealing with her, that she is too hard for them, and that they shall be ruined by selling her such bargains.

I should tell you, Sir, that soon after we were married, my wife over-persuaded me to take a house in the country; and she assured me, that we should save more than the rent of it, by the advantages of breeding our own poultry and feeding our own cattle, for the supply of our table. I accordingly hired a little box about twenty miles from town, with a piece of ground adjoining to it, and my wife took upon her the whole management of the estate; for the ordering of which she had collected together so many excellent rules, that she was sure to save cent. per cent. in every article. The consequence of this was, that our chickens, being fed with rye, instead of barley and wheat, died of the pip; our turkeys were crammed with bran and butter-milk, to save the expense of corn, and were most of them carried off by a looseness; our geese were fatted with acorns instead of oats, and were as poor as their plucked brethren in the fens of Lincolnshire. Our hogs cost us nothing in a manner for their keeping, as they lived upon turnip-parings and cabbage-stalks, pease and bean-shells, scalded crab-apples, and bull's blood and liver; in consequence of which our bacon was rancid, and our pork measly. We had two cows for the use of our dairy; but the very first winter being fed, for cheapness, with nothing but collart leaves and chopt straw, they gave no milk for half the year, and at last died of the distemper among the horned cattle. Even our poor mare, which used to run in the chaise, fared no better than the miller's horse, as she was kept chiefly upon bran, and very seldom indulged with the luxury of oats and beans; so that the poor creature, after a journey somewhat harder than usual, dropped down dead between the shafts. We had scarce better luck in the management of our garden; for though my wife prided herself on her notable skill in these matters, our fruit-trees could never be brought to bear; and when cucumbers were to be had for a penny a dozen, and pease for a groat a peck, we had the pleasure of gathering them fresh from our own garden, after they had stood us in more than ten times their value in the raising.

Among her other housewifely accomplishments, my wife was possessed of the original receipts of her grandmother for all sorts of made wines, which nobody could distinguish from those of a foreign growth. She therefore set about making a large quantity of Port and Claret from elder-berries, and Mountain and Frontiniac from raisins and brown sugar: but when these had been kept to a proper age, and were fit to be drank, we had this only consolation, that they were the best vinegar that could be used for our pickles. Our October, which she contrives to brew with as much bran as malt, and mug-wort instead of hops, grew dead in the casks, before it had sufficiently fermented; and when we had bottled it off, it burst above twenty dozen bottles, and the remainder was sour. My wife also bought a still, with its whole apparatus, that she might make Plague and Hysteric Water, for her own use, and to give away among her poor neighbours: but at one time the head of the still flew off, and laid her under the surgeon's hands for three months; and at another it took fire, and had like to have burnt the house down. To this account I should likewise set down the charge of our apothecary's shop, in preparing ointments for scalds, salves for burns, and other family medicines; in all which I know to my cost, the old saying was inverted, and we lost elevenpence out of a shilling.

You must know, Sir, that (besides her domestic economy) my provident dear is a most passionate admirer of a pennyworth in any shape; and is one of those prudent good ladies, who will purchase any thing, of which they have no need, merely because they can have it a bargain. It would be doing much service to many other poor gentlemen as well as to me, if you could convince these thrifty females, that to purchase useless commodities at any price, can never be good housewifery, and that however nearly they may drive their bargains, there is just so much money flung away, as the purchase costs. We have as much linen by us as would set up a piece-broker, which my wife has purchased under prime cost of the Scotch pedlars that came to our door; and I am sure we have cast-off clothes sufficient to furnish a sale-shop, which she has bought of ladies' maids for a mere trifle. She is a frequent customer to pretended smugglers, that whisper in your ear, and offer you right India handkerchiefs made at Spitalfields. But above all, she constantly attends the several Auctions of the Stock in Trade of eminent Tradesmen, that were never heard of, and the household furniture, plate, china, &c. of Baronets and Squires, that never existed but in the brain of the auctioneer. Here she meets with such excellent pennyworths, that as my pantry is stored with more provisions than we can dispense with, every room in my house is crammed up with useless beds, tables, chests of drawers, curiosities, perukepated beaux and fine ladies (beauties of their times), that are good for nothing but to hide the bare walls of a garret. In short, Sir, unless you can prevail with her to forego the wonderful advantages of making such exquisite purchases, as (she says) all the world would jump at, I shall very soon be quite a beggar: for if she goes on at this rate, buying things for nothing, as she calls it, I shall shortly ave nothing to buy withal.

As these valuable purchases are daily multiplying upon my hands, and as my house is become a repository for the refuse of sales and auctions, the only method I can think of at present to get rid of them, is to make an auction myself. For this purpose I have drawn out a catalogue; and have sent you the following specimen, that by it you may judge of the rest of my curiosities.

CATALOGUE,

OF THE CHOICE AND VALUABLE EFFECTS OF MR.———,

LEAVING OFF HOUSEKEEPING.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

In the First Day's Sale (among other Particulars equally curious) will be included,

A whole sheet print of King Charles on horseback, by Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured.

Mary Queen of Scots, by the same master, done after the life, and painted upon glass; the right eye cracked, and the nose a little scratched.

A capital picture of Adam and Eve in cross-stitch.

Noah's Ark, in tent-stitch, its companion.

Fair Rosamond's Bower, in Nun's work, by the same hand.

A lively representation of Chevy Chase, in lignum vitæ, rose-wood, and mother of pearl, curiously inlaid.

Several lesser pieces of birds, beasts, fruits, and flowers; copied from nature in coloured silks, stained feathers, and painted straw.

Merlin's Cave, in shell work; composed of above a thousand beautiful shells, with a cascade of looking-glass playing in the middle.

A most curious Tea-table of rare old japan; with the edges broke off, and one of the legs standing.

A most rare and inestimable collection of right old china; consisting of half a punch-bowl, three parts of a dish, half a dozen plates joined together with wires drilled through their middles, a sugar-dish with a piece broke off the side, a tea-pot without a spout, another without a handle, and five odd cups and saucers, the cracks neatly joined with white paint.

Some large and elegant jars and vases in *papier machee.*

Several figures of dogs, monkeys, cats, parrots, mandarins, and bramins, of the Chelsea and Bow manufactory.

To which will be added,

A SMALL, BUT WELL-CHOSEN COLLECTION

OF

MODERN BOOKS,

CONSISTING OF

Pope's Works, and all our best authors—published in ink-stands, tea-chests, and quadrille-boxes for fishes and counters.

Miss in her Teens—The Fool in Fashion—All for Love—The Way to win him—She would if she could—Much ado about Nothing—bound together, for the use of the fair sex, in a complete set of dressing-boxes.

A new form of Self-examination—in a snuff-box, with a looking-glass in the lid of it.

The Spiritual Comfort, or Companion for the Closet—in a small pocket volume, containing a bottle of cordial water.

The Posthumous Works of Lord Viscount Bolingbroke—in a close-stool.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

T.

No. 92. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1755.

O nata mecum Consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum;
Descende.——— HOR.

Brisk wine some hearts inspires with gladness,
And makes some droop in sober sadness;
Makes politicians sound to battle,
And lovers of their mistress prattle;
While with 'potations pottle deep'
It lulls the serious sot to sleep.

DRINKING is one of those popular vices, which most people reckon among their venial failings; and it is thought no great blot on a man's character, to say he takes his glass rather too freely. But as those vices are most dangerous and likely to prevail, which, if not approved, are at least commonly excused, I have been tempted to examine, whether drinking really deserves that quarter it receives from the generality of mankind: and I must own, that after a strict attention to the principal motives, that induce men to become hard drinkers, as well as to the consequences which such excesses produce, I am at a loss to account for the received maxim, that 'in good wine there is truth;' and should no more expect happiness in a full bowl, than chastity in the bar of a tavern.

The incentives to this practice are some of them very shocking, and some very ridiculous; as will perhaps appear from the following characters.

Poor Heartly was blest with every noble qualification of the head and heart, and bade fair for the love and admiration of the whole world: but was unfortunately bound in a very large sum for a friend, who disappeared, and left him to the mercy of the law. The distresses, thus brought upon him by the treachery of another, threw him into the deepest despair: and he had at last recourse to drinking, to benumb (if possible) the very sense of reflection. He is miserable, when sober; and when drunk, stupified and muddled: his misfortunes have robbed him of all the joys of life; and he is now endeavouring wilfully to put an end to them by a slow poison.

Tom Buck, from the first day that he was put into breeches, was always accounted a boy of spirit; and before he reached the top of Westminster school, knew the names and faces of the most noted girls upon town, tossed off his claret with a smack, and had a long tick at the tavern. When he went to Oxford, he espoused the Tory party, because they drank deepest; and he has for some years been accounted a four bottle man. He drank for fame; and has so well established his character, that he was never known to send a man from his chambers sober, but generally laid his whole company under the table. Since his leaving the University nobody ever acquired more reputation by electioneering; for he can see out the stoutest freeholder in England. He has, indeed, swallowed many a tun in the service of his country; and is now a sounder patriot by two bottles, than any man in the country.

Poor Wou'd-be became a debauchee through mere bashfulness, and a foolish sort of modesty, that has made many a man drunk in spite of his teeth. He contracted an acquaintance with a set of hard drinkers: and though he would as soon choose to swallow a dose of physic, has not courage to refuse his bumper. He is drunk every night, and always sick to death the next morning, when he constantly resolves to drink nothing stronger than small beer for the future; but at night the poor fellow gets drunk again through downright modesty. Thus Wou'd-be suffers himself to be pressed into the service; and since he has commenced a jolly fellow, is become one of the most miserable wretches upon earth.

Honest Ned Brimmer is at present the most dismal object, that ever fell a sacrifice to liquor. It was unluckily his first ambition to promote what is called good fellowship. In this undertaking he has in a very few years entirely ruined his constitution; and now stalks up and down in so piteous a condition, as might inspire his companions with more melancholy reflections than an empty bottle. He has quite lost all appetite; and he is now obliged to keep up a weak artificial heat in his body, by the same means that destroyed the natural warmth of his constitution.—Rum, Brandy, and Usquebaugh, are his diet-drinks: and he may perhaps linger a few months, before he falls a martyr to good fellowship.

Having thus taken a short view of the unhappy motives, that induce men to become hard drinkers, few perhaps will think such reasons any recommendation to drunkenness. Nor can I imagine they will grow more fond of it, by observing what strange creatures they are during their intoxication. Shakspeare calls it 'putting a devil into their mouths, to steal away their brains:' and, indeed, a cup too much turns a man the wrong side out; and wine, at the same time it takes away the power of standing from the legs, deprives the mind of all sense and reflection. It is whimsical enough to consider the different effects, which wine produces on different tempers. Sometimes, like love, it makes a fool sensible, and a wise man an ass; and seems to imbibe a new quality from every different body, as water takes a tincture from the ground it runs through.

Horace has with great pleasantry recapitulated the various effects of wine, in a stanza, which I have placed at the head of this paper. One man grows maudlin and weeps; another becomes merry and facetious; a third quarrels, throws a bottle at his companion's head, and could run his dearest friend through the body; a fourth is mad for a girl, and falls in love with a street-walker; while to a fifth, the liquor serves as an opitate, and lulls him to sleep. Shakspeare has also shown this variety of characters with great humour. Cassio cries, 'let's to business,' and immediately begins to hiccup his prayers, and belches out his hopes of salvation: Justice Silence, who does not speak a word while he is sober, has no sooner swallowed the rousing cup, than he roars out a catch, and grows the noisiest man in the company. It is reported to have been one of the most exquisite entertainments to the choice spirits, in the beginning of this century, to get Addison and Steele together in company for the evening. Steele entertained them, till he was tipsy; when the same wine, that stupified him, only served to elevate Addison, who took up the ball just as Steele dropped it, and kept it up for the rest of the evening. They, who have never been present at a scene of this kind, may see the whole group of drunken characters, displayed at one view with infinite humour, in Hogarth's Modern Midnight Conversation.

Thus excess of drinking verifies all the transformations, recorded in the fable of Circe's cup; and perhaps the true reason why Bacchus is always painted with horns, is to intimate, that wine turns men into beasts. Indeed, if none were to indulge themselves in drinking, except those, who (like Steele and Addison) could be witty and agreeable in their cups, the number of hard drinkers would be very happily diminished. Most men have so little right to plead an excuse of this sort in vindication of their drunkenness, that wine either makes them very rude, very stupid, or very mad. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that liquor only shews ill qualities, since it also frequently creates them; and engenders notions in the mind quite foreign to its natural disposition, which are the mere effects of wine, and break out like blotches and carbuncles on the face. The disgustful appearance, which most people make when they are drunk, was what induced the Spartans to intoxicate their slaves, and shew them to their children, in order to deter them from so odious a vice. In like manner let the choice spirit, who is often seen snoring in an armed-chair in a tavern, or hanging his head over the pot, reflect what a shocking figure he must have made, when he sees the drunken beggar sleeping on a bulk, or rolling in the kennel!

Whoever thus considers the motives that generally induce men to give in to these excesses, and how ridiculous and unhappy they are often rendered by the effects, will hardly be tempted by the charms of a bottle: and, indeed, hard drinking is frequently one among the many evils that arise from want of education. The dull country squire, who has no taste for literary amusements, has nothing, except his dogs and horses, but his bumper to divert him; and the town squire sits soaking for the same reason in a tavern. These are the common herd of Bacchus's swine: but nothing is more shocking than to see a man of sense thus destroying his parts and constitution. It not only makes a terrible innovation in his whole frame and intellects, but also robs him of the society of those like himself, with whom he should associate, and reduces him to the level of a set of wretches; since all may be admitted to his company and conversation, who are able to toss off a bumper.

These considerations are sufficient to convince us of the evils which result from hard drinking: but it will shock us still more, if we reflect, how much it will influence our life and conduct. Whoever is engaged in a profession, will never apply to it with success, while he sticks so close to his bottle; and the tradesman, who endeavours to make business and pleasure compatible, will never be able to make both ends meet. Thus, whether health, fame, or interest is regarded, drunkenness should be avoided: and we may say with Cassio, 'every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.'

O.

N° 93. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1755.

Heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
Te Deus! ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
Humanis!——— HOR.

Why, Fortune, serve us such a cruel prank,
To turn thy wheel, and give us blank, blank, blank!

I CANNOT but admire the ingenious device prefixed to the advertisements of Hazard's Lottery-Office, in which Fortune is represented hovering over the heads of a great number of people, and scattering down all kinds of prizes among them. What Mr. Hazard has here delineated, every adventurer in the late lottery had pictured to himself: the Ten Thousand constantly floated before his eyes, and each person had already possessed it in imagination. But, alas! all our expectations are now at an end: the golden dream is at length vanished; and those, whose heads were kept giddy all the while that the wheel of Fortune was turning round, have now leisure soberly to reflect on their disappointment. How many unhappy tradesmen must now trudge on foot all their lives, who designed to loll in their chariots! How many poor maidens, of good family but no fortune, must languish all their days without the comforts of a husband and a coach and six! Every loser thinks himself ill used by Fortune: and even Mrs. Betty, the possessor of a single sixteenth, flies to the office, pays her penny, and receives the tidings of her ill luck with surprise: goes to another office, pays her penny, hears the same disagreeable information, and can hardly, very hardly persuade herself, that Fortune should have doomed her still to wash the dishes, and scrub down the stairs.

Thus the views of every adventurer are directed to the same point, though their motives for engaging in the lottery may be differant. One man puts in, because he is willing to be in Fortune's way; another, because he had good luck in the last; and another because he never got any thing before: this indulges in the prospect of making a fortune; and that comforts himself with the pleasing hopes of retrieving his desperate circumstances. Every one, however, thinks himself as sure of the Ten Thousand, as if he had it in his pocket; and his only concern is how to dispose of it. We may, therefore, consider every adventurer, as having been in actual possession of this treasure; and out of fifty thousand people, who have been blest within this fortnight with such ideal good fortune, I shall select the following instances, which fell within my own notice.

Joseph Wilkins of Thames-street, Esquire, Common Councilman and cheesemonger, got the 10,000l. He could not bear the foggy air and dingy situation of the city: he, therefore, resolved to take a house at the St. James's end of the town, and to fit up a snug box at Hampstead in the Chinese taste, for his retirement on Sundays. A chariot was absolutely necessary, to carry him to and from 'Change every morning: but he intended to have it made according to the modern fashion, that it might occasionally be converted into a post chaise, to wheel him on a Saturday night to his country seat, and back again on the Monday morning. He designed to be chose alderman the first vacancy; after that to be made sheriff, receive the honour of knighthood, and perhaps get into parliament: and whenever he passed by the Mansion-house, he could not but look upon it with pleasure, as the future residence of his lordship. Nothing was now wanting but a careful plodding partner, who should take upon himself the whole drudgery of the shop; so that the squire might have no further trouble, than to receive his dividend of the profits. But while he was considering on whom this important favour should be conferred, his ticket was drawn——Blank: and Squire Wilkins is contented with his greasy employment of cutting out penny-worths of Cheshire cheese.

Jonathan Wildgoose of Cheapside, silk-mercer, had too much taste to be confined to dirty business, which he neglected for the more agreeable pursuits of pleasure. Having therefore met with great losses in trade, he was obliged to embark the remains of his shattered fortune in the lottery, and by purchasing a number of tickets secured to himself the 10,000l. He had determined to keep his success secret, bilk his creditors by becoming bankrupt, turn the whole into an annuity for his life, and live abroad like a gentleman upon the income. But unluckily his creditors came upon him too quickly: and before he could know that he had not got the Ten Thousand, hurried him to jail, where he now lies, lamenting that the Act of insolvency had not been postponed till after the lottery.

John Jones, of Ludlow, in the county of Salop, esquire, dealer and chapman, got the 10,000l. This gentleman was fore-warned of his success by several indisputable tokens. His lady had dreamed of a particular number four nights together: and while the bells were ringing on his being chose bailiff of the corporation, they spoke in as plain words as ever Whittington heard, 'Mr. John Jones will get ten thousand pound—Mr. John Jones will get ten thousand pound.' He and his lady, therefore, came up to London; and not being able to meet with the particular number at Hazard's or Wilson's, or any other office always remarkable for selling the Ten Thousands, they advertised it in the papers, and got the great prize, only paying a guinea more for their ticket than the market-price. As Mrs. Jones knew a good deal of the world, having lived for some years in quality of an upper servant in a great house, she was determined that Mr. Jones should take the opportunity, now they were in town, of learning how to behave himself as he should do when he came to his fortune. She, therefore, introduced him to the best company in all the house-keepers' and stewards' rooms in the best families where she was acquainted: and as Mr. Jones was so deficient in politeness, as not even to know how to make a bow in coming into a room, he had private lessons from Mr. Aaron Hart, who undertakes to teach grown gentlemen to dance. Mrs. Jones herself was very busy in consulting with the milliner and mantua-maker about the newest fashion, when the long looked-for Ten Thousand came up; and directly after the hey-gee-o, carried them down again to Salop, with this only consolation, that their ticket was within one of the fortunate number.

Sir Humphry Oldcastle, having greatly dipped his estate by being chosen into parliament on the Tory interest, mortgaged all he had left, and put himself in the way of the 10,000l. for the good of his country. This seasonable recruit fixed him a staunch patriot; and he declared he would stand another election against all opposition. But, however it happened, the finishing of the lottery has induced him to change his sentiments; and Sir Humphry, in lieu of the 10,000l. has accepted a place.

Jemmy Lister, an attorney's clerk, was carried into the lottery by pure disinterested love. He had conceived a violent passion for his masters's daughter; but the prudent old gentleman could not be prevailed on to give her away to a handsome young fellow without a penny. This enraged him so much, that he immediately sold the reversion of a small estate after the death of his grandmother, and by laying out the purchase-money, as far as it would go, in shares and chances, got the 10,000l. He was for some time in doubt, whether he should bestow his good fortune on the young lady, or employ it more fashionably in keeping a girl. However, his hopes soon sunk to one of the 5000l. prizes, which he generously determined to settle upon her together with his person. But in this too he was unhappily disappointed; and at last, like a true lover, contented himself with the thoughts of maintaining her very prettily (even though the father should give her nothing) on the income of one or other of the inferior prizes, which he was sure would fall to his lot. Fortune, alas! is no less blind a deity than love: they both conspired to disappoint him; and the unsuccessful gallant, having received a positive refusal from his mistress, out of mere spite directly married the maid.

Captain Mac Mullen, a decayed gamester, made shift to purchase the chance of a sixteenth, which (notwithstanding the great odds against him) came up 10,000l. The first thing to be done was to purchase a genteel suit of clothes with his part of the prize, hire an equipage, pass himself off for a man of quality, and snap up a rich dowager or heiress: after which it was very easy for him to dupe all the raw gamesters at Arthur's out of their estates, and to take in all the knowing-ones on the turf at Newmarket. He accordingly bespoke his liveries, settled the fashion of his chariot, and had already pitched upon the lady whose good luck it should be to fall in love with him: but so uncertain is the state of a gamester, that since the drawing of the lottery he has advertised for charitable contributions to a distressed gentleman, who knows the world, and has had the honour to be intimate with most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom.

I need not point out any particular instances among the other sex, with respect to their disposal of the Ten Thousand; which every lady had secured by choosing the ticket herself, taking particular care, that the number should be an odd one. The married ladies have sufficient calls for even double this sum, to supply them with the necessaries of dress, and to answer the expenses of frequenting public diversions: and as to the unmarried ladies, they very well know the truth of that maxim in the ballad, that 'in ten thousand pounds ten thousand charms are centred.' Some ancient maiden ladies, who could never be brought to think of a husband, or to give into the vanities of the world, were resolved to live retired upon their prize in the country, and leave proofs of their good dispositions behind them, by swelling out their wills with a long list of items to this or that charity or hospital.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the great generosity of my own publisher upon getting the 10,000l. As his success was owing to his laying out in the lottery all the profits, which had already risen from the publication of this Paper, he had determined to circulate my future numbers gratis; and had even designed to keep open house for the reception of poor authors. Unhappily for the public, as well as my brother-writers, Fortune has frustrated his disinterested scheme: even I myself am admitted to eat his mutton but once a week: and (instead of giving away my papers) he has advertised, that the twelves edition of the Connoisseur will be published on Tuesday the 25th of this instant November, in two pocket volumes, price six shillings bound.

N° 94. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1755.

——*Militavi non sine gloriâ.* Hor.

I too from martial feats may claim renown,
The censor and dictator of the town.

As I was going through Smithfield the other day, I observed an old fellow with a wooden leg, dressed in a sailor's habit, who courteously invited the passer-by to peep into his raree-show, for the small price of a halfpenny. His exhibitions, I found, were very well suited to the times, and quite in character for himself; for among other particulars, with which he amused the little audience of children that surrounded his box, I was mightily pleased to hear the following: —'There you see the British fleet pursuing the French ships which are running away— There you see Major-General Johnson beating the French soldiers in America, and taking Count Dieskau prisoner—There you see the Grand Monarque upon his knees before King George, begging his life.' As the thoughts of the public are now wholly turned upon war, it is no wonder that every method is taken to inspire us with a love of our country, and an abhorrence of the French king: and not only the old seaman with his raree-show, but the public theatres have likewise had a view to the same point. At Drury-Lane we have already been entertained with the Humours of the Navy; and I am assured, that at Covent-Garden Mr. Barry will shortly make an entire conquest of France, in the person of that renowned hero Henry the Fifth. And as the English are naturally fond of bloody exhibitions on the stage, I am told that a new pantomime, entitled the Ohio, is preparing at this last house, more terrible than any of its hells, devils, and fiery dragons; in which will be introduced the Indian manner of fighting, to conclude with a representation of the grand scalping dance with all its horrors.

While this warlike disposition prevails in the nation, I am under some apprehensions lest the attention of the public should be called off from the weighty concerns of these papers. I already perceive, that the common newspapers are more eagerly snatched up in the public coffee-houses than my essays; and the Gazette is much oftener called for than the Connoisseur. For these reasons I find it necessary to lay open my own importance before the public, to show that I myself am acting (as it were) in a military capacity, and that Censor-General Town has done his country no less service as a valiant and skilful commander at home, than Major-General Johnson in America. Authors may very properly be said to be engaged in a state of literary warfare, many of whom are taken into pay by those great and mighty potentates, the booksellers; and it will be allowed, that they undergo no less hardships in the service, than the common soldiers who are contented to be shot at for a groat a day.

It has been my province to repel the daily inroads and encroachments made by vice and folly, and to guard the nation from an invasion of foreign fopperies and French fashions. The town has been principally the scene of action; where I have found enemies to encounter with, no less formidable than the Tquattotquaws or the Chickchimuckchis of North America. But as the curiosity of the public is so much engaged in attending to the enterprises of old Hendrick the Sachem, and the incursions of Indians who have taken up the hatchet against our colonies, I am afraid that my exploits against the Savages which infest this metropolis, will be wholly overlooked. I have, therefore, resolved to give my readers fresh advices from time to time of what passes here, drawn up in the same warlike style and manner as those very alarming articles of news which are commonly to be met with in our public papers.

Thursday, November 13, 1755.

We hear from White's, that the forces under Major-General Hoyle, which used to encamp at that place, are removed from thence, and have fixed their winter quarters at Arthur's. The same letters say, that an obstinate engagement was fought there a few nights ago, in which one party gained a great booty, and the other suffered a considerable loss. We are also informed, that an epidemical distemper rages among them, and that several of the chiefs have been carried off by a sudden death.

They write from Covent-Garden, that last week a body of Irregulars sallied out at midnight, stormed several forts in that neighbourhood, and committed great outrages; but being attacked by a detachment from the allied army of watchmen, constables, and justices, they were put to flight, and several of them taken prisoners. The plague still rages there with great violence, as well as in the neighbouring territories of Drury.

We hear from the same place, that the company commanded by Brigadier Rich has been reinforced with several new-raised recruits, to supply the place of some deserters who had gone over to the enemy; but his chief dependence is on the light armed troops, which are very active, and are distinguished, like the Highlanders, by their party-coloured dress. The enemy, on the other hand, have taken several Swiss* and Germans into pay, though they are under terrible apprehensions of their being set upon by the critics. These are a rude, ignorant, savage people, who are always at war with the nation of authors.

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* Alluding to the dancers employed in the entertainment of the Chinese Festival, at Drury Lane theatre.

Their constant manner of fighting is to begin the onset with strange hissings and noises, accompanied with an horrid instrument, named the cat-call, which like the war-whoop of the Indians, has struck a panic into the hearts of the stoutest heroes.

We have advice from the Butcher-Row, Temple-Bar, that on Monday night last the Infidels held a grand council of war at their head-quarters in the Robin Hood, at which their good friend and ally, the Mufti of Clare-Market, assisted in person. After many debates, they resolved to declare war against the Christians, and never to make peace, till they had pulled down all the churches in Christendom, and established the Alcoran of Bolingbroke in lieu of the Bible.

All our advices from the city of London agree in their accounts of the great havoc and slaughter made there on the Festival, commonly called my Lord Mayor's Day. All the companies in their black uniform, and the trained bands in their regimentals, made a general forage. They carried off vast quantities of chickens, geese, ducks, and all kinds of provisions. Major Guzzledown of the ward of Bassishaw distinguished himself greatly, having with sword in hand gallantly attacked the out-works, scaled the walls, mounted the ramparts, and forced through the cover-way of a large fortified custard, which seemed impregnable.

The inhabitants of Sussex have lately been alarmed with the apprehensions of an invasion; as the French have been very busy in fitting out several small vessels laden with stores of wine and brandy, with which it is thought they will attempt to make a descent somewhere on our coasts. The independent companies of Smugglers in the service of France are to be sent on this expedition: but if the fleet of Custom-house smacks, &c. do not intercept them at sea, we are preparing to receive them as soon as they are landed.

From divers parts of the country we have advice, that the roads are every where crowded with ladies, who (notwithstanding the severity of the weather) are hurrying up to London, to be present at the meeting of the Female Parliament. At this critical juncture, the fate of the nation depends entirely on the deliberations of this wise assembly; and as there are known to be many disinterested patriots in the House, it is not to be doubted, but that proper measures will be taken by them for the good of their country. Many salutary laws are already talked of, which we could wish to see put in execution: such as—A bill for prohibiting the importation of French milliners, hair-cutters and mantua-makers—A bill for the exportation of French cooks and French valets de chambre—A bill to restrain ladies from wearing French dresses—And lastly a bill to restrain them from wearing French faces.

W.

N° 95. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1755.

Melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam
Objicit.——— VIRG.

The honey'd cake will lose its sweetness soon,
And prove a bitter in the honey-moon.

As every marriage is a kind of family festival, the wedding-day is honoured with various celebrities, and distinguished, like the fifth of November, the birthdays of the royal family, or any other public day, with many demonstrations of joy: the happy couple are drest in their richest suits, the bells ring all day, and the evening is concluded with the merry ceremony of throwing the stocking. But these festivities are not always so religiously observed in town; where many a pair of quality are tacked together with the utmost privacy, and immediately after sneak out of town, as if they were ashamed to show their faces after what they had done. In the country, when the squire or any other person of distinction is married, the honey-moon is almost a continued carnival; and every marriage is accounted more or less likely to be prosperous, in proportion to the number of deer, oxen, and sheep, that are killed on the occasion, and the hogsheads of wine and tuns of ale, with with they are washed down. By the last post I received an account from my cousin Village, of the wedding of a near relation, with a particular detail of the magnificence of the entertainment, the splendour of the ball, and the universal joy of the whole manor. At the same time I received compliments from the new married couple, with a large slice of the bride-cake; the virtues of which are well known to every girl of thirteen. I was never in possession of this nuptial charm before; but I was so much delighted with this matrimonial token, and it excited in my mind so many reflections of conjugal happiness, that (though I did not lay it under my pillow) it gave occasion to the following dream.

I found myself in the middle of a spacious building, which was crowded with a variety of persons of both sexes; and upon inquiry was told, that it was the temple of the god of marriage; and that every one, who had an inclination to sacrifice to that deity, was invited to approach a large altar, which was covered with a great number of cakes of different shapes and appearance. Some of these were moulded into the form of hearts; and others were woven into true lovers' knots: some were strewed with sugar, and stuck about with sweet-meats; some were covered with gold; some were stamped with coronets; and others had their tops embellished with glittering toys, that represented a fine house, a set of jewels, or a coach and six. Plutus and Cupid were busily employed in distributing these cakes (which were all of them marked with the word Matrimony, and called bride-cakes) to different persons, who were allowed to choose for themselves, according to their different views and inclinations.

I observed several hasten to the altar, who all appeared to be variously affected by their choice. To some the cakes seemed of so delicious a flavour, that they imagined they should never be surfeited; while others, who found the taste very agreeable at first, in a short time declared it to be flat and insipid. However, I could not help remarking, that many more (particularly among the quality) addressed themselves to Plutus, than to Cupid.

Being desirous to take a nearer view of the company, I pushed through the crowd, and placed myself close to the altar. A young couple now advanced, and applying to Cupid, desired him to reach them one of the cakes, in the shape of a double heart pierced through with darts: but just as they were going to share it betwixt them, a crabbed old fellow, whom I found to be the girl's father, stepped up, broke the cake in two, and obliged the young lady to fix upon another, which Plutus picked out for her, and which represented the figure of a fine gentleman in gilt gingerbread.

An old fellow of sixty-two, who had stolen one day from the business of the alley, next came towards the altar, and seemed to express a strong desire for a cake. Plutus, who recollected him at first sight, immediately offered him one, which, though very mouldy and coarse, was gilt all over; but he was astonished at the old gentleman's refusing it, and petitioning Cupid for a cake of the most elegant form and sweetest ingredients. The little god at first repulsed him with indignation, but afterwards sold it to him for a large sum of money; a circumstance, which amazed me beyond expression, but which I soon found was very commonly practised in this temple. The old fellow retired with his purchased prize; and though I imagined he might still have a colt's tooth remaining, after having for some time mumbled it between his old gums in vain, it lay by him untouched and unenjoyed.

I was afterwards very much disgusted with the many instances that occurred, of these delicate morsels being set up to sale: and I found, that their price rose and fell, like that of beef or mutton, according to the glut or scarcity of the market. I was particularly affected with the disposal of the two following. A young gentleman and lady were approaching the altar, and had agreed to take between them a cake of a plain form but delicious flavour, marked love and competence; but a person of quality stepping forward persuaded the false female to join with him, and receive from Plutus one much more glittering, marked indifference and a large settlement. Another lady was coming up with a Knight of the Bath, being tempted by a cake with a red ribband streaming from it, like the flags on a Twelfth-cake; but was prevailed on by a person of greater rank and distinction to accept a more showy cake, adorned with a blue ribband and a coronet.

A buxom dame of an amorous complexion came next and begged very hard for a cake. She had before received several, which suited her tooth, and pleased her palate so excessively, that as soon as she had dispatched one, she constantly came to Cupid for another. She now seized her cake with great transport, and retiring to a corner with it, I could discern her greedily mumbling the delicious morsel, though she had fairly worn out six-and-twenty of her teeth in the service. After this an ancient lady came tottering up to the altar, supported by a young fellow in a red coat with a shoulder-knot. Plutus gave him a stale cake marked with the word Jointure in large golden capitals, which he received with some reluctance, while the old lady eagerly snatched another from Cupid, (who turned his head aside from her) on which I could plainly discover the word Dotage.

A rich rusty bachelor of the last century then came bustling through the crowd. He brought with him a red cheeked country girl of nineteen. As he approached the altar, he met several coming from it with cakes, which he had refused; some of which were marked Riches, some Family, some Beauty, and one or two Affection. The girl he brought with him proved to be his dairy-maid, whom he had for some time past been in vain attempting to bring over to his wishes; but at last finding his design impracticable, he came with her to the altar. He seemed, indeed, a little ashamed of his undertaking, and betrayed a good deal of awkwardness in his manner and deportment. However, as soon as he had taken his cake, he retired: and determined to spend the rest of his days with his milch-cow in the country.

To satisfy a modest longing, there now advanced a maiden lady in the bloom of threescore. She had, it seems, heretofore refused several offers from Cupid and Plutus: but being enraged to find, that they had now given over all thoughts of her, she seized by the hand a young ensign of the guards, and carried him to the altar, whence she herself snatched up a cake, and divided it with her gallant. She was highly delighted with the taste of it at first; but her partner being very soon cloyed, she too late discovered, that the half which she held in her hand was signed Folly, and that which she had forced upon her paramour was marked Aversion.

A little, pert, forward miss, in a frock and hanging sleeves, ran briskly up to Cupid, and begged for a cake:—what it was she did not care; but a cake she must and would have, of one kind or another. She had just stretched out her hand to receive one from Cupid, when her mamma interposed, sent the child back again blubbering to the boarding school, and carried off the cake herself.

An old woman, fantastically drest, then burst into the temple, and ran raving up to the altar, crying out, that she would have a husband. But the poor lady seemed likely to be disappointed; for, as she could prevail on no one to join hands with her, both Cupid and Plutus refused to favour her with a cake. Furious with rage and despair, she snatched one off the altar; and seizing on the first man that came in her way, which unfortunately happened to be myself, she would have forcibly crammed it down my throat. As the least crumb of it was as disagreeable as a drench to a horse, I began to spawl, and sputter, and keck; and though the flurry of spirits, which it occasioned, awaked me, I thought I had the nauseous taste of it still in my mouth. W.

No. 96. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1755.

——Sex paratur aut decem sophos nummis.
Secreta quære carmina, et rudes curas,
Quas novit unus, scrinoque signatos
Custodit ipse virginis pater chartæ.
Mercare tales ab eo, nec sciet quisquam. MART.

Would you the name of author not refuse,
We've penn'orths for your penny, pick and choose:
We've plays or poems, ready made for sale;
With wit and humour, wholesale or retail.
On these the public breath has never blown;
Buy them, and fairly claim them for your own.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

AMONG the many register offices erected within these few years past, I am surprised that no scheme of the like nature has been thought of for the service of literature; and that no place has been set apart, where literary commodities of every sort might be disposed of: where men of learning might meet with employment; and where others, who want their assistance, might be sure to meet with men of learning. There is nothing of this kind in being at present, except among the booksellers; who, indeed, have made a monopoly of the trade, and engrossed the whole market to themselves. To remedy this inconvenience, my design is to set up a Literary Register Office: for which purpose I intend to hire the now useless theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and convert it into a mart for the staple commodities of the literary commonwealth. I shall here fit up apartments for the reception of my authors, who will be employed from time to time in supplying the public with the requisite manufactures. This scheme will, I doubt not, meet with great encouragement, as it is of general utility: and I do not remember any design of the same nature, except at a barber's on the other side the water, who has hung out a board over his shop with the following inscription——Letters read and written for servants and others.

I shall always have a fresh assortment of goods in the best taste and newest fashion: as of novels for example, while the humour of reading them is prevalent among all ranks of people. For this branch I shall retain a very eminent master novelist, to cut out adventures and intrigues, and shall employ a proper number of hands, to tack them together with all possible care and expedition: and if any ladies of quality, or others, choose to furnish their own materials for memoirs and apologies, they may have them done up, and be fitted exactly, at my office. Besides several others, which my men shall get up with the greatest dispatch, I can assure you I have myself worked night and day, and have already finished six and thirty sheets of the history of Miss Sukey Sapling, written by herself.

Pamphlets of all sorts shall be composed, whenever any popular subject starts up, that is likely to engage the attention of the public. Every new play shall be followed by an examen or remarks; all riots at either playhouse will afford scope for letters to the managers; and every new actor or actress produce theatrical criticisms. Poetry, you know, Mr. Town, is a mere drug; but I shall always have a number of ready-made odes by me, which may be suited to any great man, dead or alive, in place or out of place. I shall also have a large bundle of Poems on several occasions, very proper for any gentleman or lady, who chooses to publish by subscription; besides a more ordinary sort of hymns to the morning, verses on the death of ——, odes to Miss A. B. C., acrostics and rebusses, for the use of the magazines; to be sold a pennyworth, with allowance to those who take a great quantity.

With regard to law matters, as they have no sort of connexion with wit or learning, I shall not concern myself with their unintelligible jargon; nor presume to interfere with those authors in parchment, who measure their words by the foot-rule, and sell their writings at so much per line. However, I shall furnish young students of the several inns of court with complete canons of criticism, and opinions on any new theatrical cases; on which they may argue very learnedly at a tavern, or plead at the bar of a coffee-house. For medical subjects, I shall procure a learned graduate by diploma from abroad, whose practice will not so much take up his time as to prevent his being at leisure to write occasional treatises, setting forth the virtues of any newly invented powder or newly discovered water. He shall also draw up the advertisements for medicines, that remove all diseases, and are never known to fail; he shall compile the wonderful accounts of their surprising cures; and furnish cases that never happened, and affidavits that were never made. With respect to divinity, as I have reason to believe that controversial writings will be often called for, I intend to bargain with the Robin Hood society to undertake in the lump to furnish my office with defences of Lord Bolingbroke, &c. and till I can procure some poor curate out of the country, or servitor from the university, to write the manuscript sermons of eminent divines lately deceased, warranted originals, I must make shift with the Fleet-Parsons now out of business.

Though I shall not keep any dramatic works ready made by me, (as these commodities are apt to grow stale and out of fashion), yet either of the theatres may be served with tragedy, comedy, farce, or the like, by bespeaking them, and giving but three days notice. For the comic pieces I shall employ a poet, who has long worked for the drolls at Bartholomew and Southwark fairs, and has even printed a comedy, as it was half acted at Drury-lane. My tragedies will be furnished by a North Briton, who walked up to London from his native country with a most sublime tragedy in his coat-pocket, and which is now to be disposed of to the best bidder. Any old play of Shakspeare or Ben Johnson shall be pieced with modern ones according to the present taste, or cut out in airs and recitative for an English Opera. Songs for pantomimes may be had, to be set to the clack of a mill, the tinkling of a tin cascade, or the slaps of Harlequin's wooden sword. The proprietors of our public gardens, during the summer season, may be also supplied from my office with love-ditties to a new burthen, or comic dialogues in Crambo; and words shall at any time be fitted to the music, after the tunes are composed.

As I propose to make my office of general utility, every thing that bears the least affinity to literature will be naturally comprehended in my scheme. Members of Parliament may be supplied with speeches on any political subject; and country Justices may, on directing a letter (post-paid) to the office, have charges to the Jury at the quarter-sessions sent down to them by the first coach or waggon. Addresses on particular occasions shall be drawn up for the worshipful mayor and aldermen of any city or corporation: laws, rules, regulations, or orders, shall be formed for the Anti-Gallicans, Ubiquarians, Gregorians, or any other private clubs and societies. N. B. The Free Masons may depend upon secrecy.

Many advantages may likewise accrue to the polite world from the establishment of my office. Gentlemen and ladies may have *billet-doux* written for them with the most soft and languishing expressions: message cards, and invitations to routs, shall be filled up and circulated at so much per hundred, or undertaken in the gross at a fixed price all the year round. Beaux may be accommodated with letters of gallantry to send to their laundresses, or have them copied out in a fashionable female scrawl, and directed to themselves. Gentlemen who love fighting, but cannot write, may have challenges penned for them in the true style and spirit of a modern blood.

There are many other conveniences arising from such an office, which it would be too tedious to enumerate: and it will be found to be no less beneficial to you authors, Mr. Town, than those other Register-offices are to men and maid-servants. If an author (for example) wants employment, or is out of place, he has nothing to do but to enter his name with me, and I shall presently get him work; or if a bookseller wants a hand for any particular job, (as a translation-spinner, a novel-weaver, a play-writer, a verse turner, or the like) upon searching my books he will be sure to meet with a man fit for the business. In short, any composition, in prose or rhyme, and on any subject, may be procured at a minute's warning, by applying to my office: and I dare say, you yourself, Mr. Town, will be very glad now and then to purchase a Connoisseur of me, whenever the idle fit seizes you. If that should happen to come upon you this week, and you have nothing better, you will oblige me by laying the scheme here set before your readers; and in return, you shall have the credit of publishing your papers at my office, as soon as it is opened, and welcome.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
J. WITSELL.

No. 97. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1755.

De te pendentis, te respicientis amici. HOR.

Your friend, your pimp, your hanger-on, what not?
Your lacquey, but without the shoulder-knot.

I REMEMBER to have heard a cousin of mine, who was formerly at Cambridge, often mentioning a sect of philosophers, distinguished by the rest of the collegians under the appellation of Tuft-Hunters. These were not the disciples of the Stoics or Epicureans, or the advocates for the old or new philosophy, but the followers (literally speaking) of the fellow-commoners, noblemen, and other rich students, whom, it seems, the courtesy of the university has honoured with a cap adorned with a gold tassel. These gold threads have almost as much influence in the university, as a red or blue ribband at court; and always draw after the wearer a train of humble companions, who will be at his call to breakfast, dine or sup with him whenever he pleases, will go with him any where, drink with him, wench with him, borrow his money, or let him pay their reckoning. They are, I am told, a sort of disease of the place, which a man of fortune is sure to catch as soon as he arrives there: and these fast friends stick so close to him, that he can never shake them off while he keeps his gown on his back.

The university of London is not without its tuft-hunters: who fasten, like leeches, on a young man of fortune at his first coming to town. They beset him as soon as he arrives, and when they have once surrounded him, seldom fail of securing him to themselves; for no persons of character care to have any connexions with him, when he has been frequently seen in such bad company. It is a great misfortune for any young gentleman to fall into their hands: though indeed, as a fool is the natural prey of knaves, the wealthy maintainers of this fraternity are generally none of the wisest: and as at the university, 'where the learned pate ducks to the golden fool,' the gentleman-student is distinguished by a cap with a gold tuft, I always consider these sons of folly in town, as adorned with a showy cap hung with bells, which serve at once to denote the depth of their parts, and to call their train about them.

The dialect of the town has very expressively characterized these humble dependents on men of fortune by the name of Hangers-on. They will, indeed, take such sure hold, and hang on a man so constantly, that it is almost impossible to drop them. Whenever the gentleman appears, the Hanger-on is sure to be at his elbow. They will squeeze themselves into every party that is formed; and I have known instances of their thrusting themselves into strange families, by sticking to their patron's skirts, and impudently introducing themselves where he has been invited to dinner: which, indeed, I think would not be an improper custom, provided they would submit to stand behind his chair. They will stick so closely, that all the adhesive quality of burs, pitch, &c. seem to be collected in them: and the line in Pope's Odyssey, so often ridiculed, may rather be considered as emphasis than tautology in speaking of them. The Hanger-on clings to his fool as Ulysses did to the rock, and in Pope's words,

They stick adherent, and suspended hung.

The tenaciousness of a Hanger-on is so very strong, that whoever is drawn into their snares, is so firmly limed that he can hardly ever loose himself from them. For as nothing but the lowest meanness of spirit could ever prevail on a man to submit to such dependence on another, it is in vain to think of getting rid of such abject wretches by treating them with contempt. They will take as much beating, provided you will allow them an equal degree of familiarity, as a spaniel. They will also submit to do any little offices, and are glad to make themselves useful, whenever they have an opportunity. They will go among the brokers to borrow money for you, pimp for you, or submit to any other such gentleman-like employment to serve their friend.

It must here be noted, that every Hanger-on is a person of strict honour and a gentleman; for though his fortune is (to be sure) somewhat inferior to yours, and he submits to make himself convenient on several occasions, yet on that account you are indebted to his infinite good-nature; and all his endeavours to serve you proceed from his great regard for you. I remember one of these friendly gentlemen, who carried his esteem so far, that in a quarrel with his rich companion, in which he was favoured with several tweaks by the nose and kicks on the breech, he received all these injuries with patience, and only said with tears in his eyes, 'Dear Jack, I never expected this usage from you. You know I don't mind fighting; but I should never have a moment's peace, if I was to do you the least injury. Come, Jack, let us buss and be friends.' Their gentility is unquestionable; for they are seldom of any trade, though they are sometimes (being younger brothers perhaps) of a profession. I know one, who is a nominal lawyer; but though his friend has often fee'd him, our counsellor could never with any propriety consider him as a client: and I know another, who (like Gibbet in the play) is called Captain, whose elegant manner of living must be supported by his being on full pay with his patron, since he does not receive even the common soldier's groat a day from his commission. However, considering at one view the gentility of their profession, and the shortness of their finances, I often look upon them as a band of decayed gentlemen, the honourable pensioners of those they follow. The great men among the Romans had a number of these Hangers-on, who attended them wherever they went, and were emphatically called Umbræ, or shadows; and, indeed, this appellation conveys a very full idea of the nature of these humble retainers to the wealthy, since they not only follow them like their shadows, but 'like a shadow prove the substance true:' for whenever you observe one or more of these Umbræ perpetually at the heels of any gentleman, you may fairly conclude him to be a man of fortune.

These faithful friends are so careful of every thing that concerns you, that they always inquire with the greatest exactness into your affairs, and know almost as well as your steward the income of your estate. They are also so fond of your company, and so desirous of preserving your good opinion, that a Hanger-on will take as much pains to keep you entirely to himself, and to prevent a rival in your affections, as a mistress: and as a convenient female is a very necessary part of the equipage of a person of fashion, these male companions must be a very agreeable part of the retinue of those high-spirited young gentlemen, who are fond of being the head of their company. It is only a more refined taste in expense to pay a man for laughing at your wit, and indulging your humour; and who will either drink his bottle with you at the tavern, or run to the end of the town for you on an errand.

I might also take notice of a humbler sort of Hangers-on, who fix themselves to no one in particular, but fasten upon all their friends in their turns. Their views, indeed, are seldom extended beyond a present subsistence; and their utmost aim perhaps is to get a dinner. For this purpose they keep a register of the hours of dining of all their acquaintance; and though they contrive to call in upon you just as you are sitting down to table, they are always with much difficulty prevailed upon to take a chair. If you dine abroad, or are gone into the country, they will eat with their family, to prevent their being melancholy on account of your absence; or if your family is out, they will breakfast, dine, and sup with you out of charity, because you should not be alone. Every house is haunted with these disturbers of our meals: and perhaps the best way to get rid of them would be, to put them, with the rest of your servants, upon board-wages.

But besides these danglers after men of fortune, and intruders on your table in town, the country breeds a race of lowly retainers, which may properly be ranked among the same species. Almost every family supports a poor kinsman; who, happening to be no way related to the estate, was too proud of his blood to apply himself in his youth to any profession, and rather chose to be supported in laziness at the family-seat. They are, indeed, known perhaps to be cousins to the squire, but do not appear in a more creditable light, than his servants out of livery: and sometimes actually submit to as mean offices of drudgery, as the groom or whipper-in. The whole fraternity of Hangers-on, whether in town or country, or under whatever denomination, are the sons of idleness: for it will be found upon examination, that whenever a man, whose bread depends on his industry, gives himself up to indolence, he becomes capable of any meanness whatever; and if they cannot dig, yet, like our Hangers-on, to beg they are not ashamed.

O.

N° 98. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1755.

Ut id ostenderem, quòd te isti facilem putant,
Id non fieri ex verâ, vitâ, neque adeò ex æquo et bono,
Sed ex assentando, indulgendo, et largiendo.——

TER.

What shall we call it? folly, or good-nature?
So soft, so simple, and so kind a creature!
Where charity so blindly plays its part,
It only shows the weakness of her heart!

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I HAVE been some years married to one of the best women in the world. She possesses all the virtues that can be named: but, alas! she possesses some of them to excess. Those which I wish to particularize, and which are infinitely pernicious to me and my fortunes, are her superabundant good-nature, and her boundless generosity.

It is a little difficult perhaps to ascertain, what are, or ought to be, the exact bounds of good-nature; which, of all virtues, seems to me most necessary to be confined, or at least mitigated in such a manner, as to hinder it from destroying its own excellence and utility. On the one hand, if it is restrained too close, the world will say, that it must entirely loose its essence: but, on the other hand, fatal experience has convinced me, that if it is permitted to enjoy a full unlimited sway, this amiable virtue becomes a ridiculous vice; and brings with it, as in my wife's case, fruitless expenses, ill-judged concessions, and a kind of blind folly, that is always liable to contempt.

Generosity is the daughter of good-nature. She is very fair and lovely, when under the tuition of judgment and reason; but when she escapes from her tutors, and acts indiscriminately, according as her fancy allures her, she subjects herself, like her mother, to sneer, ridicule, and disdain.

To illustrate these assertions by some examples from among the many mishaps, losses, and embarrassments, which have accrued to us in the course of our domestic affairs, give me leave to tell you, that some years ago, we had a footboy, who acted as butler, and had the custody of the little plate, which our small fortune could afford us. The fellow was awkward, and unfit for the station; but my wife very good-naturedly was determined to keep him in our service, because he intended to marry the nursery-maid, and would undoubtedly make an excellent husband. The rascal was a thief: but as it is ill-natured to suspect people, before we have full proof of their knavery, several of his tricks and petty larcenies were attributed to the itinerant Jews and higglers, (we then living at Newington) who frequently called at our door. At last, however, after several rogueries, too evident to all, except the blindly good-natured, he went off with my wife's gold repeating watch, and a pair of our best silver candlesticks, with which he voluntarily transported himself, as we have been since told, to the West Indies; leaving his mistress the nursery-maid big with child, and thereby giving great licence to the neighbourhood to animadvert upon my wife's amazing prescience in foreseeing his excellencies as a usband.

You must know, Sir, that my dear consort, in the full glow of her goodness, is never contented, unless her servants marry each other. All I can urge against so impolitic a custom, has been to no purpose: marriage (she says) prevents vice, and saves souls from destruction. Pehaps it may: but are no unmarried servants to be found in Mr. Fielding's register office, or elsewhere, but what are vicious? At least I am sure, that this piece of sanctity is very expensive in its effects, and is attended with many inconveniences. One of her maids, about two years ago, was discovered to be very intimate with my footman: my wife, to prevent ill consequences, hastened to have them married, and was present herself at the ceremony. She admired the modesty of the woman, and the sober gravity of the man, during the holy rites; and was entirely convinced, that no harm could have happened from so decent a couple. In a short space after the marriage, Patty brought forth a swinging girl; but as it was born almost six months before its time, my wife advised them to keep it the remaining half year in cotton. She did this purely from a motive of good-nature, to shield if possible the new-married woman's reputation; but finding our neighbours fleer at the incident, and smile contemptuously at the prescription of cotton, she contented herself in believing Patty's own account, that 'in truth she had been married eight months before by a Fleet-parson, but was afraid to own it.'

If my wife's indulging her domestics in matrimony was productive of no other ill consequence than merely their being married, it might, indeed, sometimes prove a benefit: but the chaster and more sober they have been before marriage, the greater number of children are produced in matrimony; and my wife looks upon herself as in duty obliged to take care of the poor helpless offsprings, that have been begotten under her own roof; so that, I assure you, Sir, my house is so well filled with children, that it would put you immediately in mind of the Foundling Hospital; with this difference, however, that in my hospital not only the children are provided for, whether bastards or legitimate, but also the fathers and mothers.

Your office, Mr. Censor, requires and leads you to hear domestic occurrences; otherwise I should scarce have troubled you with the records of a private family, almost ruined by excrescences of virtue. The same overflowing humanity runs throuh the whole conduct of the dear woman whom I have mentioned. Even in trifles she is full of works of supererogation. Our doors are perpetually surrounded with beggars, where the halt, the maimed, and the blind, assemble in as great numbers as at the door of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Lincoln's-inn-fields. She not only gives them money, but sends them out great quantities of bread, beer, and cold victuals; and she has her different pensioners (as she herself calls them) for every day in the week. But the expense attending these out-door petitioners, many of whom have from time to time been discovered to be impostors, is nothing in comparison to the sums that are almost daily drawn from her by begging letters. It is impossible to imagine a calamity, by which she has not been a sufferer, in relieving those who have extorted money from her by pretended misfortunes. The poor lady has been much hurt by losses in trade, sustained great damages by fire, undergone many hardships from sickness, and other unforeseen accidents; and it was but yesterday that she paid a long apothecary's bill, brought on by a violent fever. Thus, Sir, though my wife keeps but little company, and the family expenses are to all appearance very small, yet this dear woman's superabundant good-nature is such a perpetual drawback on her economy, that we run out considerably. This extravagant and ill-judged generosity renders all her numerous excellencies of non-effect: and I have often known her almost destitute of clothes, because she had distributed her whole wardrobe among liars, sycophants, and hypocrites.

Thus, Sir, as briefly as I can, I have set before you my unhappy case. I am perishing by degrees: not by any real extravagance, any designed ruin, or any indulgence of luxury and riot, in the person who destroys me. On the contrary, no woman can excel my wife in the simplicity of her dress, the humility of her desires, or the contented easiness of her nature. What name, Sir, shall I give to my misfortunes? They proceed not from vice, nor even from folly; they proceed from too tender a heart; a heart that hurries away, or absorbs all judgment and reflection. To call these errors the fruits of good-nature, is too mild a definition: and yet to give them a harsher appellation, is unkind. Let me suffer what I will, I must kiss the dear hand that ruins me.

In my tender hours of speculation I would willingly impute my wife's faults to our climate, and the natural disposition of our natives. When the English are good-natured, they are generally so to excess: and as I have not seen this particular character delineated in any of your papers, I have endeavoured to paint it myself: and shall draw to the conclusion of my letter by one piece of advice,—Not to be generous over-much. The highest acts of generosity are seldom repaid in any other coin but baseness and ingratitude: and we ought ever to remember, that, out of ten lepers cleansed, 'one only came back to return thanks; the rest were made whole, and went their way.'

I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

TIMON OF LONDON.

Nº 99. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1755.

Da veniam, servire tuis quòd nolo Calendis. MART

Thy works, O Wing, O Partridge, I despise,
And Robin's for the poor, and Ryder's for the wise.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

AT this season of the year, while the streets resound with the cry of new almanacks, and every stall is covered with news from the Stars, Diaries, Predictions, Complete Ephemerides, &c. drawn up by Partridge, Parker, Vincent Wing, and the rest of the sagacious body of philomaths and astrologers, give me leave to acquaint you of my intentions of appearing annually in a like capacity. You must know, Sir, that having observed, that among the great variety of almanacks now published, there is not one contrived for the use of people of fashion, I have resolved to remedy this defect by publishing one every year under the title of the Court Calendar, calculated for the meridian of St. James's.

The plan which has been hitherto followed by our almanac-makers, can be of no use whatever to the polite world, who are as widely separated, in their manner of living, from the common heard of people as the inhabitants of the antipodes. To know the exact rising and setting of the sun, may serve to direct the vulgar tradesman and mechanic when to open shop or go to work; but persons of fashion whose hours are not marked by the course of that luminary, are indifferent about its motions? and, like those who live under the equinoctial line, have their days and nights of an equal degree of length all the year round. The red-letter-days, pointed out in our common almanacks, may perhaps be observed by some formal ladies, who regulate their going to church by them; but people of quality perceive no difference between the moveable or immoveable feasts and fasts, and know no use of Sunday, but as it serves to call them to the card-table. What advantage can a beau reap from Ryder's List of the Fairs, which can only be of service to his groom? Or what use can any gentleman or lady make of those Diaries now inscribed to them, which are filled with algebra and the mathematics? In a word, the present uncouth way of dividing the months into Saints' days, Sundays, and the like, is no more adapted to the present modes of polite life, than the Roman division into Ides, Nones, and Calends.

Instead of supposing, with the vulgar tribe of astronomers, that the day begins at sunrise, my day, which will commence at the time that it usually breaks in fashionable apartments, will be determined by the rising of people of quality. Thus the morning dawns with early risers between eleven and twelve; and noon commences at four, when, at this time of the year, the dinner and wax-lights come in together. For want of a thorough knowledge of the distribution of the day, all who have any connexion with the polite world might be guilty of many mistakes: and when an honest man from Cornhill intended a nobleman a visit after dinner, he would perhaps find him sipping his morning chocolate. The inconveniences of the old style in our manner of reckoning the days were so manifest, that it was thought proper to amend them by act of parliament. I am resolved, in like manner, to introduce the new style of dividing the hours into my almanacks: for can any thing be more absurd than to fix the name of morning, noon, and evening, at present on the same hours, which bore those appellations in the reign of Queen Elizabeth! A duchess is so far from dining at eleven that it often happens, that her Grace has not then opened her eyes on the tea-table; and a maid of honour would no more rise at five or six in the morning, as it was called by the early dames in Queen Bess's court, than she would, in imitation of those dames, breakfast upon strong beer and beef-steaks. Indeed, in those houses, where the hours of quality are observed by one part of the family, the impolite irregularity of the other, in adhering to the old style, occasions great disturbance; for, as Lady Townly says, 'such a house is worse than an inn with ten stage coaches. What between the impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink of sleep all night.'

The reformation which I have also made in respect to the red-letter-days is no less considerable. I have not only wiped away that immense catalogue of saints, which crowd the Popish calendar, but have also blotted out all the other saints, that still retain their places in our common almanacks: well knowing that persons of fashion pay as little attention to the apostles and evangelists, as to St. Mildred, St. Bridget, or St. Winifred. Indeed, I retain the old name of St. John, because I am sure that people of quality will not think of any body's being designed under that title, except the late Bollingbroke. Having thus discarded the saints, people whom nobody knows, I have taken care to introduce my readers into the best company: for the red-letters in my calendar will serve to distinguish those days, on which ladies of the first fashion keep their routs and visiting days: a work of infinite use, as well to the persons of distinction themselves, as to all those who have any intercourse with the polite world. That season of the year, commonly distinguished by the appellation of Lent, which implies a time of fasting, I shall consider, according to its real signification in the *beau monde*, as a yearly festival; and shall, therefore, mention it under the denomination of the Carnival. The propriety of this will be evident at first sight; since nothing is so plain as that, at this season, all kinds of diversion and jollity are at their height in this metropolis. Instead of the Man and the Almanac, I at first intended (in imitation of Mr. Dodsley's memorandum book) to delineate the figure of a fine gentleman, dressed *a la mode:* but I was at length determined, by the advice of some ingenious friends; to suffer the old picture to remain there: since, as it appears to be run through the body in several places, it may not improperly represent that fashionable character, a duellist.

In the place which is allotted in other almanacks for the change of weather, (as hail, frost, snow, cloudy, and the like) I shall set down the change of dress, appropriated to different seasons, and ranged under the titles of hats, capuchins, cardinals, sacks, negligées, gauze handkerchiefs, ermine tippets, muffs, &c. and in a parellel column (according to the custom of other almanacks) I shall point out the several parts of the body affected by these changes; such as head, neck, breast, shoulders, face, hands, feet, legs, &c. And as Mr. Ryder accompanies every month with seasonable cautions about sowing turnips, raising cabbages, blood-letting, and the like important articles, I shall give such directions, as are most suitable to the *beau monde:* as a specimen of which I shall beg leave to lay before you the following

OBSERVATIONS
ON
THE MONTH OF MAY.

If the season proves favourable, it will be proper at the beginning of this month to attend to the cultivation of our public gardens. Trim your trees, put your walks in order, look to your lamps, have ballads written, and set to music for the ensuing summer.

Ladies and gentleman must be careful not to catch cold in crossing the water, or by exposing themselves to the damp air in the dark walk at Vauxhall.

Towards the middle of this month the air at both play-houses will begin to be too close and sultry for ladies that paint, to risk the loss of their complexion in them.

About the end of this month it will be expedient for those ladies, who are apt to be hysterical when the town empties, to prepare for their removal to Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Scarborough, for the benefit of the waters.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
TYCHO COURTLY.

W.

No. 100. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1755.

Ilicet Parasiticæ arti maximam in malam crucem!
Abeo ab illis, postquam video me sic ludificarier.
Pergo ad alios: venio ad alios: deinde ad alios: una res.
PLAUT.

Let Tyburn take the flatterers and their arts;
To fools a maygame I, a man of parts:
Pull'd by the nose by one; I'm kick'd by t'other;
And each sworn fool, I swear, has his sworn brother.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I AM one of those idle people (of whom you have lately given an account) who, not being bred to any business, or able to get a livelihood by work, have taken up the servile trade of an hanger-on. But as you have only just touched on the many dangers and difficulties incident to this way of life, in order to illustrate this part of the character, give me leave to present you with a narrative of my own adventures.

I first served my time with an old nobleman in the country; and as I was a distant relation of his lordship's, I was admitted to the honour of attending him in the double capacity of valet and apothecary. My business in the morning was to wait on him at dressing time: to hold the bason while he washed his hands, buckle his shoes, and tie on his neckcloath: besides which, his lordship had such a regard for me, that nobody but myself was ever trusted with cutting his corns, or pairing his toe-nails; and whenever he was sick, it was always my office to hold his head during the operation of an emetic, to attend him in the water-closet when he took a cathartic, and sometimes to administer a clyster. If his lordship had no company, I was, indeed, permitted to sit at table with him; but when he received any visitors more grand than ordinary, I was equipped (together with some of the best looking tenants) in a tie-wig, full trimmed coat, and laced waistcoat, in order to swell the retinue of his servants out of livery. I bore my slavery with the greatest degree of patience as my lord would often hint to me, that I was provided for in his will: however, I had the mortification to find myself supplanted in his good graces by the chaplain, who had always looked upon me as his rival, and contrived at length to out-wheedle, out-fawn, end out-chringe me. In a word, my lord died:——and while the chaplain (who constantly prayed by him during his last illness) had the consolation of having a good benefice secured to him in the will, my name was huddled among those of the common servants, with no higher legacy than twenty guineas to buy mourning.

With this small pittance (besides what I had made a shift to squeeze out of the tenants and tradesmen, as fees for my good word, when I had his lordship's ear) I came up to town, and embarked all I was worth in fitting myself out as a gentleman. Soon after, as good luck would have it, the nephew and heir of my old lord came from abroad, when I contrived to get into his favour by abusing his deceased uncle, and fastened myself upon him. It is true, he supported me; admitted me into an equal share of his purse; but considering the dangers to which I was constantly exposed on his account, I regarded his bounties as only plasters to my sores. My head, back, and ribs, have received many a payment, which should have been placed to his lordship's account: and I once narrowly escaped being hanged for murdering a poor fellow, whom my lord in a frolic had run through the body. My patron, among other marks of his taste, kept a mistress: and I as his particular crony and a man of honour, was allowed to visit her. It happened one evening he unluckily surprised us in some unguarded familiarities together; but my lord was so far from being enraged at it, that he only turned madam down stairs, and very coolly kicked me down after her.

I was thrown now upon the wide world again: but as I never wanted assurance, I soon made myself very familiarly acquainted with a young gentleman from Ireland, who was just come over to England to spend his estate here. I must own, I had some difficulty in keeping on good terms with this new friend; as I had so many of his own countrymen to contend with, who all claimed a right of acquaintance with him, and some of them even pretended to be related to him. Besides, they all persuaded the young squire, that they had fortunes in different parts of Ireland; though not one of them had any real estate more than myself: and, indeed, I also had a nominal 1500l. per ann, in the West Indies. These furious fellows (for, Sir, they would all fight) gave me much trouble: however, I found out my young friend's foible, and in spite of his countrymen became his inseparable companion. He was not only very fond of women, but had a particular passion for new faces; and to humour this inclination, I was perpetually on the look out to discover fresh pieces for him. I brought him mantuamakers, milliners, and servant maids in abundance; and at length grew so great a favourite, by having prevailed on one of my own cousins to comply with his proposals, that I verily believe he would soon have made me easy for life in a handsome annuity, if he had not been unfortunately run through the body in a duel by one of his own countrymen.

I next got into favour with an old colonel of the guards, who happened to take a fancy to me one evening at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, for having carried off a pint bumper more than a lieutenant of a man of war, that had challenged my toast. As his sole delight was centred in the bottle, all he required of me was to drink glass for glass with him; which I readily complied with, as he always paid my reckoning. When sober, he was the best humoured man in the world; but he was very apt to be quarrelsome and extremely mischievous, when in liquor. He has more than once flung a bottle at my head, and emptied the contents of a bowl of punch in my face: sometimes he has diverted himself by setting fire to my ruffles, shaking the ashes of his pipe over my perriwig, or making a thrust at me with the red-hot poker: and I remember he once soused me all over with the urine of the whole company, by clapping a large pewter jordan topsy-turvy upon my head. All these indignities I very patiently put up with, as he was sure to make me double amends for them the next morning: and I was very near procuring a commission in the army through his interest, when to my great disappointment, he was suddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

You will be surprised when I tell you, that I next contrived to squeeze myself into the good opinion of a rich old curmudgeon, a city merchant, and one of the circumcised. He could have no objection to my religion, as I used to spend every Sunday with him at his country house, where I preferred playing at cards to going to church. Nor could I, indeed, get any thing out of him beyond a dinner: but I had higher points in view. As he had nobody to inherit his fortune but an only daughter, (who was kept always in the country) I became so desperately in love with her, that I would even have turned Jew to obtain her: but instead of that, I very foolishly made a Christian of her; and we were privately married at the Fleet. When I came to break the matter to the father, and to make an apology for having converted her, he received me with a loud laugh. 'Sir,' says he, 'if my child had married the devil, he should have had every penny that was her due. But, as she is only my bastard, the law cannot oblige me to give her a farthing.'

This I found to be too true: and very happily for me my christian wife had so little regard for her new religion, that she again became an apostate, and was taken into keeping, (to which I readily gave my consent) by one of her own tribe and complexion. I shall not tire you with a particular detail of what has happened to me since: I shall only acquaint you that I have exactly followed the precept of 'becoming all things to all men.' I was once supported very splendidly by a young rake of quality for my wit in talking blasphemy, and ridiculing the Bible, till my patron shot himself through the head: and I lived at bed and board with an old methodist lady for near a twelvemonth, on account of my zeal for the new doctrine, till one of the maid servants wickedly laid a child to me. At present, Mr. Town, I am quite out of employ; having just lost a very profitable place, which I held under a great man in quality of his pimp. My disgrace was owing to the baseness of an old Covent-garden acquaintance, whom I palmed upon his honour for an innocent creature just come out of the country: but the hussy was so ungrateful as to bestow on both of us convincing marks of her thorough knowledge of the town. I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,
PETER SUPPLE.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I have a little god-daughter in the country, to whom I every year send some diverting and instructive book for a New-Year's gift: I would therefore beg you to recommend to me one fit for the purpose; which will oblige,

Your humble Servant,
T—— W——.

TO MR. T —— W ——

Sir,

I know no book so fit for your purpose as the Connoisseur, lately published in two pocket volumes; which I would further recommend to all fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, godfathers and godmothers, to give to their sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, nephews and nieces, godsons and goddaughters;—as being undoubtedly the best present at this season of the year, that can possibly be thought of.

TOWN, Connoisseur.

N. B.—Large allowance to those who buy quantities to give away. T.

N° 101. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1756.

——*Janique bifrontis imago.* VIRG.

In two-fac'd Janus we this moral find;
While we look forward, we should look behind.

As the appointed time of our publication now happens to fall on New-year's day, I cannot open the business of the year with a better grace, than by taking the present hour for the subject of this paper: a subject, which pleases me the more, as it also gives me an opportunity of paying my readers the compliments of the season, and most sincerely wishing them all a happy new year, and a great many of them. But, in order to make these civilities of more consequence than a bare compliment, I will also endeavour to give them a little wholesome advice; by which they may be most likely to ensure to themselves that happiness, and to go through the ensuing year with ease and tranquillity.

No god in the Heathen Pantheon was expressed by more proper emblems, or more magnificently represented than Janus; whom we may fairly style, in our language, the god of the new year. The medals, on which the image of this deity was engraved, bore two faces, not ogling each other like those on the shillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl like the double visage on the coin of William and Mary, but turned from each other; one looking forwards, as it were, into futurity, and the other taking a retrospective view of what was passed. There cannot be devised a stronger, or more sensible lesson of moral instruction, than this figure teaches us. This double view comprehends in itself the sum of human prudence; for the most perfect reason can go no higher than wisely to guess at the future, by reflecting on the past; and morality is never so likely to persevere in a steady and uniform course, as when it sets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the new year by a recollection of the old, and at the same time making the succeeding a comment on the last.

Most of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miscarriages in their most favourite enterprises, will be found, upon examination, to result from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind guess, and rashly presuming on the future, without the least attention to the past. With these the impetuosity of the passions gives their reason no scope to exert itself, but neglecting the premises, they jump to a conclusion. Others, who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous understanding, meditate so profoundly on the past, that they scarce take any notice either of the present or the future. To these two characters, whose misconduct arises from two such contrary sources, may indeed be added a third, whose wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixed principles, but proceeds from a total absence of thought and reflection. These easy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themselves with what has been, what is or what will be; and, as the image of Janus seems to bear two heads, these thoughtless vacant animals may almost be said to have no head at all.

But that the necessity of taking this comprehensive view of our affairs may appear in the stronger light, let us consider the many difficulties, in which men of any of the above characters are involved, from a total neglect or partial survey of matters that should influence their conduct. The first sort of men, who nourish great expectations from the future, and suffer hope to lay their prudence to sleep, are very common; indeed, almost every man, like the dairy-maid with her pail of milk, pleases himself with calculating the advantages he shall reap from his undertakings. There is scarce a servitor at either university, who, when he takes orders, does not think it more than possible he may one day be a bishop, or at least head of a college, though perhaps at first he is glad to snap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our hospitals flatters himself that a few years will settle him in high practice and a chariot: and among those few gentlemen of the inns of court, who really deserve the name of students, there is hardly one who sits down to Lord Coke without imagining that he may himself, some time or other, be Lord Chancellor. At this early period of life these vain hopes may perhaps serve as spurs to diligence and virtue; but what shall we say to those people, who in spite of experience and repeated disappointments, still place their chief dependence on groundless expectations from their future fortune? This town swarms with people who rely almost solely on contingencies: and our gaols are often filled with wretches, who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes, by promising themselves great profit from some darling scheme, which has at last been attended with bankruptcy. The present extravagance of many of our spend-thrifts is built on some ideal riches, of which they are soon to be in possession; and which they are laying out as freely as the girl in the farce squanders the ten thousand pounds she was to get in the lottery. I am myself acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thousand pounds of his own in ready money; and as the old gentleman was of an infirm constitution, and turned of sixty, the nephew very considerately computed, that his uncle could hardly last above five years, during which time he might go on very genteely at the rate of 2000l. per ann. However the old gentleman held together above seven years, the last two of which our young spark had no consolation, but the daily hopes of his uncle's death. The happy hour at length arrived; the will was tore open with rapture; when, alas! the fond youth discovered, that he had never once reflected that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might possibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himself disinherited.

I shall not dwell so particularly on the ridiculous folly of those profound speculatists, who fix their attention entirely on what is past, without making their reflections of service either for the present or the future, because it is not a very common or tempting species of absurdity: but shall rather advise the reader to consider the time past, as the school of experience, from which he may draw the most useful lessons for his future conduct. This kind of retrospect would teach us to provide with foresight against the calamities, to which our inexperience has hitherto exposed us, though at the same time it would not throw us so far back, as to keep us lagging, like the old style, behind the rest of the world. To say the truth, those sage persons who are given to such deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow pass unregarded by meditating on yesterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct, as country beaux in their dress, who adopt the town modes, just after they are become unfashionable in London.

But there is no task so difficult, as to infuse ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccustomed to thinking: for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befal him, or to improve by the calamities he has already suffered, whose actions are not the result of thought, or guided by experience? These persons are, indeed, of all others, the most to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious excesses ruin their constitution, till at length poverty and death stare them in the face at the same time; or if, unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter destruction of their fortune, they finish a thoughtless life by an act of desperation, and a pistol puts an end to their miseries.

Since, then, good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requires some thought to ensure to ourselves a likelihood of success in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the old year, and gather instructions from it in what manner to conduct ourselves through the new. Let us also endeavour to draw from it a lesson of morality: and I hope it will not be thought too solemn a conclusion of this paper, if I advise my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the past, and look forward to the future, will also naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being who has existed from all eternity, and shall exist world without end. No consideration can give us a more exalted idea of the Power who first created us, and whose providence is always over us. Let us then consider with attention this pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us blush to receive a lesson from Heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the Author of Christianity.

O.

No. 102. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1756.

———*Pater! nec jum pater*——— Ovid.

O shame to ancestry! his Grace's son
Owes his vile birth to Harry or to John.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

It has been my good fortune to be born of a family that is recorded in the Herald's dictionary as one of the most ancient in the kingdom. We are supposed to have come into England with William the Conqueror. Upon my accession, some years ago, to my elder brother's estate and title of a Baronet, I received a visit from Rouge Dragon, Esq. Pursuivant at Arms, to congratulate me upon my new rank of a Vavasour, and to know whether I should choose to bear the Dexter Base Points of the Lady Isabel's Saltire in Chief, or only her Sinister Corners, she being one of the seventeen coheiresses of my great great great great great grandfather's fourth wife Dorothy, the daughter and sole heiress of Simon de la Frogpool of Croakham in Suffolk. This unexpected visit must have disconcerted me to an invincible degree, if upon recollection I had not only remembered Mr. Rouge Dragon as a constant companion to my late brother, but as a kind of tutor, in initiating him into the science of heraldry, and the civil and military achievements, to which our nobility and gentry are entitled. As soon, therefore, as I could recover myself from my first surprise, in hearing an unknown English language, I humbly thanked Mr. Dragon for the pains he had taken in considering my coat of arms so minutely; but hoped he would give himself no further trouble upon my account, because I was fully determined to bear the plain shield of my grandfather Peter, without taking the least notice of Lady Isabel's Saltire in Chief or even of her Sinister Corners.

Be it to my shame or not, I must confess that heraldry is a science which I have never much cultivated; nor do I find it very prevalent among the fashionable studies of the age. Arms and armorial tokens may, I suppose, be regularly distinguished, and properly emblazoned, upon the family plate to which they belong: but I have observed of late, that these honourable ensigns are not confined entirely to their proper owners, but are usurped by every body who thinks fit to take them; insomuch that there is scarce a hackney coach in London which is not in possession of a ducal crest, an earl's coronet, or a baronet's bloody hand. This, indeed, has often given me great offence, as it reflects a scandal on our nobility and gentry; and I cannot but think it very indecent for a duke's coach to be seen waiting at a night-cellar, or for a countess's landau to set down ladies at the door of a common bawdy-house. I remember I was one morning disturbed at my breakfast by a fashionable rap at my door; when looking out of my window, I saw the coach of the Lady Dowager ——— drawn up before it. I was extremely surprised at so early and unexpected a visit from her ladyship; and while I was preparing to receive her, I overheard her ladyship at high words with her coachman in my entry, when stepping to the staircase, I found that the coachman and her ladyship, represented in the person of one of my house-maids, were squabbling together about sixpence. This badge of nobility, assumed at random according to the fancy of the coach-painter, I have found inconvenient on other occasions: for I once travelled from London to Derby in an hired chariot, finely ornamented with a viscount's cypher and coronet; by which noble circumstances I was compelled in every inn to pay as a lord, though I was not at that time even a simple baronet, or (in the language of my friend Mr. Dragon) arrived to the dignity of a Vavasour.

I have sometimes doubted, whether nobility and high rank are of that real advantage which they are generally esteemed to be; and I am almost inclined to think that they answer no desirable end, but as far as they indulge our vanity and ostentation. A long roll of ennobled ancestors makes, I confess, a very alluring appearance. To see coronet after coronet passing before our view in an uninterrupted succession, is the most soothing prospect that perhaps can present itself to the eye of human pride: the exaltation that we feel upon such a review, takes rise in a visionary and secret piece of flattery, that as glorious, and as long, or even a longer line of future coronets may spring from ourselves, as have descended from our ancestors. We read in Virgil, that Anchises, to inspire his son with the properest incitement to virtue, shews him a long race of kings, emperors, and heroes, to whom Æneas is fore-doomed to give their origin; and the misery of Macbeth is made by Shakspeare to proceed, less from the consciousness of guilt, than from the disappointed pride, that none of his own race shall succeed him in the throne.

The pride of ancestry, and the desire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I should, perhaps, have indulged myself in the pleasing reflection, had not a particular story in a French novel, which I lately met with, put a stop to all vain glories, that can possibly be deduced from a long race of progenitors.

'A nobleman of an ancient house, of very high rank and great fortune, (says the novelist) died suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at purgatory, was sent down immediately into hell. He had not been long there, before he met with his coachman Thomas, who like his noble master was gnashing his teeth among the damned. Thomas, surprised to behold his lordship amidst the sharpers, thieves, pickpockets, and all the *canaille* of hell, started and cried out in a tone of admiration, 'Is it possible, that I see my late master among Lucifer's tribe of beggars, rogues, and pilferers! How much am I astonished to find your lordship in this place! Your lordship! whose generosity was so great, whose affluent housekeeping drew such crowds of nobility, gentry, and friends to your table, and within your gates, and whose fine taste employed such numbers of poor in your gardens, by building temples and obelisks, and by forming lakes of water, that seemed to vie with the largest oceans of the creation! Pray, my lord, if I may be so bold, what crime has brought your lordship into this cursed assembly?'—'Ah, Thomas,' replied his lordship, with his usual condescension, 'I have been sent hither for having defrauded my royal master, and cheating the widows and fatherless, solely to enrich and purchase titles, honours, and estates for that ungrateful rascal, my only son. But prithee, Thomas, tell me, as thou didst always seem to be an honest, careful, sober servant, what brought thee hither?' 'Alas! my noble lord,' replied Thomas, 'I was sent hither for begetting that son.'

I am, Sir, our most humble servant,
REGINALD FITZWORM.

I must agree with my correspondent, that the study of heraldry is at present in very little repute among us; and our nobility are more anxious about preserving the genealogy of their horses, than of their own family. Whatever value their progenitors may have formerly set upon their blood, it is now found to be of no value, when put into the scale and weighed against solid plebeian gold: nor would the most illustrious descendant from Cadwallader, or the Irish kings, scruple to debase his lineage by an alliance with the daughter of a city-plum, though all her ancestors were yeomen, and none of her family ever bore arms. Titles of quality, when the owners have no other merit to recommend them, are of no more estimation, than those which the courtesy of the vulgar have bestowed on the deformed: and when I look over a long tree of descent, I sometimes fancy I can discover the real characters of sharpers, reprobates, and plunderers of their country, concealed under the titles of dukes, earls, and viscounts.

It is well known, that the very servants, in the absence of their masters, assume the same titles; and Tom or Harry, the footman or groom of his

Grace, is always my Lord Duke in the kitchen or stables. For this reason, I have thought proper to present my reader with the pedigree of a footman, drawn up in the same sounding titles, as are so pompously displayed on these occasions: and I dare say, it will appear no less illustrious, than the pedigrees of many families, which are neither celebrated for their actions, nor distinguished by their virtues.

The family of the Skips, or Skipkennels, is very ancient and noble. The founder of it, Maitre Jaques, came into England with the Duchess of Mazarine. He was son of a prince of the blood, his mother one of the *Mesdames* of France: this family is therefore related to the most illustrious *Maitres d'Hotel* and *Valets de Chambre* of that kingdom. Jaques had issue two sons, *viz.* Robert and Paul; of whom Paul, the youngest, was invested with the purple before he was eighteen, and made a bishop, and soon alter became an archbishop. Robert, the elder, came to be a duke, but died without issue: Paul, the archbishop, left behind him an only daughter, Barbara, base-born, who was afterwards maid of honour; and intermarrying with a lord of the bedchamber, had a very numerous issue by him; *viz.* Rebecca, born a week after their marriage, and died young; Joseph, first a squire, afterwards knighted, high sheriff of a county, and colonel of the militia: Peter, raised from a cabin boy to a lord of the admiralty; William, a faggot in the first regiment of the guards, and a brigadier; Thomas, at first an earl's eldest son, and afterwards a brewer and lord mayor of the city of London. The several branches of this family were no less distinguished for their illustrious progeny. Jaques, the founder, first quartered lace on his coat, and Robert added the shoulder knot. Some of them indeed, met with great trouble: Archbishop Paul lost his see for getting a cookmaid with child; Barbara, the maid of honour, was dismissed with a big belly; brigadier William was killed by a chairman in a pitched battle at an alehouse; the lord of the admiralty was transported for seven years, and duke Robert had the misfortune to be hanged at Tyburn.

N° 103. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1756.

——————*Nihil videtur mundius.* TER.

The house so neat, so nice within,
'Tis pity we should enter in.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I AM married to a lady of a very nice and delicate disposition, who is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the neatest body in her house they ever knew. This, Sir, is my grievance: this extraordinary neatness is so very troublesome and disgusting to me, that I protest I had rather lodge in a carrier's inn, or take up my abode with the horses in the stables.

It must be confessed, that a due regard to neatness and cleanliness is as necessary to be observed in our habitations as our persons: but though I should not choose to have my hands begrimed like a chimney-sweeper's, I would not, like the superstitious Mahometans, wash them six times a day: and though I should be loth to roll in a pig-stye, yet I do not like to have my house rendered useless to me under the pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own part, I cannot see the difference between having a house that is always dirty, and a house that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be washed out of my home, with other masters of families, every Saturday night: but my wife is so very notable, that the same cleansing work must be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am sure to be entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am constantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be dusted, another dry-rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop. Thus, indeed, I may be said to live in continual dirtiness, that my house may be clean: for during these nice operations every apartment is stowed with soap, brickdust, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and dishclouts.

You may suppose, that the greatest care is taken to prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling the floors. For this reason all that come to our house, (besides the ceremony of scraping at the door,) are obliged to rub their shoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they must straddle their way along several lesser mats, ranged at due distances from each other in the passage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with a hop, a step, and a jump. The like caution is used by all the family: I myself am scarce allowed to stir a step without slippers; my wife creeps on tip-toe up and down stairs; the maid-servants are continually stumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to sneak about the house bare-footed, as if he came with a sly design to steal something.

After what has been said, you will naturally conclude, that my wife must be no less nice in other particulars. But, as it is observed by Swift, that 'a nice man is a man of nasty ideas,' in like manner we may affirm, that your very neat people are the most slovenly on many occasions. They cannot conceive, that any thing, which is done by such delicate persons can possibly give offence: I have, therefore, often been in pain for my wife, when I have seen her, before company, dust the tea-cups with a foul apron or a washing gown; and I have more than once blushed for her, when, through her extreme cleanliness, she has not been contented without breathing into our drinking-glasses, and afterwards wiping them with her pocket-handkerchief. People, Mr. Town, who are not very intimate with families, seldom see them (especially the female part) but in disguise: and it will be readily allowed, that a lady wears a very different aspect, when she comes before company, than when she first sits down to her toilet. My wife appears decent enough in her apparel, to those who visit us in the afternoon: but in the morning she is quite another figure. Her usual dishabille then is, an ordinary stuff jacket and petticoat, a double clout thrown over her head and pinned under her chin, a black greasy bonnet, and a coarse dowlas apron; so that you would rather take her for a char-woman. Nor, indeed, does she scruple to stoop to the meanest drudgery of such an occupation: for so great is her love of cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her knees scouring the hearth, and spreading dabs of vinegar and fuller's earth on the boards.

This extraordinary solicitude in my wife, for the cleanliness of her rooms and the care and preservation of her furniture, makes my house entirely useless, and takes away all that ease and familiarity, which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I am obliged to make shift with the most ordinary accommodations, that the more handsome pieces of furniture may remain unsoiled, and be always set out for show and magnificence. I am never allowed to eat from any thing better than a delft plate, that the economy of the beaufait, which is embellished with a variety of china, may not be disarranged: and, indeed, my wife prides herself particularly on her ingenious contrivance in this article, having ranged among the rest some old china not fit for use, but disposed in such a manner, as to conceal the streaks of white paint that cement the broken pieces together. I must drink my beer out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is constantly displayed on the side-board; while all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family, to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word, Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be used, for fear it should be dirtied; and I live, with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almost afraid to enter them; I have plate, china, and the most genteel furniture, but must not use them; which is as ridiculous an absurdity and almost as great a hardship, as if I had hands without the power of moving them; the organs of sight, smell, taste, without being suffered to exert them, and feet without being permitted to walk.

Thus, Sir, this extravagant passion for cleanliness, so predominant in my wife, keeps the family in a perpetual state of muck and dirt; and while we are surrounded with all necessaries, subjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it a still greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous cause of many other misfortunes. I have sometimes created her anger by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruke on one of the gilt sconces: having once unluckily spilt a bottle of ink on one of the best carpets, she was irreconcileable for a month: and I had scarce brought her to temper again, when I most unfortunately ran against the footman, who was entering with the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and pease-pudding on the parlour-floor. This superabundant neatness did once also very nearly occasion my death; for while I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refresh me, ordered my bed-chamber to be mopped: and the same scrupulous nicety was also the means of our losing a very considerable addition to our fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependence, came up to town last summer on purpose to pay us a visit: but though he had rode above sixty miles that day, he was obliged to stand in the passage till his boots were pulled off, for fear of soiling the Turkey carpet. After supper the old gentleman, as was his constant practice, desired to have his pipe: but this you may be sure could by no means be allowed, as the filthy stench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado, that my wife would even suffer him to go down and smoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with nothing but bare walls: because the chintz bedchamber was, indeed, too nice for a dirty country squire. These slights very much chagrined my good uncle: but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel on the following occasion. It happened, that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who, at his first coming, was immediately locked up in the coal-hole: but the dog having found means to escape had crept slyly up stairs, and (besides other marks of his want of delicacy) had very calmly stretched himself out upon a crimson damask settee. My wife not only sentenced him to the discipline of the whip, but insisted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards; when the master interposing in his behalf, it produced such high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horse, and swore he would never darken our doors again as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died: but as he could not forget the ill treatment, which both he and his dog had met with at our house, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

T. PETER PLAINALL.

No. 104. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1756.

Actum est; Ili it; Peristi. TER.

Ruin'd and undone!

THE use of language is the ready communication of our thoughts to one another. As we cannot produce the objects, which raise ideas in our minds, we use words which are made signs of those objects. No man could otherwise convey to another the idea of a table or chair, without pointing to those pieces of furniture: as children are taught to remember the names of things by looking at their pictures. Thus, if I wanted to mention king Charles on horse-back, I must carry my companion to Charing-cross; and would I next tell him of the statue of Sir John Barnard, we must trudge back again, and he must wait for my meaning till we get to the Royal Exchange. We should be like the sages of Laputa, who (as Gulliver tells us) having substituted things for words used to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they were to discourse on. 'I have often beheld (says he) two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us: who, when they meet in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burthens, and take their leave.' In these circumstances a man of the fewest words could not, indeed, talk without carrying about him a much larger apparatus, than is contained in the bag of the noted Yeates, or any other slight-of-hand artist: he could not speak of a chicken or an owl, but it must be ready in his pocket to be produced. In such a case we could not say we heard, but we saw the conversation of a friend; as in the epistolary correspondence, carried on by those pretty hieroglyphic letters (as they are called,) where the picture of a deer and a woman finely drest is made to stand for the expression of dear lady.

But the invention of words has removed these difficulties; and we may talk not only of any thing we have seen, but what neither we, nor the persons to whom we speak ever saw. Thus we can convey to another the idea of a battle, without being reduced to the disagreeable necessity of learning it from the cannon's mouth: and we can talk of the people in the world of the moon, without being obliged to make use of Bishop Wilkins's artificial wings to fly thither. Words, therefore, in the ordinary course of life, are like the paper money among merchants; invented as a more ready conveyance, by which the largest sum can be transmitted to the most distant places with as much ease as a letter; while the same in specie, would require bags and chests, and even carts or ships to transport it. But, however great these advantages are, the use of language has brought along with it several inconveniences, as well as paper money; for as this latter is more liable to miscarry, more easily concealed, carried off, or counterfeited than bullion, merchants have frequent cause to complain, that the convenience of this sort of cash is not without its alloy of evil: and we find that in the use of language there is so much room for deceit and mistake, that though it does not render it useless, it is much to be wished some remedy could be contrived.

Men are so apt to use the same words in different senses, and call the same thing by different names, that oftentimes they cannot understand others, or be themselves understood. If one calls that thing black which another calls green, or that prodigality which another calls generosity, they mistake each other's meaning, and can never agree till they explain the words. It is to this we owe so much wrangling in discourse, and so many volumes of controversy on almost every part of literature. I have known a dispute carried on with great warmth, and when the disputants have come to explain what each meant, it has been discovered they were both of a side: like the men in the play, who met and fought first, and, after each had been heartily beaten, found themselves to be friends. What should we say, if this practice of calling things by a wrong name was to obtain among tradesmen? If you was to send to your haberdasher for a hat, you might receive a pair of stockings; or instead of a cordial julep from your apothecary, be furnished with a cathartic or a clyster.

It would be needless to insist on the inconveniences arising from the misuse or misapprehension of terms in all verbal combats; whether they be fought on the spot by word of mouth, or (like a game of chess) maintained, even though lands and seas interpose, by the assistance of the press. In our ordinary conversation it is notorious, that no less confusion has arisen from the wrong application or perversion of the original and most natural import of words. I remember, when I commenced author I published a little pamphlet, which I flattered myself had some merit, though I must confess it did not sell. Conscious of my growing fame, I resolved to send the first fruits of it to an uncle in the country, that my relations might judge of the great honour I was likely to prove to the family: but, how was I mortified, when the good man sent me word, 'that he was sorry to find I had *ruined* myself, and had wrote a book; for the parson of the parish had assured him, that authors were never worth a farthing, and always died in a gaol.' Notwithstanding this remonstrance, I have still persisted in my *ruin*, which at present I cannot say is quite completed, as I can make two meals a day, have yet a coat to my back, with a clean shirt for Sundays at least, and am lodged somewhat below a garret. However, this prediction of my uncle has often led me to consider, in how many senses, different from its general acceptation, the word *ruined* is frequently made use of. When we hear this word applied to another, we should naturally imagine, the person is reduced to a state worse than he was in before, and so low that it is scarce possible for him to rise again: but we shall often find, instead of his being undone, that he has rather met with some extraordinary good fortune; and that those who pronounce him *ruined*, either mean you should understand it in some other light, or else call him undone, because he differs from them in his way of life, or because they wish him to be in that situation. I need not point out the extreme cruelty, as well as injustice, in the misapplication of this term; as it may literally *ruin* a man by destroying his character: according to the old English Proverb, 'give a dog an ill name, and hang him.'

Most people are indeed, so entirely taken up with their own narrow views, that, like the jaundiced eye, every thing appears to them of the same colour. From this selfish prejudice they are led to make a wrong judgment of the motives and actions of others: and it is no wonder, that they should see ruin staring every man in the face, who happens not to think as they do: I shall, therefore, here set down a catalogue of some of my own acquaintance, whom the charity and good nature of the world have not scrupled to pronounce absolutely ruined.

A young clergyman of Cambridge might have had a good college-living in about thirty years time, or have been head of the house: but he chose to quit his fellowship for a small cure in town, with a view of recommending himself by his preaching. *Ruined.*

A fellow of another college in the same university refused to quit his books and his retirement, to live as chaplain with a smoking, drinking, swearing, fox-hunting country squire, who would have provided for him .... *Ruined.*

Dr. Classic, a young physician from Oxford, might have had more practice than Radcliffe or Mead: but having studied Aristotle's Poetics; and read the Greek tragedies, as well as Galen and Hippocrates, he was tempted to write a play, which was universally applauded, and the author was *Ruined.*

A student of the Temple might have made sure of a judge's robes or the chancellor's seals; but being tired of sauntering in Westminster-hall without even getting half a guinea for a motion, he has accepted of a commission in one of the new-raised regiments, and is .... *Ruined.*

A younger brother of a good family threw himself away upon an obscure widow with a jointure of 500l. per annum, by which he is .... *Ruined.*

Another, a man of fortune, fell in love with, and married a genteel girl without a farthing; and though she makes him an excellent wife, he is universally allowed to have .... *Ruined himself.*

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the strânge sense, in which a friend of mine once heard this word used in company by a girl of the town. The young creature, being all life and spirits, engrossed all the conversation to herself; and herself indeed was the subject of all the conversation: but what most surprised him, was the manner in which she used this word *Ruined;* which occurred frequently in her discourse, though never intended by her to convey the meaning generally affixed to it. It served her sometimes as an æra to determine the date of every occurrence—'she bought such a gown, just after she was *ruined*—the first time she saw Garrick in Ranger, she was in doubt whether it was before or after she was *ruined.*'—Having occasion to mention a young gentleman, she burst into raptures——'O he is a dear creature!—He it was that *ruined* me—O he is a dear soul;—he carried me to an inn ten miles from my father's house in the country, where he *ruined* me.—If he had not *ruined* me, I should have been as miserable and as moping as my sisters. But the dear soul was forced to go abroad upon his travels, and I was obliged to come upon the town, three weeks after I was *ruined*—no, not so much as three weeks after I was *ruined*—yes, it was full three weeks after I was *ruined*.'

N° 105. THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1756.

Gaudit equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi.
HOR.

To spring a covey, or unearth a fox,
In rev'rend sportsmen is right orthodox.

MY cousin Village, from whom I had not heard for some time, has lately sent me an account of a Country Parson; which I dare say will prove entertaining to my town readers, who can have no other idea of our clergy, than what they have collected from the spruce and genteel figures, which they have been used to contemplate here in doctors' scarfs, pudding-sleeves, starched bands, and feather-top grizzles. It will be found from my cousin's description, that these reverend ensigns of orthodoxy are not so necessary to be displayed among rustics; and that, when they are out of the pulpit or surplice, the good pastors may, without censure, put on the manners as well as dress of a groom or whipper-in.

Doncaster, Jan. 14, 1756.

Dear Cousin,

I am just arrived here, after having paid a visit to ur old acquaintance Jack Quickset, who is now become the Reverend Mr. Quickset, Rector of —— parish in the north-riding of this county, a living worth upwards of three hundred pounds per annum. As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals or behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable: but as there are many other incumbents of country livings whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a slight sketch, or, as I may say, rough draught of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unentertaining to your readers.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the world, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me, that he had been double-japanned (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the present incumbent of ——; where if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best Yorkshire stingo, and would engage to show me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living. When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of 'No mortals on earth are so happy as we,' that I began to think I had made a mistake; till observing its close neighbourhood to the church convinced me, that this could be no other than the parsonage-house. On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the midst of a room-full of fox hunters in boots and bob-wigs) got up to welcome me to ——, and embracing me, gave me the full flavour of his stingo by belching in my face, as he did me the honour of saluting me. He then introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right hand of his own elbow-chair, assured them, that I was a very honest cock, and loved a chace of five-and-twenty miles an end as well as any of them: to preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toss off a pint bumper of port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed into it to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole economy of Jack's life is very different from that of his brethren. Instead of having a wife and a house full of children, (the most common family of a country clergyman) he is single; unless we credit some idle whispers in the parish, that he is married to his housekeeper. The calm amusements of piquet, chess, and back-gammon, have no charms for Jack, who sees 'his dearest action in the field,' and boasts, that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable, as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; fox-hounds and pointers lie about in every parlour; and he is himself, like Pistol, always in boots. The estimation in which he holds his friends, is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by coming to acquaint him, that they have found an hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the servant came in to tell him, that the clerk wanted to speak with him. He was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when (instead of giving notice of a burying, christening, or some other church business, as I expected) I found the honest clerk only came to acquaint his reverend superior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's elder brother, Sir Thomas Quickset, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor: so that Jack has full power to beat up the game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has besides a deputation from him as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of this office, than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is in his eye the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear to him half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman, as to any fine lady in town: not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this day is necessarily a day of rest from the toils of shooting and the chase. It happened, that the first Sunday after I was with him he engaged to take care of a church, in the absence of a neighbouring clergymen, which was about twenty miles off. He asked me to accompany him; and the more to encourage me, he assured me, that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the north. Accordingly I was roused by him in the morning before day-break by a loud hollowing of 'Hark to Merriman,' and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter; and after we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung beef and a horn or two of stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon a hunter, which he assured me was never yet thrown out: and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting, that so fine a morning should be thrown away upon a Sunday; at the same time remarking, that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and took every thing, we were often deayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leavng the road to examine a piece of cover; and he requently made me stop, while he pointed out the particular course that Reynard took, or the spot where he had earthed. At length we arrived on full allop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us: but as Jack had nothing to do but to alight, pull his band out of the sermon case, give his brown scratch bob a shake, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself both in the desk and pulpit to the entire satisfaction of all the parish as well as the squire of it; who after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the 'squire's; who, being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was hugely delighted with Jack's conversation. Church and king, and another particular toast, (in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character) were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to horses sound, dogs hearty, earths stopt, and foxes plenty. When we had run over again with great joy and vociferation, as many chases as the time would permit, the bell called us to evening prayers: after which, though the squire would fain have had us stay and take a hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church door, and rode home in the dark; because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother-sportsmen, who were to lie all night at his own house to be in readiness to make up for the loss of Sunday, by going out a cock shooting very early next morning.

I must leave it to you, cousin, to make what reflections you please on this character; only observing, that the country can furnish many instances of these ordained sportsmen, whose thoughts are more taken up with the stable or the dog-kennel than the church: and, indeed, it will be found, that our friend Jack and all of his stamp are regarded by their parishioners, not as parsons of the parish, but rather as squires in orders.

T. I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

N° 106. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1756.

———*Non hæc solennia nobis*
Vana superstitio, veterumve ignara deorum,
Imposuit. Servis, hospes Trojane, periclis
Servat facimus.——— VIRG.

These solemn rites nor superstition vain,
Nor fears from blinder ignorance ordain:
Sav'd from the shock, from dangers yet unknown,
His mercy we implore, whose pow'r we own.

IT is not easy for the mind of man to recover itself from any extraordinary panic, which has once seized it: for which reason we cannot be surprised, that many well-meaning people, who have not yet shaken off the apprehensions occasioned by the late dreadful earthquakes, should be led to conjure up new terrors, and alarm themselves with imaginary dangers. Their fears interpret every common incident, and even the change of weather, as signs of approaching destruction: if the day be calm and serene, such (they say) is the usual forerunner of a shock; or, if the night prove tempestuous, they can hardly persuade themselves, that it is only the wind which rocks their houses. With this propensity to entertain any unreasonable dread about future events, it is no wonder, that weak minds should be worked upon by little dabblers in philosophy, who, having gleaned a few barren scraps from the magazines, presumes even to foretel the dissolution of the world by the comet, which is expected to appear in 1758. Swift, in his Voyage to Laputa, has a passage so very opposite to these idle pretenders to science, that I shall beg leave to transcribe it.

'These people,' says he, 'are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes, which very little effect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed, or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with it's own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For, if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense, than that of red-hot glowing iron; and in its absence from the sun, carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long: through which if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the *mucleus*, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire and reduced to ashes. That the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

'They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures or amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of an approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper, that boys discover to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed or fear.'

Let us, however, banish from our thoughts all such vain notions, and let us fortify our minds with a true sense of religion, which will teach us to rely on the protection of that providence, which has hitherto preserved us. It is with great pleasure that I remark the unanimous concurrence of almost all ranks of people in allowing the propriety of the present solemn fast, as a necessary act of humiliation, to avert the wrath and vengeance of heaven, and to call down its mercies upon us. It is true, indeed, that no persons do more prejudice to the cause of religion, than they who cloud its genuine cheerfulness with the gloom of superstition, and are apt to consider every common accident that befals us, as a judgment. They clothe religion in the most terrifying habit, and, (as it were) dress it up in all the horrors of the inquisition. These people are much to be pitied; and it is to be wished, that their mistaken piety could be better regulated. But there is another set of men of a different turn, more numerous, and much more dangerous to the community, who treat every act of religion as a jest, and hold its most sacred ordinances in contempt. Set forms and ceremonies, though they have no essential virtue in themselves, are yet indispensably requisite to keep alive in us a quick sense of our duty. It must be allowed indeed, that if a man could constantly employ his mind in holy meditations, exercise the virtues, and believe the mysteries of our religion, he would be a true christian, though he never complied with any outward forms, or so much as repeated a single prayer. But it is manifest from experience, that those who neglect the ordinances, neglect also the duties of a christian; and the least reflection on the human mind will convince us, that some external rites are necessary to settle the wandering ideas, and to fix the attention on its proper object. The fervent repetition of a prayer inspires us with love and gratitude towards the Deity, and kindles the spark of devotion within us: and it is easy to conceive, that, if the celebration of public worship was neglected among us only for one year, it would be a more fatal blow to religion, than all the weak attacks of infidels and free-thinkers.

But though forms may be said to compose the body, a good life is the soul of religion, without which the rest is but a dead mass. The most rigid compliance with every ordinance of the church, if it has no influence on our conduct, is rather a solemn mockery, than an atonement for our offences: as they, who receive the bread and wine without a firm resolution to lead a new life, are said to eat and drink their own damnation. Wherefore, a strict observance of this or that particular day is not a sufficient discharge of our duty, except it serve to rouze us from the lethargy of sin, to awaken in us a desire of becoming worthy the protection of the Almighty, by animating our faith, amending our lives, and working in us a repentance for our transgressions. Thus the Lord's day is not merely set apart for devotion, with an unlimited licence to wickedness all the rest of the week; but our being particularly exercised in acts of piety for one day is calculated to strengthen our virtue, and to give a tincture of religion to our whole conduct through the other six.

On the present solemn occasion, I doubt not but every persuasive, tending to make this temporary fast a lasting benefit, will be urged by the clergy: I shall therefore content myself with touching on some laxities in the usual manner of keeping a fast, which, though they are not of sufficient dignity to be taken notice of from the pulpit, should yet be pointed out, the violation of the fast in these particulars is most universal.

The very name of a fast implies a day of abstinence, of mortification and self-denial: which has always been enjoined as a necessary means of subduing irregular desires, and fitting us for holy meditations. For this reason, in former days, when people of quality rose earlier than even mechanics now open their shops, when the court itself dined at eleven, that meal was deferred till four o'clock, in compliance with this religious exercise, which was in those times a real abstinence, a true piece of mortification and self-denial. But if the observance of a fast consists in not dining till four o'clock, our persons of fashion may be said to fast every day of their lives. In truth, the several hours of the day are adapted to such very different employments to what they were formerly, that our four o'clock stands in the place of their eleven: and nothing can be more absurd (to use no harsher term) than to adhere to the form in the performance of a religious act, when, by the alteration of circumstances, that form flatly contradicts the very meaning of its original institution. I would also ask those rigid devotees, who observe this day in all the strictness of the letter, and would be shocked at the sight of a leg of mutton or beef steak on their tables, whether the dining upon salt or other fish may not be considered rather as feasting than fasting, if (as is often the case) it should happen to be a dish they are remarkably fond of. All these methods of keeping a fast without abstinence, mortification, or self-denial, are mere quibbles to evade the performance of our duty, and entirely frustrate the design of appointing this solemnity. There is something of this nature very commonly practised in France; where there are many families, who keep the whole Lent with great strictness, but the last night of it invite a great deal of company to supper. The moment the clock strikes twelve, a magnificent entertainment, consisting of all sorts of rich fare, is served up, and these most christian debauchees sit down to indulge in luxury, without sinning against the canon.

I cannot conclude without an earnest wish, that the observation of the present fast may awaken in us a serious attention to our duty hereafter; that we may not seem to have barely complied with a stated form, or to have been affected with the short-lived piety of a single day. As to those who require constantly to be frightened into their duty, I will for once venture to commence prophet: and let them be assured, that my predictions will infallibly come to pass. There is a danger, more certain than an earthquake or a comet, which will inevitably overwhelm us; a danger from which we cannot possibly guard ourselves, and which perhaps is even now at our doors. This danger I cannot better set forth, than in the alarming words of a celebrated French preacher. 'I know a man (and I will point him out presently) who is now in this church: a man, in perfect health; and a man in the flower of his age: and yet this man, perhaps before next Sunday, perhaps by to-morrow, will be in his grave. This man, my dear brethren, is myself who speaks to you, it is you who hear me.' O.

N° 107. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1756.

Cedunt grammatici, vincuntur rhetorees.— Juv.
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce. Pope.

TO MR. TOWN.

——*College, Cambridge, Jan.* 30, 1756.

Sir,

I have just now, with near a hundred more, taken the first degree, which this university confers on her sons; and begin to consider within myself, in what manner we have spent our time for these four years past, and what profit we are likely to receive hereafter from our academical studies. But upon retrospection I find that, instead of having laid up a store of learning, which might have been of service to us in our future connexions and intercourse with mankind, we have been confounding our heads with a miscellaneous heap of nonsense, which most of us, I am certain, are endeavouring to unlearn as fast as possibly we can: instead of having acquired such a share of common sense, as might have been of service to ourselves and acquaintance, we must entirely sell off our old stock, and begin the world of literature anew. This reflection cannot be very pleasing to those, who, I must say, have squandered away so very precious a time of life; a time of life, when, though judgment perhaps is not come to maturity, yet imagination and invention, those noble offsprings of a promising mind, are in the very flower and bloom of perfection.

This seat of learning, for it undoubtedly deserves that name, has drawn and kept us together for some years: our manners, conversation, and studies bear a great similitude; but now either chance or choice is gone to disperse us over the whole kingdom; and our places of abode will scarce be more widely different, than our schemes of life. Notwithstanding this, the same plan of study has been imposed on all: whether agreeable or contrary to the bent of inclination, has never been regarded. Mathematics is the standard, to which all merit is referred; and all other excellencies, without these, are quite overlooked and neglected; the solid learning of Greece and Rome is a trifling acquisition; and much more so, every polite accomplishment: in short, if you will not get all Euclid and his diagrams by heart, and pore over Saunderson till you are as blind as himself, they will say of you, as in the motto to one of your late papers, *actum est! illicit! peristi!* 'tis all over with you! you are ruined! you are ruined!' Not that I would depreciate this kind of learning; it is certainly a most noble science, and reflects the greatest honour on human wit and invention: all that I complain of is the unreasonable stress that is laid upon it; nay, even the most abstruse parts of it: which is still more absurd, as there are so very few heads able to perceive and retain the nice chain of reasoning and deduction, which must necessarily be made use of: and as a small number of mathematical geniuses would be sufficient for the service of his majesty's dominions.

I take it for granted, that your sagacity has by this time discovered, that you have been addressed by a young man, whose too overweening conceit of himself has perhaps induced him to imagine, that the university has not sufficiently rewarded his deserts: if so, you are not deceived. But though this disappointment may at present sit a little uneasy upon me, yet I think I can foresee, that it will be the most fortunate mortification, that could possibly have befallen me. For in the first place, it has sufficiently abated that upsart pride, which most young men are apt to take in their own abilities; than which nothing can be more irksome to all their acquaintance, or a greater impediment to their own real improvement. A pert scholar, whenever he enters a room of company, immediately assumes a superiority in discourse, and thinks himself obliged to correct all improprieties in thought or expression. You must 'speak by the card,' as Hamlet says, or expect the censure of this superficial coxcomb. If, according to the common form of speech, you say, that there is either heat in the fire, or coldness in ice, he will inform you, that you deliver yourself very inaccurately, as Mr. Locke has fully demonstrated; he will tell you, you cannot prove, two and two make four, or that you are alive yourself. These, and a thousand other observations equally impertinent, he is continually making, to the no small uneasiness and perplexity of the ladies and honest country gentlemen.

What is still a greater misfortune, is, that a man of this cast is never likely to know any better: for, having raked together a few metaphysical distinctions and scholastic refinements, he thinks he has laid up a sufficient fund of knowledge for his whole life: he despises all common sense (which is the best sense) through an ambition of appearing particular: and as for the advice or opinion of others, those he thinks, himself indispensably bound to disregard; inasmuch as such submission implies some inferiority, which he would by no means be thought to labour under. Such a disposition as this I take to be the sure and infallible token of confirmed ignorance: a melancholy instance of the depravity of human nature, that the less we know, the more we presume; and the fewer advances we have made towards true knowledge, the less occasion we think we have of any further improvement.

In the second place, if I may be allowed to judge of what I cannot possibly have experienced, I take it to be the greatest benefit to a young person to meet with early disappointments in life: for sooner or later every one must have his share of them; and the sooner we meet with some of them the better. By this means the mind is easily made familiar with crosses and vexations, and is not thrown off its balance by every thwarting and wayward accident: by this means we submit to ills and troubles, as the necessary attendants on mankind: as on a rainy day we make ourselves quiet and contented, but hope for sunshine on the morrow. And, indeed, there seems to be a strong analogy between the inclemency of the weather attacking our bodies, and the storms and afflictions which batter our minds. The rain will beat and the wind will roar, let us use our utmost endeavours to the contrary; but by inuring our persons to the vicissitudes of the seasons, and using other proper methods, we shall feel no very sensible inconvenience from them. In like manner, all our skill and art cannot prevent or elude the rubs and disasters, to which we are liable; but if by degrees, and early in life, we are hardened and accustomed to them, and if by the help of reason and sound philosophy we arm and fortify ourselves against them, they may still perhaps reach us, but their shocks will be quite weak and languid: and we may say of the darts of Fortune, as Virgil says of Priam, when he hurled a javelin at Pyrrhus,

——Telum imbelle sine ictu
Conjecit.——

Short of its aim, and impotent to wound,
The feeble shaft falls hurtless to the ground.

Thus you see, Mr. Town, that out of a seeming evil I have discovered a real good: and I am certain, if this method of reasoning could be made universal, we should find much fewer murmurers against the present distribution and order of things.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
B. A.

Mr. Town,

I am so great an admirer of the fair sex, that I never let a tittle of their vendible writings escape me. I bought this year the Lady's Diary, merely because it was advertised as the Woman's Almanack, which I construed the Almanack composed by a woman: but I find I have been mistaken in my supposition. It is not the work of a female. The christian name of the author, I have reason to believe, is Marmaduke; unless I misunderstand a most curious copy of verses, describing a most superb entertainment, of fish, flesh, pies and tarts, xhibited upon New Year's day, 1755. His sur-name remains as great an ænigma as any in his book. His coadjutors, contributors, or assistants, are Messieurs Walter Trott, Timothy Nabb, Patrick Ocavannah, John Honey, Henry Season, and others. I honour these gentlemen and their works: but I own my chief delight is in reading over the riddles and unriddles, the questions and the answers of Miss Sally West, Cælia, Miss Nancy Evelyn, Miss E. S. Miss Atkinson, Enira, and other choice little feminine spirits of the age. Riddles are so becoming, and appear so pretty, when dandled about by ladies, that they may be compared to soft, smooth, painted, waxen babies, dressed up in a proper manner for misses to play with, from eighteen to fourscore. But above all, I must take this opportunity of congratulating dear Miss Fanny Harris, who, I find, 'has given an elegant solution to a prize problem by a fluxionary calculus founded on the properties of tangents,' and by that means has run away with no less than twelve diaries for this important year 1756. As this young lady is justly called 'the honour of her sex,' and deals entirely in the properties of tangents, I fear she will never descend so low as *riddleme riddlemeree;* and therefore I must humbly offer, by the vehicle of your paper, Mr. Town, a small riddle, invented with much pains and thought by myself, to the solution of those three ingenious spinsters, Miss Polly Walker, Miss Grace Tetlow, and Miss Ann Rickaby, to appear in the Lady's Diary of 1757, and to receive upon appearance, as a premium, one complete set of the Connoisseur in pocket volumes, to be the property of one or more of these three ladies, who shall explain my Ænigma.

Fire and water mix'd together,
  Add to this some salt and tin;
Tell me, ladies, tell me whether
  In this mixture there is sin?

The solution itself, if not truly explained by the Three Graces, to whom I now address it, shall appear, by your permission, in the first Connoisseur after next New Year's day.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
MICHAEL KRAWBRIDGE.

Nº 108. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1756.

Ter centum tonat ore Deos, Erabumque, Cheosque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria Virginis ora Dianæ.
VIRGIL.

Dire execrations split your ears asunder,
Death! and Damnation! Furies! Blood! and Thunder!

As there are some vices which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great, so there are others which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these I cannot but set down the shocking practice of cursing and swearing; a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and profaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the chairman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should choose to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman: but it is accounted no disgrace to him, to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By Gad*, or a *Gad dem-me*, minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-*

monde or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piece-meal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body; nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor, the Tatler, gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourse to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely startled and surprised at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's Polite Conversation; though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's or any other polite assembly: by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned their choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has, indeed, provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station: but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the genteeler sort of swearers pour forth the same execrations at the hazard table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigourously put into execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment; since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, must be clapped in the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware, that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and, while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would, therefore, be adviseable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof. One evening as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occasion to tell a story in turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass,* instead of the usual expletives of *God, devil,* and *damn,* which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases, whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. 'Bottle and glass,' might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the 'knave of clubs,' or the 'curse of Scotland;' or he might, with some propriety, retain the old execration of 'the deuce take it.' The beau should be allowed 'to swear by his gracious self, which is the god of his idolatry:' and the common expletives should consist only of 'upon my word,' and 'upon my honour;' which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

O.

N° 109. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1756.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt; est, ubi peccat.
HOR.

What ev'ry body says, is often true;
But very often 'tis a falsehood too.

THE world is indebted to that ingenious inquirer after truth, the famous Sir Thomas Brown, for an excellent treatise, in which he has refuted several idle and ridiculous opinions, that prevailed in his time; to which work he has very properly given the title of Vulgar Errors. Among others, of no less importance, he has taken great pains to explode the common notion that a witch can make a voyage to the East Indies in an egg-shell, or take a journey of two or three hundred miles across the country on a broom-stick: an assertion maintained by that wise monarch, King James the First, who even condescended to commence author in support of it. He has also refuted the generally received opinion, that the devil is black, has horns upon his head, wears a long curling tail, and a cloven stump; nay, has even denied, that wheresoever he goes, he always leaves a smell of brimstone behind him; and has no less seriously endeavoured to shew the absurdity of the supposition, that Adam and Eve were born into the world without navels. But all these mistaken notions, though they might possibly obtain belief in former times of superstition and ignorance, could never have been countenanced in this more enlightened age. So far from acknowledging the power of witchcraft, we even doubt of the existence of the witch of Endor: that illustrious personage the devil is only looked upon as a mere bugbear: and the lowest mechanics have been taught at the Robin Hood Society, that the whole account of our first parents is nothing but a fiction and an old woman's story.

Since the days of Sir Thomas Brown, such strange revolutions have happened among us, in the arts and sciences, in religion, in politics, and in common life, that I cannot but think, a work, intended as a supplement to the above-mentioned treatise of Vulgar Errors, would be highly acceptable to the public; since it is notorious, that many tenets, which were then thought indisputable truths among all ranks of people, are now proved to be erroneous, and are only credited by the uninformed vulgar. A work of his nature it is my intention shortly to publish: in he meantime, I shall content myself with laying he following specimen of the performance before y readers.

The ignorance of the multitude has hitherto pronounced it, 'to be absolutely impossible that a maid can be with child.' But it is well known to the learned, that in these later times there have been many instances of maiden-mothers: though, whether they are impregnated by the west-wind, like Virgil's mares, or, as it was said of Juno, by eating a sallad; whether they bring forth, as Dutch ladies do, Sooterkins; whether they receive by intuition, or the operation of the fancy; or by what other cause, has not been ascertained. Several instances have been recorded, among the Roman Catholics, of nuns and lady abbesses, who have miraculously proved with child: and here in England we have more than once heard of the pregnancy of a maid of honour. I myself know a lady, almost approaching to the verge of an old maid, who was very much bloated and puffed up with the wind-colic: for relief of which she went into the country for a month, and was unexpectedly seized with the pangs of child-birth. I have been told of another, a virgin of the most unspotted character, who very unaccountably fell into labour, just as they were going to tap her for the dropsy. An eminent man-midwife of my acquaintance was in the beginning of his practice called to a virgin, who, to his great surprise, brought forth an embryo, in form and appearance exactly resembling a mandrake. This he considered as a most wonderful *lusus naturæ;* and had actually drawn up an account of it (with a figure of the monster) to be laid before the Royal Society: but in less than a twelvemonth he delivered the same lady, who still continued in a state of virginity, of another false conception, like the former; and for many years after this prodigy of a virgin had several other monstrous and preternatural births of the same kind. He further assures me, that he has since very frequently met with these *phænomena;* and that the only difference between maids and married women in this point is, that the former do not manifest the signs of pregnancy so fully in their waists, nor do they cry out so vehemently in their labour pains; and it is remarkable, that they never choose to suckle their children.

It is vulgarly supposed, that 'the events of gaming are regulated by blind chance and fortune:' but the wise and polite, that is the knowing ones, cannot but smile at the absurdity of this notion; though even the sagacious Hoyle and Demoivre themselves, by the nicety of their calculations of chances, seem to have adopted this ridiculous doctrine. The professors at Arthur's, and the experienced adepts in the mysteries of gaming, kindly condescend to give lessons, at reasonable rates, to those novices, who imagine that the events of play, like those of war, are uncertain: and so cogent is their method of instruction, that they never fail to convince their pupils, that success at dice, as well as bowls, depends upon a skilful management of the *bias*, and that the cards are not shuffled by the blind hand of fortune.

It is a notion confined wholly to the vulgar, that 'matrimony brings people together:' but it is notorious, that in higher life a marriage is the most effectual method to keep them asunder. It is impolite for a man and his wife ever to be seen together in public; and a person of quality had rather enjoy a *tete-a-tete* with any body's wife but his own, in private. Genteel couples have separate amusements, pay separate visits, keep separate company, lie in separate beds, and (like the man and woman in a weather-house) are never seen together: nay more, if they are very genteel indeed, the lady has her separate maintenance. On the contrary, if a man of fashion has a *tendre* for an unmarried lady, they reside in the same house, partake of the same diversions, and observe every other article of the strictest cohabitation. The surest way of dissolving a connexion of this sort is to marry. Sir John Brute bluntly declares, that, if he was married to a hogshead of claret, the thought of matrimony would make him hate it. Thus, in general, the very names of wife and husband are sufficient to destroy all affection: and it was but a day or two ago that I met with a sprightly young gentleman much of the same opinion with Sir John; who being reproached for neglecting his lady for a mistress, and reminded that man and wife were one flesh, replied, that it was very true, and what pleasure could he have in touching his own flesh? Modern wedlock, therefore, may be rather said to divide, than unite: at least, if matrimony ever brings folks together for a time, it is only to separate them more effectually; as, according to the principles of action and re-action, where two bodies are drawn together by a violent attraction, they immediately fly off, and are driven back again from each other by the principle of repulsion.

It may well be called a Vulgar Error, since none but the vulgar think so, that 'the sabbath is a day of rest.' It is, as experience teaches us, a day of business with some, of pleasure with others, but of rest with none. It is true, indeed, that a cessation from worldly occupations, together with roast beef and plum-pudding, were formerly the characteristics of the sabbath in England: but these inactive principles are now entirely out of fashion; nor do I know any person, who is strictly debarred from exercising his employment on that day, except the sheriff's officer. The exact citizen, nicely calculating the damages he would sustain, on an average, by the loss of a seventh part of his time, defrauds the sabbath of its due rights, as he cheats his customers, in the way of trade. As to people of quality, they, I suppose, (duly considering how prodigal they are of their lives by adhering to the polite system) are willing to hushand the little time allotted them, by adding 'night to day, and Sunday to the week.'

If old woman was not a term frequently made use of by the perverse and impolite multitude, I should hardly attempt to prove so clear and obvious a proposition, as that 'there is no such thing in the creation as an old woman.' Old women are, indeed, mentioned by some few writers: but I have always looked upon their existence to be as chimerical as that of the Brobdignags or the Yahoos; and I do not believe, that there has been such an animal in nature since the flood. In the present distant period we are unable to conceive the least idea of such a creature, as the same appearance of youth, the same lilies and roses-bloom on the faces of the whole sex. For a proof of this, if we look round at the opera, the playhouse, a lady's rout, or any other assembly, we may observe, that all our girls, whether of a smaller or of a larger growth, assume the same air of gaiety and intrigue, and wear the same complexions. A limner of great business has often declared to me, that though he has had several mothers, and grandmothers, and great grandmothers sit to him, he never yet drew the picture of an old woman. Medea is said to have renewed the youth and vigour of her father Æson by boiling him, with certain magic herbs, in a cauldron: but I will not presume to say, that our ladies are preserved from old age by stewing in a copper, or that, according to a more modern notion, old women are ground young again by a mill. This, however, is certain; that youth as well as beauty, is the perpetual prerogative of the female sex: and that age, though it sits venerably on a man, would no more become a lady than a beard.

In an age so enlightened as the present, when we have thrown off all other mean prejudices of nature and education, it is no wonder, that we should discard the gospel; and I am almost in doubt, whether I should mention the belief of it as a Vulgar Error, since it daily loses its credit among us. Wherefore, if I may not be allowed to set down the belief in a God, a Saviour, a future state, the immortality of the soul, &c. &c. as prevailing errors, I cannot omit so fair an opportunity of congratulating my cotemporaries on their having overcome them. Nor can I better conclude this paper, than by a hint to my friends, the freethinkers, cautioning them to consider, whether, if we were made by chance, the world was made by chance, and every thing else was made by chance, there may not also be a hell made by chance. O.

Nº 110. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1756.

Contractâ melius parva cupidine
Vectigalia porrigam. Hor.

Virtue shall go scot-free; our new excise
From vice and folly shall raise large supplies.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

Every Englishman, who has the good of his country at heart, must lament the perplexity which our ministers labour under, in contriving ways and means to raise money for the present exigence of affairs. I have with pleasure hearkened to the several projects proposed in the debates of patriots in our coffee-houses and private clubs; but though I find they are unanimous in allowing the necessity of levying new taxes, every one is willing to shift off the burden from himself.

I was introduced the other night into a set of worthy citizens, who very zealously took this subject into consideration over their evening pipe. One of them, a grave gentleman, pulling the Evening Post out of his pocket, and putting on his spectacles, read aloud to us the several methods already proposed; to which many wise objections were immediately started by the company. 'What's that?' says an old don (who I afterwards found had a small estate in houses) 'an additional duty upon bricks, and pan-tiles, and plain-tiles! I suppose they will lay a duty upon plain-tile pegs by-and-bye.' This speech was received with an hearty chuckle of applause from the rest of the company; when another took occasion to observe, 'that he very much approved the scheme for laying a larger tax upon cards and dice;' one of which he called the devil's books, and the other his bones. The duty upon plate might perhaps have passed into a law in this assembly, if it had not been vehemently opposed by one member (whom I discovered to be a silversmith) in which he was seconded by the landlord of the house, who had a seat in this meeting, and told us, 'that it would lie very hard upon publicans, as nobody would now drink their porter out of a pewter pot.' These and the like arguments induced us to set aside all the projects that had been offered hitherto, and to consult together in order to find new ones in their room; among which I could not but smile at the proposal of an honest peruke-maker, who advised the levying of a *poll*-tax upon all that wore their own hair. 'For,' says he, 'we have never had good times, since wigs were out of fashion. What rare days were those in Queen Anne's reign, when the nobility and gentry wore large flaxen flows of thirty guineas price! And as you may see my Lord Godolphin's monument in Westminster-Abbey, a prime minister's wig could not be made, I am sure, under fifty guineas.'

The discourse that passed at this society of politicians, has led me to turn my thoughts on devising some method that might answer the present demands for a supply, with the least injury to the community. On this account I am of opinion, that private vices (according to the favourite tenet of Mandeville) may in some measure be converted into public benefits, by laying a certain tax or duty on the fashionable amusements of the gay and polite world. For this purpose I have, with great pains and labour, contrived a plan, a few heads of which, without further preface, I shall (with your leave) submit to the consideration of those whom it may concern.

First, then, I would propose, that no persons of quality, or others, should be allowed to keep any rout, drum, assembly, visiting-day (or whatever other name it may hereafter be called by) at which more than one hundred persons shall be found assembled, without paying a certain rate for every such rout, drum, &c. The number of these meetings, which are held in this town (including the city of London and the suburbs thereof) I have computed upon an exact calculation, to amount annually to eight thousand three hundred and upwards; so that if a duty, at only sixpence per head, were to be levied upon the company, it would bring in a prodigious income to the government; deducting for the decrease consequent of this tax, as also for those which we may expect will be smuggled, or carried on clandestinely. And, as gaming is an essential diversion at all these meetings, I would further advise, that every card-table be entered, in the same manner as all wheel-carriages, and a proportionable rate fixed on them, according to the degree and quality of the owners. Be it enacted, moreover, that extraordinary licenses shall be taken out for playing at cards on the Sabbath-day; but that these be granted only to persons of the highest rank and fashion.

At the present juncture of affairs every one will agree with me, that if an absolute prohibition be impracticable, an heavy duty should be laid on the importation of French fashions and fopperies into this kingdom. It is therefore but reasonable, that all French cooks, valets de chambre, milliners, mantuamakers, hair-cutters, &c. should be at least doubly taxed, as it is notorious that they exact from the dupes who employ them, more than double the wages or price for their labours, that our own modest countrymen would require. This tax, I make no doubt, would produce no inconsiderable sum for the public use: and as our ladies, though I would not suspect that they have French hearts, are ambitious of wearing French complexions, a further sum might also be raised by fixing a high duty upon rouge and carmine.

There are many other particulars in the fashionable world which might be turned in the same manner to the public good. A tax on kept mistresses, for example, who are now become so very numerous, that I question not but a duty, properly levied on them, would be sufficient to maintain all the widows of our soldiers and sailors who shall happen to be killed in the service. An heavy duty might also be laid on all Bagnios, French-wine-houses, Covent-garden coffee-houses, &c. and since, in spite of laws and decency, these places are suffered to be kept open, it is surely equitable that they should pay round taxes for the relief of the nation, as well as an annual tribute for the connivance of the neighbouring justices. To add to this scheme, and to make vice and folly further contribute to the public necessity, I would also propose, that Messieurs Harris, Derry, and the rest of the fraternity of pimps retained as caterers to the voluptuous at any tavern or bagnio, should enter all the hacks in their service t an excise office appropriated to this purpose; and at, to prevent frauds, as well as to point out the eans of application to the office for redress in case of complaint, these hacks should all be marked and numbered, like the hackney-coaches.

As it is incumbent on every Englishman to expose his life in defence of his country against the common enemy, I must particularly recommend, that some means may be devised, that the gallant feats of those men of honour, who rather choose to risk their lives in the modish way of duelling, may be attended with some advantage to their countrymen. I would, therefore advise, that swords and pistols, of a settled length and bore, with the Tower-stamp, be provided by the government for the use of duellists, and that they shall not presume to make use of any other, under pain of incurring the guilt of murder. These weapons may be let out at a certain price; and if one of the parties happen to kill the other, the survivor shall be subject to a fine according to his rank and station, and a jury shall be directed to bring in a verdict of self-defence. In like manner, persons of quality may have leave granted them to put an end to their own lives, after an ill run at cards, or the like emergent occasions; when, on paying a certain rate, they may be indulged in a private execution from the hands of Jack Ketch, and the coroner's inquest shall be directed to bring in their verdict—lunacy.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

As you are a Connoisseur, I shall make no apology for desiring you to give the following advertisement (which has already appeared in the Daily Advertiser) a place in some corner of your paper. By doing this you will greatly oblige the *virtuosi* in flowers, as well as

Your humble Servant, &c.

TO BE SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION.

At Half a Guinea each Plant,

An Auricula, raised by Mr. William Redmond, at Islington, named the Triumph; having fine grass, a strong stem, certain blower, a large trusser, the fingers a just length, a good pip for size and shape, the eye extremely white, the thrum full, the margin a beautiful purple black, finely variegated with silver and green, continues long in bloom, and dies in colour. No plant to be sold for less than one guinea after the subscription is closed, until the bloom is over.

N° 111. THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1756.

Tandem desine matrem. HOR.

With dear mamma O make not such a pother!
But strive to be a man before your mother.

THE generality of the young unmarried ladies of the present age dislike no company so much as the elderly persons of their own sex, whether married or unmarried. Going with an old maiden aunt, a mamma, or grand-mamma to the play, or to Ranelagh, is so insipid an amusement, that it robs their entertainment of the very name of a party of pleasure. To be handed into a box, walk in the public gardens, or make one at a card-table at a rout, with a sprightly young nobleman, or gallant colonel of the guards, has some life in it; but to be kept perpetually under the wing of an old lady, can have no charms for a woman of spirit. The presence of these antiquated females imposes a constraint on their behaviour: they are, indeed, like the Duennas in Spain, spies on the conduct of the gay and young: and a good old gentlewoman, with a blooming beauty by her side, watches her every motion, and is as much frighted, if the pretty creature makes any advances to a man, as a hen, who has been foster-mother to a brood of ducklins, is alarmed at their taking to the water.

This loose coquet behaviour so much in vogue, and consequently so genteel, has, I must own, no charms in my eye, as a modest deportment appears to me most natural and becoming in the fair sex; and I am always glad to see a young lady of sufficient sense and discretion, to behave with an innocent cheerfulness, instead of apparent uneasiness and constraint, before her more aged female friends and relations. But though a daughter should prefer no company to her mother, a son, who always dangled at the side of his mamma, would appear as ridiculous as if he wore his sister's petticoats; and however amiable this maidenly demeanor might seem in a young girl, I cannot view it with equal approbation in the character of a male-virgin;—a character, with which I shall here present my reader, as drawn by one of my correspondents.

TO MR. TOWN.

SIR,

You have already given us several instances of those ambiguous creatures among the men, who are both male and female: permit me to add to them an account of those lady-like gentlemen, whom we may distinguish by the title of 'their mother's own sons;' who have in vain changed the bib and leading-strings for the breeches, and stick as close to their mammas, as a great calf to the side of an old cow. I am intimately acquainted with one of these over-grown babies; who is indeed too big to be dandled in the lap, or fed with a pap-spoon, though he is no more weaned from his mother, than, if he had not yet quitted the nursery.

The delicate Billy Suckling is the contempt of the men, the jest of the women, and the darling of his mamma. She doats on him to distraction; and is in perpetual admiration of his wit, and anxiety for his health. The good young gentleman, for his part, is neither undutiful nor ungrateful: she is the only woman that he does not look on with indifference; and she is his tutoress, his physician, and his nurse. She provides his broth every evening; will not suffer him to look into a book by candle-light lest he should hurt his eyes; and takes care to have his bed warmed: nay, I have known him sit with his mamma's white handkerchief round his neck through a whole visit, to guard him from the wind of that ugly door, or that terrible chink in the wainscot.

But however familiarly he may behave in his addresses to his mother, and whatever little acts of gallantry may pass between them, no encourgement can prevail on him to treat other women with the same freedom. Being once desired at a ball to dance a minuet, instead of taking out any of the young ladies, he could pitch upon no partner so agreeable, to whom he might offer the compliment of his hand, as his mother; and I remember when he was once called upon in a large company at a tavern to give a lady in his turn, he plainly showed who was the sole mistress of his affections by toasting his mother. The gallant custom of challenging a lady to drink a bumper, by leaving it to her option whether she will have hob or nob, frequently gives a delicious flavour to the liquor, especially when, as I have known it happen, joining the lips of the glasses has made a prelude to a meeting between the lips of the parties: but he could not be prevailed on to accept a glass of claret from the fairest hand, though kiss were sure to follow it. I have known him so ery nice, as to refuse a glass of sack filled with alnuts, which had been peeled by the snowy fingers of a beautiful young lady: though I have seen him smack his lips after a glass of raisin wine, in which his prudent mother had been dabbling with her snuffy finger, in order to fish out the small particles of cork, which might possibly have choked him. If a lady drops her fan, he sits without any emotion, and suffers her to stoop for it herself; or if she strikes the tea-cup against the saucer to give notice that it is empty, he pays no regard to the signal, but sees her walk up to the tea-table, without stirring from his chair. He would rather leave the most celebrated beauty, in crossing the street, to the mercy of a drayman, than trust her with his little finger: though at the same time, should his mother be so distressed, he would not scruple to bear as much of her weight as he could stand under, and to redeem her silk stockings from jeopardy, would even expose his own.

One would imagine, that this extreme coyness and reserve, in which he so remarkably differs from the generality of his own sex, would in another respect as effectually distinguish him from the generality of women: I mean that being less polite in his address than a footman, we should hardly expect to find him more loquacious than a chambermaid. But this is really the case: suffer him to take the lead in conversation, and there are certain topics, in which the most prating gossip at a christening would find it difficult to cope with him. The strength of his constitution is his favourite theme: he is constantly attempting to prove, that he is not susceptible of the least injury from cold: though a hoarseness in his voice, and the continual interruptions of a consumptive cough, give him the lie in his throat at the end of every sentence. The instances, indeed, by which he endeavours to prove his hardiness, unluckily rather tend to convince us of the delicacy of his frame, as they seldom amount to more than his having kicked off the bed-clothes in his sleep, laid aside one of his flannel waistcoats in a hot day, or tried on a new pair of pumps, before they had been sufficiently aired. For the truth of these facts he always appeals to his mamma, who vouches for him with a sigh, and protests that his carelessness would ruin the constitution of a horse.

I am now coming to the most extraordinary part of his character. This pusillanimous creature thinks himself, and would be thought, a buck. The noble fraternity of that order find, that their reputation can be no otherwise maintained, than by prevailing on an Irish chairman now and then to favour them with a broken head, or by conferring the same token of their esteem on the unarmed and defenceless waiters at a tavern. But these feats are by no means suited to the disposition of our hero: and yet he always looks upon his harmless exploits as the bold frolics of a buck. If he escapes a nervous fever a month, he is quite a buck: if he walks home after it is dark, without his mamma's maid to attend him, he is quite a buck: if he sits up an hour later than his usual time, or drinks a glass or two of wine without water, he calls it a debauch; and because his head does not ache the next morning, he is quite a buck. In short, a woman of the least spirit within the precincts of St. James's would demolish him in a week, should he pretend to keep pace with her in her irregularities; and yet he is ever dignifying himself with the appellation of buck.

Now might it not be giving this gentleman a useful hint, Mr Town, to assure him, that while milk and water is his darling liquor, a bamboo cane his club, and his mother the sole object of his affections, the world will never join in denominating him a buck: that if he fails in this attempt, he is absolutely excluded from every order in society; for whatever his deserts may be, no assembly of antiquated virgins can ever acknowledge him for a sister, nature having as deplorably disqualified him for that rank in the community, as he has disqualified himself for every other: and that, though he never can arrive at the dignity of leading apes in hell, he may possibly be condemned to dangle in that capacity, at the apron-string of an old maid in the next world, for having so abominably resembled one in this.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
W. C.

N° 112. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1756.

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo:
Per jugu chrysolithi, positæque ex ordine gemmæ.
OVID.

Here on a fair one's head-dress sparkling sticks,
Swinging on silver springs, a coach and six;
There on a sprig or slop'd *pompon* you see
A chariot, sulky, chaise, or *vis-à-vis*

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

It has for a long time been observable that the ladies' heads have run much upon wheels; but of late there has appeared a strange kind of inversion, for the wheels now run upon the ladies' head. As this assertion may probably puzzle many readers who pay no attention to the rapid and whimsical revolutions of modern taste, it will be necessary to inform them, that instead of a cap, the present mode is for every female of fashion to load her head with some kind of carriage; whether they are made with broad wheels or not, I cannot determine; however, as they are undoubtedly excluded the Turnpike Act, it is by no means material. Those heads which are not able to bear a coach and six (for vehicles of this sort are very apt to crack the brain) so far act consistently with prudence as to make use of a post-chariot, or a single-horse chaise with a beau perching in the middle.

The curiosity I had of knowing the purport of this invention, and the general name of these machines, led me to make inquiry about them of a fashionable milliner, at the court end of the town. She obliged me with the sight of one of these equipages, designed for the head of a lady of quality, which I surveyed with much admiration; and placing it on the palm of my hand, could not help fancying myself, like Gulliver, taking up the Empress of Lilliput in her state-coach. The vehicle itself was constructed of gold threads, and was drawn by six dapple greys of blown glass, with a coachman, postilion, and gentleman within; of the same brittle manufacture. Upon further inquiry, the milliner told me with a smile, that it was difficult to give a reason for inventions so full of whim, but that the name of this ornament (if it may be called such) was a capriole or a cabriole; which we may trace from the same original with our English word caprice, both being derived from the French word *cabrer*, which signifies to prance like a horse.

It is not to be doubted, but that this fashion took its rise among the ladies from their fondness for equipage; and I dare say, that every fair one, who carries a coach and six upon her head, would be glad to be carried with equal splendour in a coach of her own. I would therefore propose a scheme, which might render this whimsical mode of some kind of service to both sexes; by which the ladies may give a tacit hint of their inclinations without the least breach of modesty, the men may prevent the danger and inconvenience attending the present method of advertising for wives, and the whole course of a modern courtship may be carried on, by means of this new head-dress.

Instead of a capriole, suppose this capital decoration was called a scutcheon of pretence, which must not be here understood as a term of heraldry, but as an invitation to matrimony. Thus, if a lady presumes that she has a right, either from her wit, beauty, merit, or fortune, to pretend to a set of horses, let six bright bays, blacks, or greys, prance down one side of her head; and according to the rank she insists upon, let a ducal or an earl's coronet, or a bloody hand be distinguished upon her capriole. The females of less ambition may likewise express their inclinations by a post-chariot and pair; and even those who, from a due consideration of the low condition of the funds, are so condescending as to stoop to a plain cit, have nothing to do but to fix upon their heads a single-horse chaise, filled with a loving couple, sticking as close together as two dried figs. As to those who have rashly vowed virginity, if their great proneness to censure the rest of their sex, and the fretfulness of their aspect, be not sufficient indications to keep the men at a distance, they may erect upon their noddles a formal female seated in a sulky, foolishly pleased with having the whole vehicle to herself, and awkwardly exercising the imaginary power of having the sole command of the reins.

As a further means of facilitating this new method of courtship, I must beg leave to propose, that every lady's bosom should, instead of a pendent cross, which savours of popery, be ornamented with a chain and locket, something like those bottle-tickets, which direct us to port, claret, or burgundy, upon which might be curiously engraved the numbers two hundred, five hundred, or a thousand, according to the settlement expected. But to those female Quixotes who scorn the capriole, and erect windmills upon their heads instead of it, I shall offer a word of advice worthy their attention; which is, that they would provide a pipe of communication, to be conveyed from these machines to the brain, and constituted upon the model of the ingenious Dr. Hale's ventilators, that, whenever the sails of the windmill are put into motion by the external air, they may draw off all pernicious vapours, which may occasion a vertigo in the inside, as well as on the outside of their heads.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

H.

I am much pleased with the proposal of my ingenious correspondent, and think it particularly well adapted to the present disposition of the ladies. A fondness for showy equipages is now become one of their darling passions; and the splendour in which they are to be maintained, seems to be one of the chief considerations in modern matches. If a fine lady can be carried to court in a chair richly ornamented, or roll to the opera in a rich gilt chariot, she little considers with how disagreeable a companion she goes through the journey of life: and a polite female would no more fix her affections on a man, who drives but a beggarly pair, than she could be contented with being tumbled down to his country seat, like Punch's wife to Rumford, in a wheelbarrow.

The ladies having thus strongly manifested their passion for equipage, the gentlemen, I suppose, out of mere gallantry, and in order to further the gratification of their desires, have taken great pains to convert themselves into coachmen, grooms, and jockeys. The flapped hat, the jemmy frock with plate buttons and a leathern belt, and the pride which some young men of quality take in driving, are all calculated the better to qualify them for being the ladies' humble servants. I am therefore for extending my correspondent's scheme: and as the ladies now adorn their heads with the sign of a coach and six, like the door of a Mews' alehouse, I would have the gentlemen also bear these emblematical vehicles; by which the other sex may, by a single glance at a lover's head, see in what state they will be supported; as we know a clergyman by his rose, or an officer by his cockade.

The pretty fellows, who study dress, might show a great deal of invention in suiting their caprioles to their circumstances. Any nobleman or gentleman, who has the honour to be a knowing one, might show his affection for the turf by carrying the horse and jockey; another, who is an excellent driver, might bear his own figure exalted in a phaeton; and a third, who thinks of picking up a partner for life, that can be pleased with a *tete-a-tete* or sober piquet party,with her husband, may bear a *vis-a-vis*. In a word all the different proposals of various suitors might be made by means of these ornaments, which might be worn over the foreheads of the beaux, like the white horse in the grenadiers' caps; and the ladies might be as much smitten with a promising capriole on the head of a lover, as heretofore with an elegant periwig.

If this mode should prevail, the concluding a treaty of marriage between two persons of quality might be considered in the same light, and expressed in the same terms, as making a match at Newmarket; and instead of the hackneyed phrases at present used by our news-writers, we might perhaps see the important articles, concerning marriages, drawn up after the following manner.

We hear that a match will be shortly made between the mourning coach and six of a merchant's widow with a great jointure, and a hunter, in fine order, belonging to a younger brother of a noble family.

A running horse, highly valued for his blood, is expected to start soon with a young filly from Yorkshire. Many thousand pounds are depending on this match.

A few days ago a young fellow from Ireland, mounted on a single horse, attacked an heiress in her coach and six. The lady made little or no resistance, and suffered herself to be taken out of the coach, and carried off behind him.

A gay coach and six, belonging to a young heir just of age, came to town last week in great splendour, and was intended to be matched with an equipage of the same kind: but having unfortunately run against Arthur's chocolate-house, it broke down, and the owner was very much hurt.

We hear from Bath, that the post-chaise of a young lady of great beauty lately made its appearance in the long-room, and soon after went off with the landau of a neighbouring country squire.

We are also informed from the same place, that an old-fashioned two-wheel chaise with a single horse, contrived to hold only one person, had driven about the walks for some time; but having jostled against the sulky of an old bachelor, in his grand climacteric, it was judged expedient to join them together; when they formed a most agreeable *vis-a-vis*, for the mutual accommodation of both parties.

N° 113. THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1756.

O sanctas gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina!——— JUV.

O hallow'd ground! a grove here rev'rend nods,
Here thick plantations rise of all the gods.

VIRTUE is almost the only instance in which the appearance of literary knowledge is affected in the present age; and our persons of rank acquire just enough scholarship, to qualify themselves for Connoisseurs. This sort of students become sufficiently acquainted with the customs of the ancients, to learn the least interesting particulars concerning them. They can distinguish a Tiberius from a Trajan, know the pantheon from the amphitheatre, and can explain the difference between the *prætexta* and the *tunica;* which (only supposing the present times to have elapsed some hundred years) is just as deep knowledge, as if some future antiquary should discover the difference between a Carolus and an Anna, or St. Paul's church and Drury-lane playhouse, or a full-trimmed suit and a French frock.

But the full display of modern polite learning is exhibited in the decorations of parks, gardens, &c. and centred in that important monosyllable, taste. Taste comprehends the whole circle of the polite arts, and sheds its influence on every lawn, avenue, grass-plot, and paterre. Taste has peopled the walk and gardens of the great with more numerous inhabitants than the ancient Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads. While infidelity has expunged the Christian theology from our creed, taste has introduced the heathen mythology into our gardens. If a pond is dug, Neptune, at the command of taste, emerges from the bason, and presides in the middle; or if a vista is cut through a grove, it must be terminated by a Flora, or an Apollo. As the ancients held that every spot of ground had its guardian genius, and that woodland deities were pegged in the knotty entrails of every tree, so in the gardens laid out by modern taste, every walk is peopled with gods and goddesses, and every corner of it has its tutelar deity. Temples are erected to all the train of deities mentioned in Homer or Ovid, which edifices, as well as their several statues, are adorned with Latin or Greek inscriptions; while the learned owner wonders at his own surprising stock of literature, which he sees drawn out at large before him, like the whole knowledge of an apothecary inscribed upon his gallipots.

These persons of taste may be considered as a sort of learned idolators, since they may be almost said to adore these graven images, and are quite enthusiastic in their veneration of them. The following letter may possibly give them some offence; but as I have myself no extravagant fondness for a Jupiter Tonans or a Belvidere Apollo, I heartily wish the scheme proposed by my correspondent may take place, though it should reduce the price of heathen godheads.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

At a time when all wise heads are considering of ways and means to raise taxes, that may prove the least oppressive to indigence, and the most effectually restrictive of luxury, permit me to propose (as a supplement to the thoughts of one of your correspondents on this subject) a national tax upon gods.

It is a strange but an undeniable truth, Mr. Town, that if you and I were to travel through England, and to visit the citizen in his country box, the nobleman at his seat, the esquire at the hall-house, and even the divine at his parsonage, we should find the gardens, avenues, and groves, belonging to each mansion, stuffed and ornamented with heathen gods.

In the present declining state of our established religion, I almost tremble to consider what may be the consequences of these ready-made deities. Far be it from me to suppose that the great and the rich will worship any god whatsoever; but still I am induced to fear that the poor and the vulgar, when they find all other worship ridiculed and laid aside, may foolishly take to these molten images, and adore every leaden godhead they can find. If a tax on wheels has put down some hundreds of coaches, by a parity of reason, a tax upon gods may pull down an equal, if not a greater, number of statues. I would also offer another proposal: which is this: that an oak be immediately planted wherever a statue has been taken away; by which means those vast woods, which of late years have been cut down in England, to supply the immediate necessities of the illustrious Arthurites in St. James's-street, may be in some measure supplied to future generations.

Among our present taxes, some of them fall upon branches of splendour, not totally luxurious. Wheel-carriages may be necessary; want of health or lameness of limbs may require them; but what necessities can we pretend for statues in our gardens, Penates in our libraries, and Lares on every chimney-piece? I have remarked many wild whims of this kind, that have appeared submissions, if not attachments, to idolatry. A gentleman of my acquaintance has destroyed his chapel, merley because he could not put up statues in it, and has filled his garden with every god, that can be found in Spence's Polymetis. Another of my friends, after having placed a Belvidere Apollo very conspicuously and naked upon the top of a mount, has erected an obelisk to the Sun: and this expense he has not put himself to for the beauty of the obelisk, for it is not beautiful, nor again for the splendour of the planet, which is of pewter double gilt, but only because, being in possession of copies or originals of every deity that Greece or Italy could boast, he was resolved to have the god of Persia to complete his collection. A poll-tax, therefore, upon gods and goddesses, be their representation what it will, suns, dogs, moons, or monkeys, is absolutely necessary, and would infallibly bring in a large revenue to the state.

Happening to be the other day at Slaughter's coffee-house, in St. Martin's-lane, I saw two very fine statues of Fame and Fortune, brought out of Mr. Roubilliac's gate, and exposed to view, before they were nailed up and carted. The boy of the house told us they were to be placed upon the top of Sir Thomas ——'s chapel in Hampshire. 'Is it for such as these,' observed a sneering papist, who stood near me, 'that crucifixes have been removed, and that reverend saints and martyrs have been destroyed, and pounded into dust? Is it for these, that St. Peter has been broken to pieces, and St. Paul melted down into water-pipes? Must Our Lady make room for Proserpine? And the holy giant St. Christopher fall a victim to the Farnesian Hercules? Will you not agree with me, Sir,' continued he, 'that as men are induced, and almost constrained, to judge of others by their own manners and inclinations, we who are supposed to worship the images of Christians, must naturally conclude, that the protestants of the Church of England worship the images of heathens?' I confess I was at a loss how to answer the acuteness of his questions; and must own, that I cannot help thinking St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, or St. Dunstan taking the devil by the nose, as proper ornaments for a chapel, as any pagan deities whatever.

Hitherto I have kept you entirely among the molten images without doors, but were we to enter the several mansions whose avenues and demesnes are adorned in the manner I describe, we should find every chamber a pagod, filled with all the monstrous images that the idolatry of India can produce. I will not presume to infer that the ladies address kitoos (prayers which the Japanese make use of in time of public distress) to their Ingens, but I am apt to surmise, that in times of danger and invasion, some of your fair readers would be more alarmed at the approach of the French to their china than to their chapels, and would sooner give up a favourite lap-dog, than a grotesque chimney-piece figure of a Chinese saint with numberless heads and arms. I have not yet digested my thoughts, in what manner the fair sex ought to be taxed. It is a tender point, and requires consideration. At present, I am of opinion, they ought to be spared, and the whole burthen entirely laid upon those Bramins and Imans, whose idolatrous temples lie publicly open to our streets.

I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,
MOSES ORTHODOX.

Nº 114. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1756.

Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam. HOR.

Fly! neighbours, fly! he raves; his verses show it;
Fly! or you're caught, you're bit by a mad poet.

I REMEMBER, when I was very young, a relation carried me to visit a gentleman who had wrote some pieces that had been very well received, and made me very happy by promising to introduce me to an author. As soon as I came, I surveyed his whole person from top to toe with the strictest attention; sat open-mouthed to catch every syllable that he uttered, and noticed his voice, manner, and every word and gesture, with the minutest observation. I could not help whispering to myself the whole evening, 'I am in company with an author,' and waited with the most anxious impatience to hear him deliver something that might distinguish him from the rest of mankind. The gentleman behaved with great cheerfulness and politeness: but he did not at all answer the idea which I had conceived of an author; and I went home exceedingly disappointed, because I could not find any striking difference between him and the rest of my acquaintance.

There is no character in human life, which is the subject of more frequent speculation among the vulgar, than an author. Some look on him with contempt, and others with admiration; but they all agree in believing him to be something different from all other people: and it is remarkable with what greediness they attend to any little anecdotes, which they can pick up concerning his life and conversation. He is, indeed, a kind of an ideal being, of which people conceive very different notions. By some he is supposed never to stir out of a garret, to wear a rusty black coat, dirty shirt, and darned stockings, and to want all the necessaries, as well as conveniences, of life; while others regard him as a creature superior to the rest of mortals, and endowed with something more than reason. One part, therefore, is surprised to see him walk abroad, and appear as well dressed as other people; and another is disappointed, when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of life, no better than any other common man.

Nor is it less curious to consider the different ideas they conceive of the manner in which the business of writing is executed. The novice in literature, 'smit with the love of sacred song,' but not yet dipt in ink, supposes it all rapture and enthusiasm, and in imagination sees the author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables; while the mechanic considers him as working at his trade, and thinks he can sit down to write, whenever he pleases, as readily as the smith can labour at his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the author with some veneration as a scholar: but writing appears to him a mighty easy business, and he smiles, whenever he hears any body mention the labour of it; nor has he the least conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy harassed with pursuing a long train of ideas.

As people are led frequently to judge of a man from his ordinary conversation, so it is common for them to form an idea of the author's disposition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings: they expect a gloom to be spread over the face of a mathematician; a controversial writer must be given to wrangling and dispute; and they imagine that a satirist must be made up of spleen, envy, and ill-nature. But this criterion is by no means certain and determinate: I knew an author of a tragedy, who is the merriest man living; and one who has wrote a very witty comedy, though he will sit an hour in company without speaking a word. Lord Buckhurst is celebrated for being 'the best good man with the worst natured muse;' and Addison was remarkably shy and reserved in conversation. I remember, I once fell into company with a painter, a poet, a divine, and a physician, who were no less famous for their wit and humour, than for their excellence in their several professions. After the usual common topics were discussed, the physician and the poet fell into a dispute concerning predestination; the divine smoked his pipe quietly, without putting in a word; while the painter and myself formed a privy council for the good of the nation. Thus, were it possible to conjure up the spirits of the most eminent wits in former ages, and put them together, they would perhaps appear to be very dull company. Virgil and Addison would probably sit staring at each other without opening their mouths; Horace and Steele would perhaps join in commendation of the liquor; and Swift would in all likelihood divert himself with sucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine spilt upon the table, or twirling the corkscrew round his finger.

The strange prejudices, which some persons conceive against authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the service of literature: or, if he ventures to commit a favourite work to the press, he steals to the printer's with as much caution and privacy, as he would, perhaps, on another occasion, to a surgeon. He is afraid that he shall injure his character by being known to have written any thing, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will despise him as a low wretch, as soon as they discover him to be an author; as if merely the appearing in print was a disgrace to a gentleman, and the *imprimatur* to his works was no more than a stamp of shame and ignominy. These are the terrors which at first disturb the peace of almost every author, and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer, who cried out, 'O that mine enemy had written a book!'

These fearful apprehensions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or suppress, out of deference to the world: but if this false modesty is too much cherished, it must of course damp all genius, and discourage every literary undertaking. Why should it be disgraceful to exert the noblest faculties given us by nature? and why should any man blush at acquitting himself well in a work, which there is scare one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even supposing an author to support himself by the profit arising from his works, there is nothing more dishonest, scandalous, or mean in it, than an officer in the army (the politest of all professions) living on his commission. Sense and genius are as proper commodities to traffic in, as courage; and an author is no more to be condemned as a hackney scribbler, though he writes at the rate of so much per sheet, than a colonel should be despised as a mercenary and a bravo, for exposing himself to be slashed, stuck, and shot at for so much per day. The truth is, that authors themselves often create the evils they complain of, and bring a disgrace on the service of literature, by being ashamed to wear the badge of it. Voltaire, in his letters on the English, relates a remarkable instance of this kind of false pride in our own Congreve. Voltaire, when he was in England, waited on Congreve, and told him, that he was glad of an opportunity of paying his respects to a writer so much celebrated for his wit and humour. Congreve received him politely enough, but replied, that he should be glad to see him as a common gentleman, but would not be considered or conversed with as an author. The French writer was a good deal surprised at such a ridiculous piece of delicacy, and could not help telling him, that if he had been no more than a common gentleman, he should never have had any desire of seeing him.

I have often pleased myself with reflecting on the different opinions, which my readers must have formed of me, since my first appearance as an author. As poverty is one of the general characteristics of our brotherhood, those who indulge themselves in a contempt of writers, have, I doubt not, often painted me to their imagination in a very grotesque taste. Their ideal caricatures have perhaps often represented me lodged at least three stories from the ground, composing dissertations on the modern taste in architecture: at another time I may have been delineated sitting in a tattered night-gown and the breeches of a heathen philosopher, writing satires on the present modes in dress: and sometimes perhaps they have figured me half-starved, for want of a hearty meal, penning invectives against luxury and debauchery.

But, while these have reduced me to this low condition, and 'steeped me in poverty to the very lips,' I flatter myself, that some few have bestowed on me an extraordinary share of virtue and understanding. After so many grave lessons against the vices and luxury of the present age, they will naturally suppose that I never risked a farthing at the gaming-table, never kept a mistress, would decline an invitation to a turtle feast, and, rather than be provoked to fight a duel, would take a kick on the breech, or tweak by the nose, with all the calmness and resignation imaginable. As to my wit and humour, I should blush to set down the many compliments I have had from several unknown correspondents on that head: and I once received a note from a very honest gentleman, who desired to spend an evening with me, promising himself great diversion in cracking a bottle with the facetious Mr. Town.

These various opinions of me as an author I shall never labour to reconcile; but shall be equally contented with instructing or amusing the gentle reader, whether he considers my papers as favours showered down upon him from a bookseller's garret, or issuing from my own apartment. However this may be, I shall never think it a disgrace to have written, or be ashamed to be considered as an author; and if ever Mr. Voltaire should think proper to visit England again, I shall be very glad of a literary chat with him, and will give him a most gracious reception.

T.

No. 115. THURSDAY, APRIL, 8, 1756.

——*Cœlebs quid agam?* HOR.

With an old bachelor how things miscarry!
What shall I do? go hang myself? or marry?

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

No man is a sincerer friend to innocent pleasantry, or more desirous of promoting it, than myself. Raillery of every kind, provided it be confined within due bounds, is, in my opinion, an excellent ingredient in conversation; and I am never displeased, if I can contribute to the harmless mirth of the company, by being myself the subject of it: but, in good truth, I have neither a fortune, a constitution, nor a temper, that will enable me to chuckle and shake my sides, while I suffer more from the festivity of my friends, than the spleen or malice of my enemies could possibly inflict upon me; nor do I see any reason, why I should so far move the mirthful indignation of the ladies, as to be teased and worried to death in mere sport, for no earthly reason, but that I am what the world calls an old bachelor.

The female part of my acquaintance entertain an odd opinion, that a bachelor is not, in fact, a rational creature; at least, that he has not the sense of feeling in common with the rest of mankind; that a bachelor may be beaten like a stock-fish; that you may thrust pins into his legs, and wring him by the nose; in short, that you cannot take too many liberties with a bachelor. I am at a loss to conceive on what foundation these romping philosophers have grounded their hypothesis, though, at the same time, I am a melancholy proof of its existence, as well as of its absurdity.

A friend of mine, whom I frequently visit, has a wife and three daughters, the youngest of which has persecuted me these ten years. These ingenious young ladies have not only found out the sole end and purpose of my being themselves, but have likewise communicated their discovery to all the girls in the neighbourhood: so that if they happen at any time to be apprised of my coming, (which I take all possible care to prevent) they immediately dispatch half a dozen cards to their faithful allies, to beg the favour of their company to drink coffee, and help to tease Mr. Ironside. Upon these occasions, my entry into the room is sometimes obstructed by a cord fastened across the bottom of the door-case: which, as I am a little near-sighted, I seldom discover, till it has brought me upon my knees before them. While I am employed in brushing the dust from my black rollers, or chafing my broken shins, my wig is suddenly conveyed away, and either stuffed behind the looking-glass, or tossed from one to the other so dexterously and with such velocity, that, after many a fruitless attempt to recover it, I am obliged to sit down bare-headed, to the great diversion of the spectators. The last time I found myself in these distressful circumstances, the eldest girl, a sprightly mischievous jade, stepped briskly up to me, and promised to restore my wig, if I would play her a tune on a small flute she held in her hand. I instantly applied it to my lips, and blowing lustily into it, to my inconceivable surprise, was immediately choked and blinded with a cloud of soot, that issued from every hole in the instrument. The younger part of the company declared I had not executed the conditions, and refused to surrender my wig; but the father, who had a rough kind of facetiousness about him, insisted on its being delivered up, and protested that he never knew the black joke better performed in his life.

I am naturally a quiet inoffensive animal, and not easily ruffled; yet I shall never submit to these indignities with patience, till I am satisfied I deserve them. Even the old maids of my acquaintance, who, one would think, might have a fellow-feeling for a brother in distress, conspire with their nieces to harass and torment me: and it is not many nights since Miss Diana Grizzle utterly spoiled the only superfine suit I have in the world, by pinning the skirts of it together with a red-hot poker. I own my resentment of this injury was so strong, that I determined to punish it by kissing the offender, which in cool blood I should never have attempted. The satisfaction, however, which I obtained by this imprudent revenge, was much like what a man of honour feels on finding himself run through the body by the scoundrel who had offended him. My upper lip was transfixed with a large corking pin, which in the scuffle she had conveyed into her mouth; and I doubt not that I shall carry the *memorem labris notam* (the mark of this Judas kiss) from an old maid to the grave with me.

These misfortunes, or others of the same kind, I encounter daily: but at these seasons of the year, which give a sanction to this kind of practical wit, and when every man thinks he has a right to entertain himself at his friend's expense, I live in hourly apprehensions of more mortifying adventures. No miserable dunghill-cock, devoted a victim to the wanton cruelty of the mob, would be more terrified at the approach of a Shrove-Tuesday, were he endued with human reason and forecast, than I am at the approach of a merry Christmas or the first of April. No longer ago than last Thursday, which was the latter of these festivals, I was pestered with mortifying presents from the ladies; obliged to pay the carriage of half a dozen oyster-barrels stuffed with brick-bats, and ten packets by the post containing nothing but old newspapers. But what vexed me the most, was the being sent fifty miles out of town, on that day, by a counterfeit express from a dying relation.

I could not help reflecting, with a sigh, on the resemblance between the imaginary grievance of poor Tom in the tragedy of Lear, and those which I really experienced. I, like him, was led through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; and though knives were not laid under my pillow, minced horse-hair was strewed upon my sheets: like him, I was made to ride on a hard-trotting horse through the most dangerous ways, and found, at the end of my journey, that I had only been coursing my own shadow.

As much a sufferer as I am by the behaviour of the women in general, I must not forget to remark, that the pertness and sauciness of an old maid is particularly offensive to me. I cannot help thinking, that the virginity of these ancient misses is at least as ridiculous as my own celibacy. If I am to be condemned for having never made an offer, they are as much to blame for having never accepted one: if I am to be derided for having never married, who never attempted to make a conquest, they are more properly the objects of derision who are still unmarried, after having made so many. Numberless are the proposals they have rejected, according to their own account: and they are eternally boasting of the havoc they have formerly made among the knights, baronets, and squires, at Bath, Tunbridge, and Epsom; while a tattered madrigal perhaps, a snip of hair, or the portrait of a cherry-cheeked gentleman in a milk-white perriwig, are the only remaining proofs of those beauties, which are now withered like the short-lived rose, and have only left the virgin thorn remaining.

Believe me, Mr. Town, I am almost afraid to trust you with the publication of this epistle: the ladies, whom I last mentioned, will be so exasperated on reading it, that I must expect no quarter at their hands for the future; since they are generally as little inclined to forgiveness in their old age, as they were to pity and compassion in their youth. One expedient, however, is left me, which, if put in execution, will effectually screen me from their resentment.

I shall be happy, therefore, if by your means I may be permitted to inform the ladies, that as fusty an animal as they think me, it is not impossible but by a little gentler treatment than I have hitherto met with, I may be humanized into a husband. As an inducement to them to relieve me from my present uneasy circumstances, you may assure them, that I am rendered so exceedingly tractable by the very severe discipline I have undergone, that they may mould and fashion me to their minds with ease; and, consequently, that by marrying me, a woman will save herself all that trouble which a wife of any spirit is obliged to take with an unruly husband, who is absurd enough to expect from her a strict performance of the marriage vow, even in the very minute article of obedience: that, so far from contradicting a lady, I shall be mighty well satisfied, if she contents herself with contradicting me: that, if I happen at any time inadvertently to thwart her inclinations, I shall think myself rightly served, if she boxes my ears, spits in my face, or treads upon my corns: that, if I approach her lips, when she is not in a kissing humour, I shall expect she will bite me by the nose; or, if I take her by the hand at an improper season, that she will instantly begin to pinch, scratch, and claw, and apply her fingers to those purposes which they were certainly intended by nature to fulfil. Add to these accomplishments, so requisite to make the married state happy, that I am not much turned of fifty, can tie on my cravat, fasten a button, or mend a hole in my stocking without any assistance.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
CHRISTOPHER IRONSIDE.

No. 116. THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1756.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre
Errare, atque viam palantes quærere vitæ. LUCRET.

Here each profession, and its tribe we view,
Some toiling in the old, and some inventing new.

THOSE parents who are unable to give their sons an estate, regard the educating them to one of the three great professions of law, physic, and divinity, as putting them in the high road to acquire one.

Hence it happens, that nineteen parts out of twenty of our young men are brought up with a view to Lambeth, the Seals, or Warwick-lane. But, alas! their hopes and expectations of rising by their professions are often frustrated; and the surprising numbers, engaged in running the same race, necessarily jostle one another. For though the courts of justice are tolerably supplied with matters of litigation; though there are many invalids and valetudinarians; and though great part of England is laid out into church preferments; yet there is not, in all the kingdom, sufficient matter for legal contention, to employ a tenth part of those who have been trained to engross deeds in their chamber, or to harangue at the bar: the number of patients bears no proportion to the swarms of the faculty, nor would it though a consultation were to sit on every sick man, like carrion-flies upon a carcase: and the prodigious number of reverend divines infinitely exceeds that of those bishoprics, deaneries, prebends, rectories, vicarages, &c. which when they are ordained, they conceive it to be part of their holy orders to fill. From these frequent failures in each of the professions, the younger sons of great men often wish, that they had been permitted to disgrace the family by some mercantile, or more plebeian occupation; while the son of the mechanic curses the pride of his father, who, instead of securing him a livelihood in his own business, has condemned him to starve in pudding-sleeves, that he may do honour to his relations by being a gentlemen.

The three professions being thus crowded with more candidates for business and preferment, than can possibly be employed or promoted, has occasioned several irregularities in the conduct of the followers of each of them. The utter impossibility of supporting themselves in the usual method of practising law, physic, or divinity, without clients, patients, or parishioners, has induced the labourers in each of those vocations to seek out new veins and branches. The young solicitor who finds he has nothing to do, now he is out of his clerkship, offers his assistance, in the transaction of all law affairs, by the public papers, and, like the advertising tailors, promises to work cheaper than any of his brethren: while the young barrister after having exhibited his tie-wig in Westminster-hall, during several terms to no purpose, is obliged to forego the hope of rivalling Murray and Coke, and content himself with being the oracle of the courts of Carolina or Jamaica. The graduate in medicine finding himself unsolicited for prescription or advice, and likely to starve by practising physic *secundum artem*, flies in the face of the college, and professes to cure all diseases by *nostrums* unmentioned in the dispensatory. He commences a thriving quack, and soon makes his way through the important medical degrees of walking on foot, riding on horseback, dispensing his drugs from a one-horse chaise, and lastly lolling in a chariot. The divine without living, cure, or lectureship, may perhaps incur transportation for illegal marriages, set up a theatrical-oratorical-Billingsgate chapel under the shelter of the toleration-act and the butchers of Clare-market, or kindle the inward light in the bosoms of the saints of Moorfields, and the Magdalens of Broad St. Giles's.

But notwithstanding these shoots, ingrafted, as it were, into the main body of the professions, it is still impossible for the vast multitude of divines, lawyers, and physicians, to maintain themselves, at any rate, within the pale of their respective employments. They have often been compelled, at least, to call in adventitious ones, and have sometimes totally abandoned their original undertakings. They have frequently made mutual transitions into the occupations of each other, or have perhaps embraced other employments; which, though distinct from all three, and not usually dignified with the title of professions, may fairly be considered in that light; since they are the sole means of support to many thousands, who toiled in vain for a subsistence in the three capital ones. On these professions, and their various followers, I shall here make some observations.

The first of these professions is an author. The mart of literature is, indeed, one of the chief resorts of unbeneficed divines, and lawyers and phycisians without practice. There are, at present, in the world of authors, doctors of physic, who (to use the phrase of one of them) have no great fatigue from the business of their profession: many clergymen, whose sermons are the most inconsiderable part of their compositions: and several gentlemen of the inns of court, who, instead of driving the quill over skins of parchment, lead it through all the mazes of modern novels, critiques, and pamphlets. Many likewise have embraced this profession, who were never bred to any other: and I might also mention the many bankrupt tradesmen and broken artificers, who daily enter into this new way of business, if, by pursuing it in the same mechanical manner as their former occupations, they might not rather be regarded as following a trade than a profession.

The second of these professions is a player. The ingenious gentlemen, who assume the persons of the drama, are composed of as great a variety of character as those they represent. The history of the stage might afford many instances of those, who in the trade of death might have slain men, who have condescended to deal counterfeit slaughter from their right hands, and administer harmless phials and bowls of poison. We might read also of persons, whose fists were intended to beat 'the drum eclesiastic,' who have themselves become theatrical volunteers. In regard to the law, many who were originally designed to manifest their talents for elocution in Westminster-hall, have displayed them in Drury-lane; and it may be added, on theatrical authority, that

Not e'en attorneys have this rage withstood,
But chang'd their pens for truncheons, ink for blood,
And, strange reverse!—died for their country's good.

I will not so far affront those gentlemen, who were at any time engaged in the study of the three honourable professions of law, physic, and divinity, as to suppose that any of them have ever taken the more fashionable employment of a pimp: yet it is certain, that this is a very common and lucrative profession, and that very many provide themselves with the necessaries of life, by administering to the pleasures of others. A convenient cousin, sister, or wife, has sometimes proved the chief means of making a fortune; and the tongue of slander has often ventured to affirm, that the price of procuration has been paid with a place or a bishopric.

The most advantageous and genteel of all professions is gaming. Whoever will make this science his study, will find it the readiest way to riches, and most certain passport to the best company: for the polite world will always admit any one to their society, who will condescend to win their money. The followers of this profession are very numerous; which is indeed, no wonder, when we reflect on the numbers it supports in ease and affluence, at no greater pains than packing the cards or cogging the dice, and no more risk than being sometimes tweaked by the nose, or kicked out of company; besides which, this profession daily receives new lustre from the many persons of quality that follow it, and crowd into it, with as much eagerness as into the army. Among gamesters may also be found lawyers, who get more by being masters of all the cases in Hoyle, than by their knowledge of those recorded in the Report-books; physicians, the chief object of whose attention is the circulation of the E O table; and divines, who, we may suppose, were hinted at by a famous wit in a certain assembly, when, among the other benefits resulting from a double tax upon dice, he thought fit to enumerate, that it might possibly prevent the clergy from playing at back-gammon.

But the more danger the more honour; and therefore no profession is more honourable than that of a highwayman. Who the followers of this profession are, and with what success they practise it, I will not pretend to relate; as the memoirs of several of them have been already penned by the Ordinary of Newgate, and as it is to be hoped, that the lives of all the present practitioners will be written hereafter by that faithful historian. I shall, therefore, only say, that the present spirit of dissoluteness and free-thinking must unavoidably bring this honourable profession more and more into vogue, and that every sessions may soon be expected to afford an instance of a gentleman-highwayman.

W.

No. 117. THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1756.

Ergo haud difficile est perituram arcessere summam
Lancibus oppositis, vel matris imagine fractâ. JUV.

Here to the spendthrift ready cash is lent,
On plate, or rings, or watches, cent per cent:
Here, from it's frame the enamell'd portrait drawn,
The circling brilliants are receiv'd in pawn.

I HAVE often amused myself with considering the mean and ridiculous shifts, to which the extravagant are sometimes reduced. When the certain supplies of a regular income are exhausted, they are obliged to cast about for ready cash, and set the invention to work, in order to devise means of repairing their finances. Such attempts to enlarge their revenue have frequently driven those, whose great souls would not be curbed by the straitness of their circumstances, into very uncommon undertakings: they have sent lords to Arthur's, and ladies to assemblies, or sometimes worse places. We may safely conclude, that whoever breaks through all economy, will soon discard honesty; though perhaps it might be deemed *scandalum magnatum* to aver, that prodigal men of quality have often sold their country to redeem their estates, and that extravagant ladies have been known to make up the deficiencies of their pin-money by pilfering and larceny.

One of the first and chief resources of extravagance, both in high and low life, is the pawnbrokers. I never pass by one of these shops, without considering them as the repositories of half the jewels, plate, &c. in town. It is true, indeed, that the honest and industrious are sometimes forced to supply their necessities by this method: but if we were to inquire, to whom the several articles in these miscellaneous warehouses belong, we should find the greatest part of them to be the property of the idle and infamous among the vulgar, or the prodigal and luxurious among the great; and if, in imitation of the ancients, who placed the temple of Honour behind the temple of Virtue, propriety should be attempted in the situation of pawnbrokers' shops, they would be placed contiguous to a gin-shop, as in the ingenious print of Hogarth, or behind a tavern, gaming-house, or bagnio.

Going home late last Saturday night, I was witness to a curious dialogue at the door of one of these houses. An honest journeyman carpenter, whose wife, it seems, had pawned his best clothes, having just received his week's pay, was come to redeem them; but, it being past twelve o'clock, the man of the house, who kept up the conversation by means of a little grate in the door refused to deliver them; though the poor carpenter begged hard for his holiday clothes, as the morrow was Easter Sunday. This accident led me to reflect on the various persons in town, who carry on this kind of commerce with the pawnbrokers, and gave occasion to the following dream.

I was scarce asleep before I found myself at the entrance of a blind alley, terminated by a little hatch, where I saw a vast concourse of people, of different ages, sex, and condition, going in and coming out. Some of these I observed, as they went up, very richly drest; and others were adorned with jewels and costly trinkets: but I could not help remarking, that at their return they were all divested of their finery; and several had even their gowns and coats stript off their backs. A lady, who strutted up in a rich brocaded suit, sneaked back again in an ordinary stuff night-gown; a second retreated with the loss of a diamond solitaire and pearl necklace; and a third, who had bundled up her whole stock of linen, scarce escaped with what she had upon her back. I observed several gentlemen, who brought their sideboards of plate to be melted down, as it were, into current specie; many had their pockets disburthened of their watches; and some, even among the military gentlemen, were obliged to deliver up their swords. Others of the company marched up, heavy laden with pictures, household goods, and domestic utensils; one carried a spit: another brandished a gridiron: a third flourished a frying-pan; while a fourth brought to my remembrance the old sign of the dog's head in the porridge pot. I saw several trot up merrily with their chairs, tables, and other furniture: but I could not help pitying one poor creature among the rest, who, after having stript his own house, even to his feather bed, stalked along like a Lock-patient, wrapt up in the blankets, while his wife accompanied him doing penance in the sheets.

As I was naturally curious to see the inside of the receptable, where all these various spoils were deposited, I stept up to the hatch; and meeting a grave old gentleman at the threshold, I desired him to inform me what place it was, and what business was transacted there. He very courteously took me by the hand, and leading me through a dark passage, brought me into a spacious hall, which he told me was the temple of usury, and that he himself was the chief priest of it. One part of this building was hung round with all kinds of apparel, like the sale shops in Monmouth-street; another was strewed with a variety of goods, and resembled the brokers' shops in Harp-alley; and another part was furnished with such an immense quantity of jewels and rich plate, that I should rather have fancied myself in the church of the lady of Loretto. All these, my guide informed me, were the offerings of that crowd, which I had seen resorting to this temple. The churches in Roman Catholic countries have commonly a cross fixed upon them; the Chinese erect dragons and hang bells about their pagods; and the Turkish mosques have their peculiar hieroglyphics; but I could not help taking particular notice, that this temple of usury had its vestibule adorned with three wooden balls painted blue; the mystery of which, I was told, was as dark and unfathomable as the Pythagorean number, or the secret doctrines of Trismegist.

When I had in some measure satisfied my curiosity, in taking a general survey of the temple, my instructor led me to an interior corner of it, where the most splendid offerings were spread upon a large altar. 'This bauble,' said he, showing me an elegant sprig of diamonds, 'is an aigret, sent in last week by a lady of quality, who has ever since kept home, with her head muffled up in a double clout, for a pretended fit of the tooth-ache. She has, at different times, made an offering of all her jewels: and, besides these, her whole wardrobe was very lately lodged here, which threw her into an hysteric fever, and confined her to her bed-gown for upwards of a month. Those ear-rings and other jewels are the *paraphernalia* of a young bride; who was so constant a votary to this place, that, when nothing else remained for an offering, she even brought in her wedding-ring. You may be surprised, perhaps, to behold such a variety of necklaces, girdle-buckles, solitaires, and other female ornaments, as are here collected: but it is observable, that their devotions in the temple of usury have been chiefly encouraged and kept alive by their assisting at the midnight orgies of avarice.

'Nor are the gentleman,' continued he, 'less en-encouragers of our rites. That gold watch laid snug for a considerable time, in the fob of a young man of quality: but it was one night jerked out by a single throw of the dice at a gaming-table, and made its way into the pocket of a stanger, who placed it here to keep company with several others, brought hither on a similar occasion. Those brilliant buckles once glittered on the shoes of a very pretty fellow, who set out last winter on his travels into foreign parts, but never got further than Boulogne: and that sword, with the rich fillagree hilt and elegantly-fancied sword knot with gold tassels, once dangled at the side of a spirited buck; who left it here two years ago, when he went off in a great hurry, to take possession of a large estate in his native country, Ireland, whence he is not yet returned.

You may see many others of these instruments of death, which rust peacefully in their scabbards, as being of no use whatever to their owners: that which commonly hangs upon the vacant peg there, belongs, you must know, to a noble captain: it is called upon duty once a month, and is at this instant mounting guard at St. James's.'

Not far from these rich ornaments hung several embroidered coats, laced waistcoats, *point d'espagne* hats, &c. 'This suit,' said my venerable instructor, pointing to one richly embroidered, 'was made up for a noble lord on the last birth-day, and conveyed hither the very next morning after it had appeared at court. That jemmy waistcoat with the gold worked button-holes, on the next peg, was the property of a smart templar, who, having spent a night out of his chambers, sent his waistcoat hither in the morning as a penitential offering, by his landlady. As to that heap of camblet gowns, checked aprons, and coloured handkerchiefs, which you see strung together a little further off, they are oblations made here by a sect of maudlin votaries, who resort to this temple to pay their devotions to a goddess, whom they have christened Madam Gin, but whom they sometimes honour with the more proper appellation of Strip me Naked.'

While my conductor was thus relating the history of the various offerings, and persons who had made them, he was suddenly called aside to a dark closet; several of which were erected near the entrance, and appeared not unlike the confessionals of the Romish priests. These little boxes, I found, were appointed to receive the votaries, who came to pay their devotions, and make their offerings: but the necessary rites and ceremonies were commonly solemnized with as much caution and privacy, as the mysteries of the *Bona Dea* among the Romans. At present, however, there was a greater noise and hubbub than usual. A person of the first rank in the kingdom, who had made some very considerable oblations of gold and silver plate, was now about to celebrate a feast in honour of Bacchus, in which these rich utensils would be requisite, on which occasion he prayed to have the use of them. The chief priest, after having received the customary fee, granted a dispensation for this purpose, and loaded the messengers with a number of wrought ewers, vases, and chargers; at the same time commissioning two or three of the inferior officials of the temple to attend the celebration of the feast, and to take care that the plate was duly returned, and safely lodged again in the temple.

These matters were scarcely adjusted before an unexpected incident filled the whole temple with confusion and disturbance. A rude tribe of officers broke in upon us, put a stop to the rites, and seized the chief priest himself, charging him with having profaned the place by a crime almost as infamous as sacrilege. He was accused of having encouraged robbers to strip the citizens of their most valuable effects, and for a small reward to deposit them as offerings. The clamour on this occasion was very great: and at last one of the officers, methought, seized me as a party concerned; when endeavouring to clear myself, and struggling to get out of his clutches, I awoke. W.

N° 118. THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1756.

Hæc stultitia parit civitates, hâc constant imperia, magistratus, religio, consilia, judicia, nec aliud omninò est vita humana, quam stultitiæ lusus quidam. ERASM.

Nonsense o'er empires and o'er states presides,
Our judgment, counsels, laws, religion, guides;
All arts and sciences despotic rules;
And life itself's a drama, play'd by fools.

THERE is no race of people, that has been more onspicuous, in almost every relation of life, than the illustrious family of Nonsense. In every age of the world they have shone forth with uncommon lustre, and have made a wonderful progress in all the arts and sciences. They have at different seasons delivered speeches from the throne, harangued at the bar, debated in parliament, and gone amazing lengths in philosophical inquiries and metaphysical disquisitions. In a word, the whole history of the world moral and political, is but a Cyclopædia of Nonsense. For which reason, considering the dignity and importance of the family, and the infinite service it has been of to me and many of my contemporaries, I have resolved to oblige the public with a kind of abstract of the history of Nonsense. Nonsense was the daughter of Ignorance, begot on Falsehood, many ages ago, in a dark cavern in Bœotia. As she grew up, she inherited all the qualities of her parents: she discovered too warm a genius to require being sent to school; but while other dull brats were poring over a horn-book, she amused herself with spreading fantastical lies, taught her by his mamma, and which have in latter ages been familiarly known to us under the names of Sham, Banter, and Humbug. When she grew up, she received the addresses, and soon became the wife of Impudence. Who he was, or of what profession, is uncertain: some say he was the son of Ignorance by another *venter*, and was suffered to become the husband of Nonsense in those dark ages of the world, as the Ptolemies in Egypt married their own sisters. Some record, that he was in the army: others, that he was an interpreter of the laws; and others, a divine. However this was, Nonsense and Impudence were soon inseparably united to each other, and became the founders of a more noble and numerous family, than any yet preserved on any tree of descent whatsoever; of which ingenious device they were said to have been the first inventors.

It is my chief intent at present to record the great exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themselves remarkable in England; though they began to signalize themselves very early, and are still very flourishing in most parts of the world. Many of them were Egyptian priests four thousand years ago, and told the people, that it was religion to worship dogs, monkeys, and green leeks: and their descendants prevailed on the Greeks and Romans to build temples in honour of supposed deities, who were in their own estimation of them, whores and whoremongers, pick-pockets and drunkards. Others rose up some ages after in Turkey, and persuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodshed and of the sword, in the name of the most merciful God; and others have manifested their lineal descent from Nonsense and Impudence, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were also among them many shrewd philosophers; some of whom, though they were racked with a fit of the stone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared that they felt not the least degree of pain; and others would not trust their own eyes, but when they saw a horse or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own existence.

We have no certain account of the progress of Nonsense here in Eengland, till after the Reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the monks in cloisters and convents, dreaming over old legends of saints, drawing up breviaries and mass-books, and stringing together some barbarous Latin verses in rhyme. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, so little encouragement was given to her family, that it seemed to have been almost extinct; but in the succeeding reign it flourished again, and filled most considerable offices in the nation. Nonsense became a great favourite at court, where she was highly caressed on account of her wit, which consisted in puns and quibbles; and the bonny monarch himself was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her conversation. At this time many of her progeny took orders, and got themselves preferred to the best livings, by turning the Evangelists into punsters, and making St. Paul quibble from the pulpit. Among the rest, there was a bishop, a favourite son of Nonsense, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he used to tickle his courtly audience by telling them that matrimony was become a matter of money, with many other right reverend jests recorded in Joe Miller. Several brothers of this family were likewise bred to the bar, and very gravely harangued against old women sucked by devils in the shape of ram-cats, &c. As an instance of their profound wisdom and sagacity, I need only mention that just and truly pious act of parliament made against the crying sin of witchcraft. I Jac. I. chap. 12. 'Such as shall use invocation or conjuration of any evil spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, fee or reward any evil spirit to any intent, or take up any dead person, or part thereof, to be used in witchcraft, or have used any of the said arts, whereby any person shall be killed, consumed, or lamed in his or her body, they, together with their accessaries before the fact, shall suffer as felons without benefit of clergy.'

In the troublesome times of King Charles the First, Nonsense and her family sided with the Parliament. These set up new sects in religion: some of them cropt their hair short, and called themselves the enlightened; some fell into trances, and pretended to see holy visions: while others got into tubs, and held forth, with many whinings, and groans, and snuffling through the nose. In the merry days of King Charles the Second, Nonsense assumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family wrote lewd plays, as well as luscious love-songs, and other loose verses, which were collected together and greedily bought up in miscellanies. In the succeeding reign, some of the kindred, who had received their education at St. Omers, thought themselves on the point of establishing Nonsense in church and state, and were preparing to make bonfires on the occasion in Smithfield, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since the Revolution, the field of politics has afforded large scope for Nonsense and her family to make themselves remarkable. Hence arose the various sects in party, distinguished by the names of Whig and Tory, Ministerial and Jacobite, Sunderlandians, Oxfordians, Godolphinians, Bolingbrokians, Walpolians, Pelhamians, &c. &c. &c. names which have kindled as hot a war in pamphlets and journals, as the Guelphs and Gibilines in Italy, or the Big and Little Endians in the kingdom of Lilliput.

I have here endeavoured to give a short abridgment of the history of Nonsense; though a very small part of the exploits of the family can be included in so compendious a chronicle. Some of them were very deep scholars, and filled the professors' chairs at the universities. They composed many elaborate dissertations, to convince the world, that two and two make four; and discovered, by dint of syllogism, that white is not black. Their inquiries in natural philosophy were no less extraordinary; many spent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to discover a wonderful stone, that should turn every baser metal into gold; and others employed themselves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they should fly up into the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the Belles

Lettres, and were the original founders of the learned society of Grub-street.

Never was any æra in the annals of Nonsense more illustrious than the present: nor did that noble family ever more signally distinguish itself in every occupation. In oratory, who are greater proficients than the progeny of Nonsense? Witness many long and eloquent speeches delivered in St. Stephen's chapel, in Westminster-hall, at assizes and quarter-sessions, at Clare-market, and the Robin Hood.—In philosophy, what marvellous things have not been proved by Nonsense? The sometime professor of astronomy at Gresham college, shewed Sir Isaac Newton to be a mere ass, and wire-drawed the books of Moses into a complete system of natural philosophy: life-guardmen have, with the utmost certainty of Nonsense, foretold earthquakes; and others have penned curious essays on air-quakes, water-quakes, and comets.—In politics, how successfully have the sons of Nonsense bandied about the terms of court and country? How wisely have they debated upon taxes? And with what amazing penetration did they but lately foresee an invasion?—In religion, their domain is particularly extensive: for, though Nonsense is excluded, at least from the first part of the service, in all regular churches, yet she often occupies the whole ceremony at the Tabernacle and Foundery in Moorfields, and the chapel in Long-acre. But, for the credit of so polite an age, be it known, that the children of Nonsense, who are many of them people of fashion, are as often seen at the play-house as at church: and it is something strange, that the family of Nonsense is now divided against itself, and in high contest about the management of their favourite amusement—the Opera. T.

No. 119. THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1756.

Plenus rimarum sum, huc et illuc perfluo. TER.

Leaky at bottom; if those chinks you stop,
In vain;—the secret will run o'er the top.

THERE is no mark of our confidence taken more kindly by a friend, than the intrusting him with a secret; nor any which he is so likely to abuse. Confidants in general are like crazy fire-locks, which are no sooner charged and cooked, than the spring gives way, and the report immediately follows. Happy to have been thought worthy the confidence of one friend, they are impatient to manifest their importance to another; till between them and their friend, and their friend's friend, the whole matter is presently known to all our friends round the Wrekin. The secret catches as it were by contact, and like electrical matter breaks forth from every link in the chain, almost at the same instant. Thus the whole Exchange may be thrown into a buz to-morrow, by what was whispered in the middle of Marlborough Downs this morning; and in a week's time the streets may ring with the intrigue of a woman of fashion bellowed out from the foul mouths of the hawkers, though at present it is known to no creature living, but her gallant and her waiting-maid.

As the talent of secrecy is of so great importance to society, and the necessary commerce between individuals cannot be securely carried on without it, that this deplorable weakness should be so general is much to be lamented. You may as well pour water into a funnel, or a sieve, and expect it to be retained there, as commit any of your concerns to so slippery a companion. It is remarkable, that in those men who have thus lost the faculty of retention, the desire of being communicative is always most prevalent, where it is least to be justified. If they are intrusted with a matter of no great moment, affairs of more consequence will perhaps in a few hours shuffle it entirely out of their thoughts: but if any thing be delivered to them with an air of earnestness, a low voice, and the gesture of a man in terror for the consequence of its being known; if the door is bolted, and every precaution taken to prevent a surprise; however they may promise secrecy, and however they may intend it, the weight upon their minds will be so extremely oppressive, that it will certainly put their tongues in motion.

This breach of trust, so universal amongst us, is perhaps in great measure owing to our education. The first lesson our little masters and misses are taught, is to become blabs and tell-tales; they are bribed to divulge the petty intrigues of the family below stairs to papa and mamma in the parlour, and a doll or a hobby-horse is generally the encouragement of a propensity, which could scarcely be atoned for by a whipping. As soon as children can lisp out the little intelligence they have picked up in the hall or the kitchen, they are admired for their wit: if the butler has been caught kissing the housekeeper in his pantry, or the footman detected in romping with the chamber-maid, away flies little Tommy or Betsy with the news; the parents are lost in admiration of the pretty rogue's understanding, and reward such uncommon ingenuity with a kiss and a sugar-plum.

Nor does an inclination to secrecy meet with less encouragement at school. The governantes at the boarding-school teach miss to be a good girl, and tell them every thing she knows: thus, if any young lady is unfortunately discovered eating a green apple in a corner, if she is heard to pronounce a naughty word, or is caught picking the letters out of another miss's sampler, away runs the chit, who is so happy as to get the start of the rest, screams out her information as she goes; and the prudent matron chucks her under the chin, and tells her that she is a good girl, and every body will love her.

The management of our young gentlemen is equally absurd: in most of our schools, if a lad is discovered in a scrape, the impeachment of an accomplice, as at the Old Bailey, is made the condition of a pardon. I remember a boy, engaged in robbing an orchard, who was unfortunately taken prisoner in an apple-tree, and conducted, under a strong guard of the farmer and his dairy-maid, to the master's house. Upon his absolute refusal to discover his associates, the pedagogue undertook to lash him out of his fidelity, but finding it impossible to scourge the secret out of him, he at last gave him up for an obstinate villain, and sent him to his father, who told him he was ruined, and was going to disinherit him for not betraying his school-fellows. I must own I am not fond of thus drubbing our youth into treachery; and am much more pleased with the request of Ulysses, when he went to Troy, who begged of those who were to have the charge of Telemachus, that they would, above all things, teach him to be just, sincere, faithful, and to keep a secret.

Every man's experience must have furnished him with instances of confidants who are not to be relied on, and friends who are not to be trusted; but few perhaps have thought it a character so well worth their attention, as to have marked out the different degrees into which it may be divided, and the different methods by which secrets are communicated.

Ned Trusty is a tell-tale of a very singular kind. Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating by a nod and a shrug well-timed, or a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing a secret. He is also excellent at a 'doubtful phrase,' as Hamlet calls it, or an 'ambiguous giving out;' and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken innuendoes, as

Well, I know—or, I could—an if I would—
Or, if I list to speak—or, there be, and if there might, &c.

Here he generally stops; and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed upon to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

Poor Meanwell, though he never fails to transgress, is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a secret, is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him for a time of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects, that you come with a felonious intent to rob him of his charge. If he ventures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home, he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro in his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself, what he longs to publish to the world; and would gladly submit to the office of town-crier, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market-place. At length, however, weary of his burthen, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a cheerful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

Careless is perhaps equally undesigning, though not equally excusable. Intrust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which your fortune and happiness depend: he hears you with a kind of half attention, whistles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or perhaps in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword-knot, damns his tailor for having dressed him in a snuff-coloured coat, instead of a *pompadour*, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction; where, as if he meant to dispose of his intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it, with a voice as loud as the auctioneer's; and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but never knew that it was to be a secret.

To these I might add the character of the open and unreserved who thinks it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates; and the impertinent, who having by dint of observation made himself master of your secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it has cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege as the reward due to his industry. But I shall leave these, with many other characters, which my reader's own experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing, as a short remedy for this evil,—That no man may betray the counsel of his friend, let every man keep his own.

No. 120. THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1756.

Judicium subtile videndis artibus—— HOR.

A subtle fancy, and a judgment chaste,
Form the nice mixture of a genuine taste.

TASTE is at present the darling idol of the polite world, and the world of letters; and, indeed, seems to be considered as the quintessence of almost all the arts and sciences. The fine ladies and gentlemen dress with taste; the architects, whether Gothic or Chinese, build with taste; the painters paint with taste; the poets write with taste; critics read with taste; and, in short, fiddlers, players, singers, dancers, and mechanics themselves, are all the sons and daughters of Taste. Yet in this amazing superabundancy of taste, few can say what it really is, or what the word itself signifies. Should I attempt to define it in the style of a Connoisseur, I must run over the names of all the famous poets, painters, and sculptors, ancient and modern; and after having pompously harangued on the excellencies of Appelles, Phidias, Praxitelles, Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, and Dominichino, with a word or two on all tasteful compositions, such as those of Homer, Virgil, Tasso, Dante, and Ariosto, I should leave the reader in wonder of my profound erudition, and as little informed as before. But as deep learning, though more flaming and pompous, is perhaps not always so useful as common sense, I shall endeavour to get at the true meaning of the word taste, by considering what it usually imports in familiar writings and ordinary conversation.

It is supposed by Locke, and other close reasoners, that words are intended as signs of our ideas: but daily experience will convince us, that words are often used to express no ideas at all. Thus many persons, who talk perpetually of taste, throw it out as a mere expletive, without any meaning annexed to it. Bardolph, when demanded the meaning of the word accommodated, wisely explains it by saying, that 'accommodated, sir, is—a—a—a—accommodated, Sir, is as if one should say—a—accommodated:' and if, in like manner, you ask one of these people, What is taste? they will tell you that 'taste is a kind of a sort of a—a—a—; in short, taste is taste.' These talkers must be considered as absolute blanks in conversation, since it is impossible to learn the explanation of a term from them, as they fix no determinate meaning to any expression.

Among men of sense, whose words carry meaning in their sound, taste is commonly used in one of these two significations. First, when they give any person the appellation of a man of taste, they would intimate that he has a turn for the polite arts, as well as the lesser elegancies of life; and that from his natural bent to those studies, and his acquired knowledge in them, he is capable of distinguishing what is good or bad in any thing of that kind submitted to his judgment. The meaning at other times implied by a man of taste is, that he is not only so far adept in those matters as to be able to judge of them accurately, but is also possessed of the faculty of executing them gracefully. These two significations will, perhaps, be more easily conceived, and clearly illustrated, when applied to our sensual taste. The man of taste, according to the first, may be considered as a *bon vivant,* who is fond of the dishes before him, and distinguishes nicely what is savoury and delicious, or flat and insipid, in the ingredients of each: according to the second, he may be regarded as the cook, who from knowing what things will mix well together, and distinguishing by a nice taste when he has arrived at that happy mixture, is able to compose such exquisite dishes.

Both these significations of the word will be found agreeable to the following definition of it, which I have somewhere seen, and is the only just description of the term, that I ever remember to have met with: 'Taste consists in a nice harmony between the fancy and the judgment.' The most chastised judgment, without genius, can never constitute a man of taste; and the most luxuriant imagination, unregulated by judgment, will only carry us into wild and extravagant deviations from it. To mix oil, vinegar, butter, milk, eggs, &c. incoherently together, would make an olio not to be relished by any palate: and the man who has no *gout* for delicacies himself, will never compose a good dish, though he should ever so strictly adhere to the rules of La Chapelle, Hannah Glasse, and Martha Bradley. I confine myself at present chiefly to that signification of the word, which implies the capacity of exerting our own faculties in the several branches of taste, because that always includes the other.

Having thus settled what taste is, it may not be unentertaining to examine modern taste by these rules: and, perhaps, it will appear, that on the one hand, its most pleasing flights and ravishing elegancies are extravagant and absurd; and that, on the other hand, those who affect a correct taste in all their undertakings, proceed mechanically, without genius. The first species of taste, which gives a loose to the imagination, indulges itself in caprice, and is perpetually striking new strokes, is the chief regulator of the fashion. In dress, it has put hunting-poles into the hands of our gentlemen, and erected coaches and windmills on the heads of our ladies. In equipage, it has built chariots of *papier mache*, and by putting spotted Danish horses into the harness, has made our beaux look like Bacchus in his car drawn by leopards. The ornaments, both on the outside and inside of our houses, are all Gothic or Chinese; and whoever makes a pagod of his parlour, throws a plank or two with an irregular crossed-barred paling over a dirty ditch, or places battlements on a root-house or a stable, fits up his house and garden entirely in taste.

The second sort of men of taste are to be found chiefly among the *literati;* and are those who, despising the modern whims to which fashion has given the name of taste, pretend to follow, with the most scrupulous exactness, the chaste models of the ancients. These are the poets, who favour us with correct, epithetical, and tasteful compositions; whose works are without blemish, and conformable to the precise rules of Quintilian, Horace, and Aristotle: and as they are intended merely for the perusal of persons of the most refined taste, it is no wonder that they are above the level of common understandings. These too are the critics, who, in their comments upon authors, embarrass us with repeated allusions to the study of *virtu:* and these too are the Connoisseurs in architecture, who build ruins after Vetruvius, and necessaries according to Palladio. One gentleman of this cast has built his villa upon a bleak hill, with four spacious porticos, open on each side to court the four winds: because, in the sultry regions of Italy, this model has been thought most convenient: and another has, in great measure shut out the light from his apartments, and cut off all prospect from his windows, by erecting an high wall before his house, which in Italy has been judged necessary, to screen them from the sun.

Architecture seems indeed to be the mean article, in which the efforts of sin are now displayed. Among those who are fond of exerting their fancies in capricious innovations, I might instance the many pretty whims, of which an infinite variety may be seen within ten miles of London. But as a proof of the noble and judicious taste among us, I shall beg leave to describe in the style of a Connoisseur, a most amazing curiosity, erected in a very polite quarter of this town.

In the midst of a noble and spacious area stands a grand obelisk. The base forms a perfect square with right angles; the body of it is cylindrical; but the capital is an heptagon, and has several curious lines and figures described on each of its seven planes or superfices, which serve to terminate as many most magnificent and striking vistas. This superb column, no less remarkable than the famous pillar of Trajan, seems (from the several gnomons and other hieroglyphics stuck about it) to have been originally dedicated to the sun; but is now known among the vulgar by the more common name of The Seven Dials. O.

No. 121. THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1756.

———*Placet impares*
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco. Hor.

Officious couplers wantonly engage
Virtue with vice, brisk youth with frozen age:
Behold them groan beneath the iron yoke,
Hail the dear mischief, and enjoy the joke.

Though I shall not as yet vouchsafe to let the reader so far into my secrets, as to inform him whether I am married or single, it may not be amiss to acquaint him, that, supposing I still remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as soon as I was what they call settled in the world, they were so assiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part, but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their several choices, I should have been married at the same time to a tall and a short, a plump and a slender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all: each of whom was separately recommended by them, as the properest person in the world for me.

I know not how it happens, but it is notorious, that most people take a pleasure in making matche either thinking matrimony a state of bliss, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintance; or perhaps struggling in the toils, they are desirous of drawing others into the net that ensnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two persons, absolute strangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honourable go-between. Some have come together, merely from having been talked of by their acquaintance as likely to make a match; and I have known a couple, who have met by accident at a horse-race, or danced together at an assembly, that in less than a fortnight have been driven into matrimony in their own defence, by having been first paired in private conversations, and afterwards in the common newspapers.

As we cannot insure happiness to our friends, at the same time that we help them to husbands or wives, one would imagine that few would care to run the hazard of bestowing misery, where they meant a kindness. I know a good-natured lady, who has officiously brought upon herself the ill-will and the curses of many of her dearest and most intimate friends on this very account. She has a sister, for whom she provided a most excellent husband, who has shown his affection for her, by spending her whole fortune upon his mistresses: she contrived that another near relation should snap up a rich widow, who was arrested for her debts within a week after marriage: and it cost her a whole twelvemonth to bring two doating lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted beds before the honeymoon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condescend to be match-makers from a spirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others, who have taken up the profession from less disinterested motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffic in all the accomplishments that can make the marriage state happy. These traders dispose of all sorts of rich heirs and heiresses, baronets, lords, ladies of fashion, and daughters of country squires, with as much coolness as drovers sell bullocks. They keep complete registers of the condition and qualifications of all the marriageable persons within the kingdom; and it is as common to apply to them for a husband or wife, as to the register-offices for a man or a maid servant. They may, indeed, be considered as fathers and guardians to the greatest part of our youth of both sexes, since in marriage they may be most properly said to give them away.

It is something comical to consider the various persons, to whom men of this profession are useful. We may naturally suppose, that a young fellow, who has no estate, but what, like Tinsel's in the Drummer, is merely personal, would be glad to come down handsomely, after consummation with a woman of fortune; and a smart girl, who has more charms than wealth, would give round poundage on being taken for better for worse by a rich heir. Many a tradesman also wants a wife to manage his family, while he looks after the shop; and thinks it better to recommend himself by this convenient friend than by means of the Daily Advertiser. There are also several young people, who are indifferent as to any person in particular, and have no passion for the state itself, yet want to be married, because it will deliver them from the restraint of parents. But the most unnatural, though very common applications of this sort, are from the rich and the noble; who, having immense estates to bestow on their children, will make use of the meanest instruments, to couple them to others of the same overgrown fortune.

I have known many droll accidents happen from the mistakes of these mercenary match-makers, and remember one in particular, which I shall here set down for the entertainment of my readers. A careful old gentleman came up from the North on purpose to marry his son, and was recommended by one of these couplers to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and gold-buttoned coat, and went to pay his respects to the lady's mamma. He told her, that he had not the pleasure of being known to her: but as his son's quiet depended on it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her: in short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honour he intended her family; but she supposed, to be sure, as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. 'Say nothing of that, Madam, say nothing of that,' interrupted the Don: 'I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares between us.'—'Pray, Sir, how much does the world say?' replied the lady.—'Why, Madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds.'—'Not so much, Sir,' said the old lady, very gravely.—'Well, Madam, I suppose then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds,'—'Not so much, Sir,'—'Well, well, perhaps not: but—if it was only seventeen thousand.' —'No, Sir.'—'Or sixteen.'—'No.'—'Or (we must make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thousand.'— 'Not so much, Sir.'—Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead, 'Well, Madam, we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand? How much more is it than twelve thousand?'—'Less, Sir,'—'Less, Madam?'—'Less.'—'But is it more than ten thousand?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Not so much, Madam?'—'Not so much.'—'Why, if it is lodged in the funds, consider, Madam, interest is low, very low: but, as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Why then, Madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six—or five thousand pounds.'—'Nothing like it, Sir.'—At these words the old gentleman started from his chair, and running out of the room—'Your servant, your servant: my son is a fool: and the fellow, who recommended me to you, is a blockhead, and knows nothing of business.'

N° 122. THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1756.

——Monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum
A vitiis.—— JUV.

Without one sneaking virtue in thy train,
O precious villain! scoundrel! rogue in grain!

I MENTIONED in a former paper, that a friend of mine was writing A New Treatise on Ethics, or A System of Immoral Philosophy, compiled from the principles and practice of the present age; in which the extraordinary modesty of the moderns would be enlarged on, which has induced them to comprehend all the vices, instead of virtues, in their idea of a fine gentleman. The work is now finished; and the author has sent me the following letter concerning the dedication, with leave to submit it to the public.

Dear Town,

The flatness and fulsome insipidity of dedications has often been the subject of our conversation; and we have always agreed, that authors have miscarried in these pieces of flattery, by injudiciously affronting, when they meant to compliment their patrons. The humble dedicator loads his great man with virtues totally foreign to his nature and disposition, which sit as awkwardly upon him, as lace or embroidery on a chimney-sweeper; and so overwhelms him with the huge mass of learning, with which he graciously dubs him a scholar, that he makes as ridiculous a figure, as the ass in the Dunciad. After having thus bepraised his patron, till the new Mæcenas is heartily ashamed of himself, he wonders that no notice is taken of so pompous an eulogium, and that a dedication should be as mere a drug as a sermon.

Lory, in the Relapse, advises Fashion to get into the good graces of Lord Foppington, by falling in love with his coat, being in raptures with his peruke, seeming ravished with the genteel dangle of his sword knot; and, in short, to recommend himself to his noble elder brother, by affecting to be captivated with his favourites. In like manner, the author who would make his dedication really valuable, should not talk to his patron of his honour, and virtue, and integrity, and a pack of unfashionable qualities, which only serve to disgrace a fine gentleman; but boldly paint him what he really is, and at the same time convince him of his merit in being a fool, and his glory in being a scoundrel. This mode of dedication, though proper at all times, will appear with a particular good grace before A System of Immoral Philosophy; wherefore, as my book is now finished, I have here sent you a rough draught of the epistle dedicatory, and shall be glad to hear your opinion of it.

May it please your Grace! or, my Lord! or, Sir!

You are in every point so complete a fine gentleman, that the following Treatise is but a faint transcript of your accomplishments. There is not one qualification, requisite in the character of a man of spirit, which you do not possess. Give me leave, therefore, on the present occasion, to point forth your inestimable qualities to the world, and hold up to the public view so glorious an example.

You distinguished yourself so early in life, and exalted yourself so far above the common pitch of vulgar bucks, that you was distinguished, before the age of twenty, with the noble appellation of Stag: and when I consider the many gallant exploits you have performed, the number of rascally poltroons you have sent out of the world, the number of pretty little foundlings you have brought into it, how many girls you have debauched, how many women of quality you have intrigued with, and how many hogsheads of French wine have run through your body, I cannot help contemplating you as a Stag of the first head.

What great reason have you to value yourself on your noble achievements at Arthur's! The sums you formerly lost, and those you have lately won, are amazing instances of your spirit and address: first, in venturing so deeply, before you was let into the secret; and then, in managing it with so much adroitness and dexterity, since you have been acquainted with it. Nobody cogs the dice, or packs the cards, half so skilfully: you hedge a bet with uncommon nicety, and are a most incomparably shrewd judge of the odds.

Nor have your exploits on the turf rendered you less famous. Let the annals of Pond and Heber deliver down to posterity the glorious account of what plates you have won, what matches you made, and how often the knowing ones have been taken in; when, for private reasons, you have found it necessary, that your horse should run on the wrong side of the post, or be distanced, after winning the first heat. I need not mention your own skill in horsemanship, and in how many matches you have condescended to ride yourself; for in this particular, it must be acknowledged, you cannot be outdone, even by your groom or jockey.

All the world will witness the many instances of your courage, which has been often tried and exerted in Hyde Park, and behind Montague house: nay, you have sometimes been known to draw your sword most heroically at the opera, the play, and even at private routs and assemblies. How often have you put to flight a whole army of watchmen, constables, and beadles, with the justices at their head! You have cleared a whole bawdy-house before you, and taken many a tavern by storm: you have pinned a waiter to the ground; and have, besides, proved yourself an excellent marksman, by shooting a post-boy flying. With so much valour and firmness, it is not to be doubted, but that you would behave with the same intrepidity, if occasion called, upon Hounslow-Heath, or in Maidenhead-Thicket: and, if it were necessary, you would as boldly resign yourself up to the hands of Jack Ketch, and swing as genteely, as Maclean or Gentleman Harry, The same noble spirit would likewise enable you to aim the pistol at your own head, and go out of the world like a man of honour and a gentleman.

But your courage has not rendered you insusceptible of the softer passions, to which your heart has been ever inclined. To say nothing of your gallantries with women of fashion, your intrigues with milliners and mantua-makers, or your seducing raw country girls and innocent tradesmen's daughters, you have formerly been so constant in your devoirs to Mrs. Douglas, and the whole sisterhood, that you sacrificed your health and constitution in their service. But above all, witness that sweet delicate creature, whom you have now in keeping, and for whom you entertain such a strong and faithful pastion, that for her sake, you have tenderly and affectionately deserted your wife and family.

Though, from your elegant taste for pleasures, you appear made for the gay world; yet these polite amusements have not called off your attention from the more serious studies of politics and religion. In politics you have made such a wonderful proficiency, both in theory and practice, that you have discovered the good of your country, to be a mere joke, and confirmed your own interest, as well as established your consequence, in the proper place, by securing half a dozen boroughs. As to religion, you soon unravelled every mystery of that; and not only know the Bible to be as romantic as the Alcoran, but have also written several volumes, to make your discoveries plain to meaner capacities. The ridiculous prejudices of a foolish world unhappily prevent your publishing them at present: but you have wisely provided, that they shall one day see the light; when, I doubt not, they will be deemed invaluable, and be as universally admired, as the posthumous works of Lord Bolingbroke.

I am,
May it please your Grace! or, my Lord! or Sir!
in humble admiration of your excellencies,
O. &c. &c. &c.

N° 123. THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1756.

Quo patre sit natus, num ignotâ matre inhonestus?
Hor.

Say, who can claim the foundling for her son?
My Lord, and Molly? or, her Grace and John?

THE notices in the public papers, that the Foundling Hospital will be open for the reception of infants in general under a certain age, have, I find, given universal satisfaction. The consequences of a big belly do not appear so dreadful as heretofore: and it was but yesterday that a young fellow of intrigue told me, he was happy that his children would no longer be thrown out of the hospital, as he himself had been out of Arthur's, by black balls. For my part, though I have no lady in keeping, no child by my housekeeper, nor any other affair of gallantry on my hands, which makes me wish to swell the number of infants maintained by that charity, I must own myself to be exceedingly rejoiced at the extension of so benevolent a design. I look upon it as the certain preservation of many hundreds in embryo: nor shall we now hear of so many helpless babes birth-strangled in a necessary, or smothered by the 'ditch-delivered drab.' As a bastard is accounted in law, *quasi nullius filius*, the child of nobody, and related to nobody, and yet is blessed with as fair proportions, and capable of an equal degree of perfection with 'honest madam's issue,' it is surely an act of great humanity thus to rescue them from untimely deaths and other miseries, which they do not merit, whatever may be the guilt of their parents.

Though it is obvious, that this hospital will be made the receptacle of many legitimate children; it is no less certain, that the rich, as well as the poor, will often send their baseborn bantlings to this general nursery. The wealthy man of quality, or substantial cit, may have their private family reasons for not owning the fruits of their secret amours, and be glad to put the little living witness of their intrigues out of the way. For this reason, a history of the foundlings received there would be very curious and entertaining, as it would contain many anecdotes, not to be learned from any parish register. The reflections that passed in my mind on this subject, gave occasion the other evening, to the following dream.

Methought, as I was standing at the private door of the hospital, where a crowd of females (each of them with a child in her arms) were pressing to get in, an elderly gentleman, who, from his white staff I took to be a governor of the charity, very courteously invited me to come in. I accepted his offer; and having seated myself near him, 'Mr. Town,' says he, 'I am conscious, that you look upon most of these little infants as the offsprings of so many unmarried fathers and maiden mothers, which have been clandestinely smuggled into the world. Know then, that I am one of those guardian Genii, appointed to superintend the fortunes of bastards; therefore, as this hospital is more immediately under my tuition, I have put on this disguise; and if you please, will let you into the secret history of those babes who are my wards, and their parents.'

I assured him, his intelligence would be highly agreeable; and several now coming up to offer their children he resumed his discourse. 'Observe,' said he, 'that jolly little rogue, with plump cheeks, a florid complexion, blue eyes, and sandy locks. We have here already several of his brethren by the mother's side; some fair, some brown, and some black: and yet they are all supposed to have come by the same father. The mother has for many years been housekeeper to a gentleman, who cannot see that her children bear the marks of his own servants, and that this very brat is the exact resemblance of his coachman.

'That puling, whining infant there, with a pale face, emaciated body, and distorted limbs, is the forced product of viper broth and cantharides. It is the offspring of a worn-out buck of quality, who, at the same time he debauched the mother, ruined her constitution by a filthy disease; in consequence of which, she, with much difficulty, brought forth this just image of himself in miniature.

'The next that offers is the issue of a careful cit; who, as he keeps a horse for his own riding on Sundays, which he lets out all the rest of the week, keeps also a mistress for his recreation on the seventh day, who lets herself out on the other six. That other babe owes his birth likewise to the city: but is the joint product, as we may say, of two fathers; who being great economists in their pleasures, as well as in their business, have set up a whore and a one-horse chaise in partnership together.

'That pert young baggage there, who so boldly presses forward with her brat, is not the mother of it, but is maid to a single lady of the strictest honour and unblemished reputation. About a twelvemonth ago, her mistress went to Bath for the benefit of her health; and ten months after she travelled into North Wales to see a relation: from whence she is just returned. We may suppose, that she took a fancy to that pretty babe, while in the country, and brought it up to town with her, in order to place it here: as she did a few years ago to another charming boy: which being too old to be got into this hospital is now at a school in Yorkshire, where young gentlemen are boarded, clothed and educated, and found in all necessaries, for ten pounds a year.

'That chubby little boy, which you see in the arms of yonder strapping wench in a camblet gown and red cloak, is her own son. She is by profession a bed maker in one of the Universities, and of the same college, in which the father (a grave tutor) holds a fellowship, under the usual condition of not marrying. Many sober gentlemen of the cloth, who are in the same scrape, are glad to take the benefit of this charity: and if all of the same reverend order, like the priests abroad, were laid under the same restrictions, you might expect to see a particular hospital, erected for the reception of the sons of the clergy.

'That next child belongs to a sea-captain's lady, whose husband is expected to return every moment from a long voyage; the fears of which have happily hastened the birth of this infant a full month before its time. That other is the posthumous child of a wealthy old gentleman, who married a young girl for love, and died in the honey-moon. This, his son and heir, was not born till near a twelvemonth after his decease, because its birth was retarded by the excessive grief of his widow; who, on that account rather chose to lie-in privately, and to lodge their only child here, than to have its legitimacy and her own honour called in question by her husband's relations.

My companion pointed out to me several others, whose original was no less extraordinary; among which, I remember he told me, one was the unhallowed brood of a Methodist teacher, and another the premature spawn of a maid of honour. A poor author eased himself of a very heavy load of two twin daughters, which, in an evil hour he begot on a hawker of pamphlets, after he had been writing a luscious novel; but I could not help smiling at the marks sent in with these new Muses, signifying, that one had been christened Terpsichore, and the other Polyhymnia. Several bantlings were imported from Islington, Hoxton, and other villages within the sound of Bow bell: many were transplanted hither out of the country; and a whole litter of brats were sent in from two or three parishes in particular, for which it is doubtful whether they were most indebted to the Parson or the Squire.

A modest looking woman now brought a very fine babe to be admitted; but the governors rejected it, as it appeared to be above two months old. The mother on the contrary, persisting in affirming, that it was but just born; and addressing herself to me, desired me to look at it. I accordingly took it in my arms; and while I was tossing it up and down, and praising its beauty, the sly hussy contrived to slip away, leaving the precious charge in my care. The efforts which I made to bawl after her, and the squalling of the brat, which rung piteously in my ears, luckily awaked me; and I was very happy to find, that I had only been dandling my pillow, instead of a bantling. W.

No. 124. THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1756.

Accipe, perlongos tibi qui deserviat annos:
Accipe, qui purâ nôrit amare fide.
Est nulli cessura fides; sine crimine mores;
Nudaque simplicitas, purpureusque pudor.
Non mihi mille placent; non sum desultor amoris;
Tu mihi (si qua fides) cura perennis eris. OVID.

Scorn me not, Chloe; me, whose faith well try'd
Long years approve, and honest passions guide:
My spotless soul no foul affections move,
But chaste simplicity, and modest love;
Nor I, like shallow fops, from fair to fair
Roving at Random, faithless passion swear;
But thou alone shalt be my constant care.

ALMOST every man is or has been, or at least thinks that he is or has been a lover. One has fought for his mistress, another drank for her, another wrote for her, and another has done all three: and yet, perhaps, in spite of their duels, poetry, and bumpers, not one of them ever entertained a sincere passion. I have lately taken a survey of the numerous tribe of Enamoratos, and, after having observed the various shapes they wear, think I may safely pronounce that, though all profess to have been in love, there are very few who are really capable of it.

It is a maxim of Rochefoucault's, that, 'many men would never have been in love, if they had never heard of love.' The justice of this remark is equal to its shrewdness. The ridiculous prate of a family has frequently great influence on young minds, who learn to love, as they do every thing else, by imitation. Young creatures, almost mere children, have been consumed with this second-hand flame lighted up at another's passion; and, in consequence of the loves of the footman and chamber-maid, I have known little master fancy himself a dying swain at the age of thirteen, and little miss pining away with love in a bib and hanging sleeves.

That vast heap of volumes, filled with love, and sufficient in number to make a library, are great inflamers, and seldom fail to produce that kind of passion described by Rochefoucault. The chief of these literary seducers are the old romances, and their degenerate spawn, the modern novels. The young student reads of the emotions of love, till he imagines that he feels them throbbing and fluttering in his little breast; as valetudinarians study the history of a disease, till they fancy themselves affected with every symptom of it. For this reason, I am always sorry to see any of this trash in the hands of young people: I look upon Cassandra and Cleopatra, as well as Betty Barnes, Polly Willis, &c. as no better than bawds; and consider Don Bellianis of Greece, and Sir Amadis de Gaul, with George Edwards, Loveill, &c. as arrant pimps. But though romances and novels are both equally stimulatives, yet their operations are very different. The romance student becomes a fond Corydon of Sicily, or a very Damon of Arcadia, and is in good truth such a dying swain, that he believes he shall hang himself on the next willow, or drown himself in the next pond, if he should lose the object of his wishes: but the young novelist turns out more a man of the world, and, after having gained the affections of his mistress, forms a hundred schemes to secure the possession of her, and to bam her relations.

There are, among the tribe of lovers, a sort of lukewarm gentlemen, who can hardly be said, in the language of love, to entertain a flame for their mistress. These are your men of superlative delicacy and refinement who loathe the gross ideas annexed to the amours of the vulgar, and aim at something more spiritualized and sublime. These philosophers in love doat on the mind alone of their mistress, and would fain see her naked soul divested of its material incumbrances. Gentlemen of this complexion might perhaps not improperly be ranged in the romantic class; but they have assumed to themselves the name of Platonic Lovers.

Platonism, however, is in these days very scarce; and there is another class, infinitely more numerous, composed of a sort of lovers, whom we may justly distinguish by the title of Epicureans. The principles of this sect are diametrically opposite to those of the Platonics. They think no more of the soul of their mistress, than a Mussulman, but are in raptures with her person. A lover of this sort is in perpetual ecstasies: his passion is so violent, that he even scorches you with his flame; and he runs over the perfections of his mistress in the same style that a jockey praises his horse: 'Such limbs! such eyes! such a neck and breast! such———oh, she's a rare piece!' Their ideas go no farther than mere external accomplishments; and, as their wounds may be said to be only skin-deep, we cannot allow their breasts to be smitten with love, though perhaps they may rankle with a much grosser passion. Yet it must be owned, that nothing is more common, than for gentlemen of this cast to be involved in what is called a love-match: but then it is owing to the same cause with the marriage of Sir John Brute, who says, 'I married my wife, because I wanted to lie with her, and she would not let me.'

Other gentlemen, of a gay disposition and warm constitution, who go in the catalogue for lovers, are adorers of almost every woman they see. The flame of love is as easily kindled in them, as the sparks are struck out of a flint; and it also expires as soon. A lover of this sort dances, one day, with a lady at a ball, and loses his heart to her in a minuet: the next, another carries it off in the mall; and the next day, perhaps, he goes out of town, and lodges it in the possession of all the country beauties successively, till at last he brings it back to town with him, and presents it to the first woman he meets. This class is very numerous; but ought by no means to hold a place among the tribe of true lovers, since a gentleman, who is thus in love with every body, may fairly be said not to be in love at all.

Love is universally allowed to be whimsical; and if whim is the essence of love, none can be accounted truer lovers, than those who admire their mistress for some particular charm, which enchains them, though it would singly never captivate any body else. Some gentlemen have been won to conjugal embraces by a pair of fine arms; others have been held fast by an even white set of teeth; and I know a very good scholar, who was ensnared by a set of golden tresses, because it was the taste of the ancients, and the true classical hair. Those ladies, whose lovers are such piecemeal admirers, are in perpetual danger of losing them. A rash, or a pimple, may abate their affection. All those, the object of whose adoration is merely a pretty face or a fine person, are in the power of the like accidents; and the small-pox has occasioned many a poor lady the loss of her beauty and her lover at the same time.

But, after all these spurious Enamoratos, there are some few whose passion is sincere and well-founded. True, genuine love is always built upon esteem: not that I would mean, that a man can reason and argue himself into love; but that a constant intercourse with an amiable woman will lead him into a contemplation of her excellent qualities, which will insensibly win his heart, before he is himself aware of it, and beget all those hopes, fears, and other extravagancies which are the natural attendants on a true passion. Love has been described ten thousand times: but that I may be sure that the little picture I would draw of it is taken from nature, I will conclude this paper with the story of honest Will Easy and his amiable wife. Will Easy and Miss —— became very early acquainted, and, from being familiarly intimate with the whole family, Will might be almost said to live there. He dined and supped with them perpetually in town, and spent great part of the summer with them at their seat in the country. Will and the lady were both universally allowed to have sense, and their frequent conversations together gave them undoubted proofs of the goodness of each other's disposition. They delighted in the company, and admired the perfections, of each other, and gave a thousand little indications of a growing passion, not unobserved by others, even while it was yet unknown and unsuspected by themselves. However, after some time, Will, by mutual agreement, demanded the lady of her father in marriage. But, alas! 'the course of true love never yet run smooth:' the ill-judged ambition of a parent induced the father, out of mere love to his daughter, to refuse her hand to the only man in the world with whom she could live happily, because he imagined that he might, in the Smithfield phrase, do better for her. But love, grounded on just principles, is not easily shaken; and, as it appeared that their mutual passion had taken too deep root ever to be extirpated, the father at last, reluctantly, half consented to their union. They enjoy a genteel competency; and Will, by his integrity and abilities, is an honour to a learned profession, and a blessing to his wife, whose greatest praise is, that her virtues deserve such a husband. She is pleased with having 'left dross to duchesses;'

he considers her happiness as his main interest; and their example every day gives fresh conviction to the father, that where two persons of strong sense and good hearts conceive a reciprocal affection for each other, their passion is genuine and lasting, and their union is perhaps the truest state of happiness under the sun. O.

Nº 125. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1756.

Cervius hæc inter vicinus garrit aniles
Ex re fabellas———— HOR.

With Mr. Town when prose and precepts fail,
His friend supplies a poem or a tale.

NOTHING has given me a more sensible pleasure, in the course of this undertaking, than the having been occasionally honoured with the correspondence of several ingenious gentlemen of both our universities. My paper of to-day gives me unusual satisfaction on this account; and I cannot help looking on it with a great deal of pleasure, as a sort of a little Cambridge miscellany. The reader will see it is composed of two poems, which I have lately received from a correspondent in that learned university. These little pieces, unless my regard for the writer makes me partial to them, contain many beauties, and are written with that elegant peculiarity of style and manner, which plainly speak them to come from the same hand that has already obliged the public with some other pieces of poetry, published in this paper.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir, *Trin. Coll. Cant. Jun.* 6.

YOUR essay on the abuse of words was very well received here; but more especially that part of it which contained the modern definition of the word ruined. You must know, Sir, that in the language of our old dons, every young man is ruined who is not an errant *Tycho Brahe, Erra Pater.* Yet it is remarkable, that, though the servants of the Muses meet with more than ordinary discouragement at this place, Cambridge has produced many celebrated poets: witness Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, &c. not to mention some admired writers of the present times. I myself, Sir, am grievously suspected of being better acquainted with Homer and Virgil than Euclid or Saunderson; and am universally agreed to be ruined, for having concerned myself with Hexameter and Pentameter more than Diameter. The equity of this decision I shall not dispute; but content myself at present with submitting to the public, by means of your paper, a few lines on the import of another favourite word, occasioned by the essay above-mentioned.

But fearing that so short a piece will not be sufficient to eke out a whole paper, I have subjoined to it another little poem, not originally designed for the public view, but written as a familiar epistle to a friend. The whole is nothing more than the natural result of many letters and conversations, that had past between us on the present state of poetry in these kingdoms: in which I flattered myself, that I was justifiable in my remarks on the barrenness of invention in most modern compositions, as well as in regard to the cause of it. We are now, indeed, all become such exact critics, that there are scarce any tolerable poets: what I mean by exact critics is, that we are grown, (I speak in general), by the help of Addison and Pope, better judges of composition, than heretofore. We get an early knowledge of what chaste writing is, and even school-boys are checked in the luxuriancy of their genius, and not suffered to run riot in their imaginations. I must own I cannot help looking on it as a bad omen to poetry, that there is now-a-days scarce any such ing to be met with as fustian and bombast: for our authors, dreading the vice of incorrectness above all others, grow ridiculously precise and affected. In short, however paradoxical it may seem, we have now, in my opinion, too correct a taste. It is to no purpose for such prudent sober wooers, as our modern bards, to knock at the door of the Muses. They, as well as mortal ladies, love to be attacked briskly. Should we take a review even of Chaucer's poetry, the most inattentive reader, in the very thickest of old Geoffrey's woods, would find the light sometimes pierce through, and break in upon him like lightning; and a man must have no soul in him, who does not admire the fancy, the strength, and elegance of Spenser, even through that disagreeable habit, which the fashion of the times obliged him to wear. To conclude, there is this material difference between the former and present age of poetry; that the writers in the first thought poetically; in the last, they only express themselves so. Modern poets seem to me more to study the manner how they shall write, than what is to be written. The minute accuracy of their productions; the bells of their rhimes, so well matched, making most melodious tinkle; and all the mechanism of poetry, so exactly finished; (together with a total deficiency of spirit, which should be the leaven of the whole) put me in mind of a piece of furniture, generally found in the studies of the learned, 'in an odd angle of the room,' a mahogany case, elegantly carved and fashioned on the outside, the specious covering of a—chamber-pot.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

R. L.

THE SATYR AND THE PEDLAR,

A FABLE.

Words are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs.
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being gvaue and arbitrary.

Now damn'd, for instance—All agree
Damn'd's the superlative Degree;
Means that alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own:
But signifies or bad or good,
Just as its neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough:
Damn'd high, damn'd low, damn'd fine, damn'd stuff.
So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its substantive damnation.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tell's you he's damnation cold?
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The self-same wit's damnation hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once, in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in snow is lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost;
When families get altogether,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox of the descriptive rhime—
In short, it was the winter time.
It was a pedlar's happy lot
To fall into a satyr's cot;
Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
'Friend,' quoth the satyr, 'what intends
That blowing on thy fingers' ends!'
'It is to warm them thus I blow,
For they are froze as cold as snow;
And so inclement has it been,
I'm like a cake of ice within.'
'Come,' quoth the satyr, 'comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inside if I can;
You're welcome, in my homely cottage,
To a warm fire, and mess of pottage.'
This said, the satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth;
Which with delight the pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose
With grateful odour to his nose,

One single sip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was so wondrous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it till it's cool enough.
‘ Why, how now, pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing?’ quoth the satyr.
‘ I blow to cool it,’ cries the clown,
‘ That I may get the liquor down;
For, though I grant you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as hell.’
Then raising high his cloven stump,
The satyr smote him on the rump.
‘ Begone, thou double knave, or fool;
With the same breath to warm and cool!
Friendship with such I never hold,
Who're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Again I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in,
Our authors creep instead of soaring
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.
But still you cry, in sober sadness,
‘ There is discretion e'en in madness.’
A pithy sentence! but wants credit,
Because, I find, a poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known liars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still.
And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?
The mettled steed may loose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.
Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his witches fairies, fools.
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
Or garden trim and all inclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd.

The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond its border.
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
It's very summit in the clouds,
While round its roof still loves to twine
The ivy and wild eglantine.
'But Shakspeare's all-creative fancy
Made others love extravagancy,
While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
Like Hurlothrumbo's mad Lord Fame.'
True.—Who can stop dull imitators,
Thoseyounger brothers of translators,
Those insects, which from genius rise,
And buz about, in swarms, like flies?
Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:
As formerly the sons of rhime
Sought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime,
By cool correctness now they hope
To emulate the praise of Pope.
But Pope and Shakspeare both disclaim
These low retainers to their fame.
What task can dullness e'er affect
So easy, as to write correct?
Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid the extremes of either,
They miss their mark, and follow neither:
They so exactly poise the scale,
That neither measure will prevail;
And mediocrity the Muse
Did never in her sons excuse.
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taste,
And ev'ry senseless line is drest
In quaint expression's tinsel vest.
Say, did you ever chance to meet
A Monsieur Barber in the street,
Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces,
With little dabs of Dresden laces;
While for the body, Monsieur Puff
Would think e'en dowlass fine enough?

So fares it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes:
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry clothes,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
Howe'er they deck the outward frame
The inner skeleton's the same.

But shall these wretched bards commence,
Without or spirit, taste, or sense?
And, when they bring no other treasure,
Shall I admire them for their measure?
Or do I scorn the critic's rules,
Because I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd prose
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionisius' learned taste
Is ever manly, just, and chaste,
Who, like a skilful, wise physician.
Dissects each part of composition,
And shows how beauty strikes the soul,
From a just compact of the whole;
Though judgment in Quintilian's page
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet Hypercritics I disdain,
A race of blockheads, dull and vain,
And laugh at all those empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow science mocks
Damn with the name of Het'rodox.
These butchers of a poet's fame,
While they usurp the critic's name,
Cry, 'this is taste—that's my opinion:'
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you seen, with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow-chair,
Command the pris'ners to appear;
Harangue an hour on watchman's praise,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, 'you'll suffer for your daring,
And damn you, you shall pay for swearing:'
Then, turning, tell th' astonish'd ring,
'I sit to represent the KING.'

No. 126. THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1756.

Proinde tona eloquio, solitum tibi.— VIRG.

Rant, roar, and bellow, with theatric air,
And sink the rev'rend preacher in the play'r.

I REMEMBER a rector of a parish at the court end of the town, who was generally accounted a very fine preacher, that used to aim at delivering himself in the most bold and animated style of oratory. The tone of his voice was nicely accommodated to the different branches of his discourse, and every thing was pronounced with uncommon energy and emphasis: he also indulged himself in equal freedom of action, and abounded in various extraordinary gesticulations: his sermons themselves were sown thick with tropes, metaphors, and similies, and everywhere enriched with *apostrophe* and *prosopopœia*.

As I knew that this reverend gentleman had been abroad with a young nobleman in the capacity of a travelling tutor, I did not wonder at the violent exertion of his voice, and the vehemence of his action; this affected air being a piece of clerical foppery, which an itinerant clergyman is apt to adopt, while his pupil is gleaning all the other follies of Paris: at which place it is very common to see a *capuchine* so heated with his subject, that he often seems in danger of throwing himself out of the pulpit. But I was at a loss how to account for the glowing style of his discourses; till happening to turn over the works of a celebrated French preacher, I found, that the oratorical performances of my friend were no other than faithful translations of them.

This sort of pulpit plagiarisms may perhaps be more adapted to the taste of some of our fashionable declaimers, than the more hacknied method of transcribing a page from Barrow, Tillotson, or Atterbury. But, although such practices may be less liable to detection, it is certainly more orthodox to rifle the works of our own divines, than to ransack the treasures of Romish priests; and their inflamed orations are undoubtedly less adapted to the genius of our people, than the sober reasonings of our own preachers. Voltaire, in his essay on epic poetry, has touched this point with his usual vivacity, and given a very just description of the different species of pulpit eloquence, that obtain in France and England. The whole passage is as follows:—'Discourses, aiming at the *pathetic*, pronounced with vehemence, and accompanied with violent gestures, would excite laughter in an English congregation. For as they are fond of bloated language and the most impassioned eloquence on the stage, so in the pulpit they affect the most unornamented simplicity. A sermon in France is a long declamation, scrupulously divided into three parts, and delivered with enthusiasm. In England, a sermon is a solid, but sometimes dry, dissertation, which a man reads to the people, without gesture, and without any particular exaltation of the voice. In Italy, (he adds) a sermon is a spiritual comedy:' or rather farce, he might have said; since the preachers in that country harangue their audience, running to and fro on a sort of raised stage, like a mountebank. It must be owned however, that some of our clergy are greatly wanting in that life and spirit, which would render their instructions more affecting as well as more pleasing. Their sermons are frequently drawled out in one dull tone, without any variation of voice or gesture: so that it is no wonder, if some of the congregation should be caught napping, when the preacher himself hardly seems to be awake. But though this drowsy delivery is not to be commended, yet a serious earnestness is most likely to engage the attention, and convince the reason. This manner, as it is most decent in itself, is best suited to an English audience: though it is no wonder, that a different strain of oratory should prevail in France; since a Frenchman accompanies almost every word in ordinary conversation with some fantastic gesture, and even inquires concerning your health, and talks of the weather, with a thousand shrugs and grimaces.

But though I do not like to see a preacher lazily lolling on the cushion, or dozing over his sermon-case, and haranguing his audience with an unchristian apathy; yet even this unanimated delivery is perhaps less offensive, than to observe a clergyman not so assiduous to instruct his audience, as to be admired by them: not to mention, that even Voltaire himself seems to think our manner of preaching preferable, on the whole, to the declamatory style and affected gestures, used by the clergy of his own nation. A sober divine should not ascend the pulpit with the same passions, that a public orator mounts the rostrum: much less should he assume the voice, gesture, and deportment of a player, and the language of the theatre. He should preserve a temperance in the most earnest parts of his discourse, and go through the whole of it in such a manner, as best agrees with the solemn place in which it is uttered. Pompous nonsense, bellowed out with a thundering accent, comes with a worse grace from the pulpit, than bombast and fustian injudiciously ranted forth by a 'perriwig-pated fellow' on the stage. I cannot better illustrate the absurdity and indecency of this manner, than by a familiar, though shameful, instance of it. Whoever has occasionally joined with the butchers in making up the audience of the Clare-market orator, will agree with me, that the impropriety of his style, and the extravagance of his action, become still more shocking and intolerable by the day which they profane, and the ecclesiastical appearance of the place in which the declaimer harangues. Thus while those, who thunder out damnation from parish pulpits, may, from assuming the manners of the theatre, be resembled to ranting players; the Clare-market orator, while he turns religion into farce, must be considered as exhibiting shows and interludes of an inferior nature, and himself regarded as a Jack-pudding in a gown and cassock.

A bloated style is perhaps of all others least to be commended. It is more frequently made a shelter for nonsense, than a vehicle of truth: but, though improper on all occasions, it more especially deviates from the chaste plainness and simplicity of pulpit eloquence. Nor am I less displeased with those, who are admired by some as pretty preachers; as I think a clergyman may be a coxcomb in his style and manner, as well as a prig in his appearance. Flowers of rhetoric, injudiciously scattered over a sermon, are as disgusting in his discourse, as the snug wig and scented white handkerchief in his dress. The pretty preacher aims also at politeness and good-breeding, takes the ladies to task in a genteel vain of raillery, and handles their modish foibles with the same air, that he gallants their fans: but if he has a mind to put his abilities to the stretch, and indulge himself in a more than ordinary flow of rhetoric, he flitters away the solemnity of some scriptural subject; and I have heard a flourishing declaimer of this cast take off from the awful idea of the Passion, by dwelling principally on the gracefulness of person, sweetness of voice, and elegance of deportment, in the Divine Sufferer; and at another time, in speaking of the fall, I have known him to enter into a picturesque description of the woods, groves, and rivulets, pansies, pinks, and violets, that threw a perpetual gaity over the face of nature in the garden of Eden.

Affected oratory and an extravagant delivery were first practised by those who vary from the established church: nor is there any manner so unbecoming and indecent, which has not, at one time or another, been accounted truly spiritual and graceful. Snuffling through the nose with an harmonious twang, has been regarded as a kind of church-music best calculated to raise devotion, and a piteous chorus of sighs and groans has been thought the most effectual call to repentance. Irregular tremblings of the voice, and contortions of the person, have long been the eloquence of quakers and presbyterians; and are now the favourite mode of preaching practised by those self-ordained teachers, who strike out new lights in religion, and pour forth their extempore rhapsodies in a torrent of enthusiastical oratory. An inspired cobler will thunder out anathemas, with the tone and gesture of St. Paul, from a joint-stool; and an enlightened bricklayer will work himself up to such a pitch of vehemence, as shall make his audience quake again. I am sorry to see our regular divines rather copying, than reforming, this hot and extravagant manner of preaching; and have with pain been witness to a wild intemperate delivery in our parish churches, which I should only have expected at the chapel in Long-acre, or at the Foundery and Tabernacle in Moor-fields.

As a serious earnestness in the delivery, and a nervous simplicity in the style of a discourse, are the most becoming ornaments of the pulpit, so an affectation of eloquence is no where so offensive. The delivery of a preacher, as well as his diction, should, like the dress, be plain and decent. Inflamed eloquence and wild gestures are unsuitable the place and his function; and though such vehement heat may perhaps kindle the zeal of a few enthusiastic old beldams in the isle, it has a very different effect on the more rational part of the congregation. I would therefore recommend it to our fashionable divines, to aim at being preachers rather than orators or actors, and to endeavour to make their discourses appear like sermons rather than orations. O.

N° 127. THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1756.

Fervens difficilibile tumet jecur. HOR.

Rage in her eyes, distraction in her mein,
Her breast indignant swells with jealous spleen.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

WE are told, that in Spain it is the custom for husbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in Turkey it is the fashion to lock up their mistresses under the guard of a trusty eunuch: but I never knew, that in any country the men were put under the same restrictions. Alas! Sir, my wife is to me a very duenna: she is as careful of me, as the *keisler aga*, or chief eunuch, is of the grand signior's favourite sultana: and whether she believes, that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, she will never trust me out of her sight; but sticks as close to me, as if she really was without a figure, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I am never suffered to stir abroad without her, lest I should go astray; and at home she follows me up and down the house, like a child in leading-strings: nay, if I do but step down stairs on any ordinary occasion, she is so afraid I shall give her the slip, that she always screams after me.

'my dear, you are not going out;' though for better security, she generally locks up my hat and cane, together with her own gloves, and cardinal, that one may not stir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myself, that I am handsomer or better made than other men: or has she, in my eyes at least fewer charms than other women. Need I add, that my complexion is not over sanguine, nor my constitution very robust? and yet she is so very doubtful of my constancy, that I cannot speak, or even pay the compliment of my hat, to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to her jealousy. Such a one, she is sure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than she should be; and she saw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of some private assignation between us. A nun, Sir, might as soon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance to our house: she has therefore affronted all her acquaintance of her own sex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody, but maiden ladies in the bloom of threescore, and beauties of the last century.

She will scarce allow me to mix even with persons of my own sex; and she looks upon bachelors in particular, as no better than pimps and common seducers. One evening, indeed, she vouchsafed to trust me out of doors at a tavern with some of my male friends: but the first bottle had scarce gone round, before word was brought up, that my boy was come with the lantern to light me home. I sent him back with orders to call in an hour; when presently after the maid was dispatched, with notice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the summons; ʰen, to our great surprise, the sick lady herself bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit; from which she did not recover, till the coach had set us down at our own house. She then called me the basest of husbands, and said, that all taverns were no better than bawdy-houses, and that men only went thither to meet naughty women: at last she declared it to be her firm resolution, that I should never set my foot in any one of them again, except herself be allowed to make one of the company.

You will suppose, Sir, that while my wife is thus cautious, that I should not be led astray when abroad she takes particular care, that I may not stumble on temptations at home. For this reason, as soon as I had brought her to my house, my two maid servants were immediately turned away at a moment's warning, not without many covert hints, and some open accusations, of too near an intimacy between us, though, I protest to you, one was a feeble old wrinkled creature, as haggard and frightful as mother Shipton; and the other, a strapping wench, as coarse and brawny as the female Samson. Even my man John, who had lived in the family for thirty years, was packed off, as being too well acquainted with his master's sly ways. A char-woman was forced to do our work for some time, before Madam could suit herself with maids for her purpose. One was too pert an hussey; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At present our househould is made up of such beautiful monsters, as Caliban himself might fall in love with: my lady's own waiting woman has a most inviting hump-back, and is so charmingly paralytic, that she shakes all over, like a Chinese figure; the house-maid squints most delightfully with one solitary eye, which weeps continually for the loss of its fellow; and the cook, besides a most captivating red face and protuberant waist, has a most graceful hobbl her gait, occasioned by one leg being shorter than the other.

I need not tell you, that I must never write a letter, but my wife must see the contents, before it is done up; and that I never dare to open one, till she has broke the seal, or read it, till she has first run it over. Every rap at the door from the post-man makes her tremble; and I have known her ready to burst with spleen at seeing a superscription, written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country. She can pick out an intrigue even from the impression on the wax: and a Cupid, or two hearts joined in union, or a wafer pricked with a pin, or stamped with a thimble she interprets as the certain tokens of a billet-doux: and if there is a blank space left in any part of the letter, she always holds it for some time before the fire; that, if it should be filled with any secret contents, written in juice of lemons, they may by that means become visible.

About a month ago she found a mysterious paper in my coat-pocket, which awakened all her mistrust. This suspicious manuscript was drawn up in hieroglyphics; which as she could not interpret, she immediately concluded it to be a *billet-doux* from some nasty creature, whom I secretly maintained in a corner of the town; and that we corresponded together in cypher. This terrible paper, Sir, was in truth no other than a bill from my blacksmith in the country; who, never having learnt to write, expressed his meaning by characters of his own invention. Thus, if he had mended a spade, he charged it to my account, by drawing as well as he could, the figure of a spade, and adding at a little distance six perpendicular lines, to signify sixpence; or, if he had repaired a plough, he sketched out that also in the same kind of rough draught, and annexed to it four e lines, to denote four shillings. This matter

I explained to my wife as fully as possible, but very little to her satisfaction. It is absolutely impossible to quiet her suspicions: she is perpetually reproaching me with my private trull, nay upbraids me on this account before strangers; and it was but last week, that she put me to inconceivable confusion before a whole room full of company, by telling them that I was in love with a blacksmith.

Jealousy, Sir, it is said, is a sign of love. It may be so; but it is a species of love, which is attended with all the malevolent properties of hate: nay, I will venture to say, that many a modern wife hates her husband most heartily, without causing him half that uneasiness, which my loving consort's suspicious temper creates to me. Her jealous whims disturb me the more, because I am naturally of an even mind and calm disposition; one of the chief blessings I promised myself in matrimony was, to enjoy the sweets of domestic tranquillity. I loved my wife passionately; but I must own, that these perpetual attacks upon my peace make me regard her with less and less tenderness every day: and though there is not a woman in the world that I would prefer to my wife, yet I am apt to think, that such violent suspicions without a cause, have often created real matter for jealousy.

T. I am, Sir, your humble Servant, &c.

N° 128. THURSDAY, JULY, 8, 1756.

Quod optimum sit quæritis convivium?
In quod chorauels non venit. MART.

Happy that house, where fiddles never come,
Horn, hautboy, harpsichord, nor kettle-drum.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

My wife is mad, stark mad; and unless you can prescribe some remedy for that strange phrenzy which possesses her, my peace of mind must be for ever broken, and my fortune inevitably ruined. You must know, Sir, that she is afflicted with a disorder exactly opposite to the bite of a tarantula: for, as that is said to admit of no cure but music, there is not a note in the gamut, but what tends to heighten and inflame my wife's lunacy. I find it is the fashion in this age, for singers and fiddlers to publish appeals to the public: wherefore, as you have hitherto listened to the complaints of husbands, I must beg you now to consider mine, and to suffer me also to appeal to the public, by means of your paper.

A few years ago business called me over to Italy; where this unfortunate woman received the first touches of this disorder. She soon conceived a violent passion for taste in general, which settled at last in an unquenchable rage after musical compositions. Solos, sonotas, operas, and concertos, became her sole employment and delight, and singers and musicians her only company. At length, full of Italian airs she returned to England, where also her whole happiness had been centred in the orchestra, and it has been her whole pride to be thought a connoisseur in music. If there is an opera, oratorio, or concert, to be performed within the bills of mortality, I do not believe, that the riches of the Indies could prevail on her to be absent. Two, and only two, good consequences flow from this madness; and those are, that she constantly attends St. James's chapel, for the sake of the anthem and the rest of the music; and, out of the many pounds idly squandered on minims and semiquavers, some few are dedicated to charities, which are promoted by musical performances.

But what makes this rage after catgut more irksome and intolerable to me is, that I have not myself the least idea of what they call taste, and it almost drives me mad to be pestered with it. I am a plain man, and have not the least spice of a connoisseur in my composition; yet nothing will satisfy my wife, unless I appear as fond of such nonsense as herself. About a month ago she prevailed on me to attend her to the Opera, where every dying fall made her expire, as well as Lady Townly. She was ravished with one air, in ecstasies at another, applauded Ricciarelli, encored Mingotti, and, in short, acted like an absolute mad women; while the performance, and her behaviour, had a quite different effect upon me, who sat dumb with confusion, 'most musical, most melancholy,' at her elbow. When we came home again, she seemed as happy as harmony could make her; but I must own, that I was all discord, and most heartily vexed at being made a fool in public. 'Well, my dear,' said she, 'how do you like the opera?'——'Zounds, Madam, I would as soon be dragged through a horse-pond, as go to an Opera with you again.' ——'O fie! but you must be delighted with the Mingotti.'——'The Mingotti! The devil.'——'Well, I am sorry for it, Sir Aaron, but I find you have no ear.'——'Ear, Madam! I had rather cut off my ears, than suffer them to make me an idiot.' To this she made me no reply, but began a favourite opera tune: and, after taking a tour round the room, like one of the singers, left me alone.

If my wife could be satisfied, like other musical ladies, with attending public performances, and now and then thrumming on her harpsichord the tunes she hears there, I should be content: but she has also a concert of her own constantly once a week. Here she is in still greater raptures than at the opera, as all the music is chosen and appointed by herself. The expense of this whim is monstrous; for not one of these people will open their mouths, or rosin a single string, without being very well paid for it. Then she must have all the best hands and voices;

and has almost as large a set of performers in pay as the manager of the opera. It puts me quite out of patience to see these fellows strutting about my house, drest up like lords and gentlemen. Not a single fiddler, or singer, but what appears in lace or embroidery; and I once mistook my wife's chief musician for a foreign ambassador.

It is impossible to recount the numberless follies to which this ridiculous passion for music exposes her. Her devotion to the art makes her almost adore the professors of it. A musician is a greater man, in her eye than a duke; and she would sooner oblige an opera-singer than a countess. She is as busy in promoting their benefits, as if she was to have the receipts of the house; and quarrels with all her acquaintance who will not permit her to load them with tickets. Every fiddler in town makes it his business to scrape an acquaintance with her; and an Italian is no sooner imported, than she becomes a part of my wife's band of performers. In the late opera disputes, she has been a most furious partisan; and it is impossible for any patriot to feel more anxiety for the danger of Blakeny and Minorca, than she has suffered on account of the Opera, and the loss of Mingotti.

I do not believe my wife has a single idea, except recitative, airs, counter-tenor, thorough-bass, &c. which are perpetually singing in her head. When we sit together, instead of joining in any agreeable conversation, she is always either humming a tune, or 'discoursing most eloquent music.' Nature has denied her a voice; but, as Italy has given her taste and a graceful manner, she is continually squeaking out strains less melodious than the harmony of ballad-singing in our streets, or psalm-singing in a country church. To make her still more ridiculous, she learns to play on that masculine instrument, the Bass-viol; the pleasure of which nothing can prevail on her to forego, as the bass-viol, she daily tells me contains the whole power and very soul of harmony.

What method, Mr. Town, shall I pursue to cure my wife of this musical frenzy? I have some thoughts of holding weekly a burlesque rorotorio, composed of mock airs, with grand accompaniments of the jew's harp, wooden spoons, and marrow bones and cleavers, on the same day with my wife's concert; and have actually sent to two of Mrs. Midnight's hands to teach me the art and mystery of playing on the broom-stick and hurdy-gurdy, at the same time that my wife learns on the bass-viol. I have also a strong rough voice, which will enable me to roar out Bumper Squire Jones, Roast Beef, or some other old English ballad, whenever she begins to trill forth her melodious airs in Italian. If this has no affect, I will learn to beat the drum, or wind the post horn: and if I should still find it impossible for noise and clamour to overcome the sound of her voices and instruments, I have half resolved peremptorily to shut my doors against singers and fiddlers, and even to demolish her harpsichord and bass-viol.

But this, alas! is coming to extremities, which I am almost afraid to venture, and would endeavour to avoid. I have no aversion to music; but I would not be a fiddler; nor do I dislike company; but I would as soon keep an inn, as convert my house into a theatre for all the idle things of both sexes to assemble at. But my wife's affections are so wedded to the gamut, that I cannot devise any means to wean her from this folly. If I could make her fond of dress, or teach her to love cards, plays, or any thing but music, I should be happy. This method of destroying my peace with harmony, is no better than tickling me to death: and to squander away such sums of money on a parcel of bawling scraping rascals in laced coats and bag wigs, is absolutely giving away my estate for an old song. You, Mr. Town, are a professed Connoisseur; therefore, either give me a little taste, or teach my wife to abandon it: for at present we are but a jangling pair, and there is not the least harmony between us, though, like bass and treble, we are obliged to join in concert.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
T. Aaron Humkin.

N° 129. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1756.

——*Post cineres gloria sera venit.* Mart.

Fame to our ashes comes, alas! too late;
And praise smells rank upon the coffin-plate.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

I am a rich old bachelor, and, like other ancient gentlemen of that order, am very fond of being indulged in all my odd humours, and always having my own way. This is one reason I never married; for if may wife had been a shrewish termagant, she would have killed me; and if she had been a tame domestic animal, I should have killed her. But the way of life I have now fallen into is, of all others, the best calculated to gratify my fantastical temper I have no near relation, indeed, who will submit to be treated as a humble cousin all my life, in hopes of being happy at my death; yet I abound in sycophants and followers, every one of whom I delude, like another Volpone, with the expectations of being made my heir. The abject spirit of these wretches flatters me, and amuses me. I am indolent, and hate contradiction; and can safely say, that not one of my acquaintance has contradicted me for these seven years. There is not one of them but would be glad if I would spit in his face, or rejoice at a kick of the breech from me, if they thought I meant it as a token of my familiarity. When I am grave, they appear as dull as mutes at a funeral: when I smile, they grin like monkeys; when I tell a silly story, they chuckle over every ridiculous particular, and shake their sides in admiration of my wit. Sometimes I pretend to be short-sighted, and then not one of them sees farther than his nose. They swallow sour wine, eat musty victuals, and are proud to ride in my old boots.

I have been told of a certain prelate, who brought his chaplains to such a degree of civility, that after every deal at whist, they would ask him, what he would choose to have for trumps next deal? I keep my fellows in equal good order. They all think me a close old hunks; and imagining that winning their money will put me in good humour with them, they practise all the arts of sharping to cheat themselves. I have known them pack the cards at whist, that I might hold all the four honours in my own hand: they will load the dice in my favour at hazard: pocket themselves on purpose, at billiards; and, at bowls, if any one is near winning the game, he never fails in the next cast to mistake his bias. It is impossible for the most despotic monarch to be more absolute over his subjects, than I am over these slaves and sycophants. Yet, in spite of all their endeavours to oblige me, I most heartily despise them; and have already drawn up a will, in which I have bequeathed to each of them a shilling and a dog collar.

But, though I have settled in my mind what legacies I shall leave them, I have not thoroughly resolved in what manner I shall dispose of the bulk of my estate. Indeed, I am fully determined, like most other wealthy bachelors, either to leave my fortune to some ostentatious pious uses, or to persons whom I have never seen, and for whose characters I have not the least regard or esteem. To speak sincerely, ostentation carries away my whole heart; but then, it is a little difficult to find out a new object to indulge my vanity, whilst I am on this side of the grave, by securing to me a certain prospect of posthumous fame, which is always so agreeable to living pride.

The hospitals are so numerous, that my name will be lost among those more known and established of Guy, Morden, Bancroft, and I know not who. Besides, in the space of four or five centuries, perhaps, it may be thought, notwithstanding my whole length picture and statue, that I had assistance from parliament. If I order my money to be laid out in churches, they will never be built; if in temples, gardens, lakes, obelisks, and serpentine rivers, the next generation of the sons of taste will demolish all my works, turn my rounds into squares, and my squares into rounds, and not leave even my bust, although it were cast in plaster of Paris by Mr. Rackstrow, or worked up in wax by Mr. Goupy. Or supposing, in imitation of some of my predecessors, I were to bequeath my fortune to my kousekeeper, and recommend her in my will as a pattern of virtue, diligence, and every good quality, what will be the effect? In three weeks after my death she will marry an Irishman, and I shall not even enjoy my monument and marble perriwig in Westminster Abbey.

Nothing perplexes me so much as the disposal of my money by my last will and testament. While I am living, it procures the most servile compliance with all my whims from my sycophants, and several other conveniences: but I would fain buy fame with it after my death. Do but instruct me, how I may lay it out in the most valuable purchases of this sort: only discover some new object of charity, and perhaps I may bequeath you a round sum of money for your advice.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,
THOMAS VAINALL.

It is said by an old poet, that no man's life can be called happy or unhappy till his death; in like manner, I have often thought, that no words or actions are a better comment on a person's temper and disposition, than his last will and testament. This is a true portraiture of himself, drawn at full length by his own hand, in which the painting is commonly very lively, and the features very strongly marked. In the discharge of this solemn act, people sign and seal themselves, either wise and good characters, or villains and fools: and any person that makes a ridiculous will, and bequeaths his money to frivolous uses, only takes a great deal of pains, like Dogberry in the play, 'that he may be set down an ass.'

The love of fame governs our actions more universally than any other passion. All the rest gradually drop off, but this runs through our whole lives. This, perhaps, is one of the chief inducements, that influences wealthy persons to bequeath their possessions to ostentatious uses; and they would as willingly lay out a considerable sum in buying a great name (if possible) at their deaths, as they would bestow it on the purchase of a coat of heraldry, during their lives. They are pleased with leaving some memorial of their existence behind them, and to perpetuate the remembrance of themselves by the application of their money to some vain-glorious purposes; though the good gentlemen never did one act to make themselves remarkable, or laid out a single shilling in a laudable manner, while they lived. If an Apotheosis were to be bought, how many rich scoundrels would be deified after their deaths! not a plum in the city but would purchase this imaginary godship as readily as he paid for his freedom at his first setting up; and I doubt not but this fantastical distinction would be more frequent on an escutcheon than a coronet.

The disposal of our fortunes by our last will should be considered as the discharge of a sacred trust which we should endeavour to execute in a just manner; and, as we have had the enjoyment of rich possessions, we ought carefully to provide, that they may devolve to those who have the most natural claim to them. They who may first demand our favour, are those who are allied to us by the ties of blood; next to these, stand those persons to whom we are connected by friendship: and, next to our friends and relations, mankind in general. But the humanity of a testator will not be thought very extensive, though it reaches to posterity, or includes the poor in general, if it neglects the objects of charity immediately under his eye, or those individuals, who have the best title to his benevolence. Virgil has placed to those rich men, who bestowed none of their wealth on their relations, among the chief personages in his hell. Wherefore I would advise my good correspondent Mr. Vainall first to consider, whether he has not some poor relation, starving perhaps in some distant part of the kingdom: after that, let him look round whether he has not some friends, whom he may possibly relieve from misery and distress. But if he has no relation, nor any person in the world that has any regard for him, before he begins to endow a college, or found an hospital, I should take it as a particular favour if he would leave his money to me, and I will promise to immortalize his memory in the Connoisseur.

No. 130. THURSDAY, JULY, 22, 1756.

———*Lyræ solers, et cantor.*——— HOR.

Sweet Virtuosa! with what art she sings!
With what a gusto strikes the trembling strings!

I HAVE just received the following letter from Lady Humkin, the musical consort of my late correspondent Sir Aaron. I shall not pretend to moderate in family-disputes of so important a nature, but leave each party to speak for themselves.

Mr. Town,

Pray hear both sides fairly, before you judge; for (to use a vulgar expression) one story is good till the other is told. I am, Sir, the unfortunate wife of that inelegant (I had almost said insensible) husband, who, in your paper of the eighth instant, pronounces and publishes me to be mad, stark mad.

I confess and glory in my passion for music: and can there be a nobler or a more generous one? My nerves are naturally strung to harmony, and variously affected by the various combinations of the gamut. Some stay in Italy added skill and taste in composition to my natural happy disposition to music: and the best judges, as well as the best performers in that country, allowed me to have an uncommon share of *virtu*. I both compose and perform, Sir; and, though I say it, perhaps few, even of the profession, possess the *contra-punto* and the *cromatic* better; and I have had the unspeakable pleasure of hearing my compositions and my performances dignified in Italy with the unanimous appellations of *squisito, divino,* and *adorevole.*

Is there any madness in this? Does not he better deserve that imputation, whose breast is insensible and impenetrable to all the charms and powers of harmony? To be plain, I mean my husband: whom I have frequently seen yawn, nay leave the room, in the middle of the most touching pathetic, sung by the most affecting Signora Mingotti, accompanied by the divine Signor di Giardino. And yet,—pardon this digressive transport,—how irresistible is the expression, the melody, the cadences, the *apogyraturas* of that incomparable *virtuoso!* What energy, what delicacy, and what variety are in the inimitable compositions and execution of the charming Signor d' Giardino! What an *arpeggio* he has, what a *staccato*, what an *andante!* In short, I may, I am sure, with truth assert, that whether in the *allegro* or the *piano*, the *adagio*, the *largo*, or the *forte*, he never had his equal. Oh, Mr. Town, what an irretrievable loss has this country sustained! My good man, among his other qualifications, is a politician, you must know; and one of his principal objections against these *virtuosi* is, that they are foreigners. He flew into a violent passion with me last Sunday night, because I had a concert at my house, when (he said) such bad news were received from abroad. I know not what he, and other muddy-headed politicians, may think: but let him talk what he will of the Blakeney, the Governor, the Admiral, I am sure the nation cannot sustain a greater evil, than the loss of the Mingotti; who, as the public prints will inform you, 'is gone to Holland, till her affairs in England can be settled.'

But however gothic my husband may be, I am fully determined to discharge the duty of a good wife. Accordingly, whenever he comes into my room, I sit down to my harpsichord, and sing and play the most soothing pieces of music, in hopes some time or other of hitting his unison, but hitherto to no purpose; and, to say the truth, I fear he has not one harmonic nerve in his whole system, though otherwise a man of good plain sense. When he interrupts my performances (as in his letter he owns that he does) with wishing for the men from Mother Midnight's, with their wooden spoons, salt-boxes, jew's-harps, and broomsticks, to play in concert with me; I answer him with all the gentleness and calmness imaginable—'Indeed, my dear, you have not the least notion of these things. It would be impossible to bring those ridiculous instruments into a concert, and to adopt a thorough-bass to them: they have not above three notes at most, and those cannot be *sostenute.*' 'I wish for all that,' answers he, 'that they were here: I should like them better than all your Signors and Signoras; and I am sure they would cost a great deal less.

This article of expense he often dwells upon, and sometimes even with warmth; to which I reply, with all the mildness that becomes a good wife, 'My dear, you have a good fortune of your own, and I brought you still a better. Of what use is money, if not employed? and how can it be better employed, than in encouraging and rewarding distinguished *gusto* and merit? These people, whom you call ballad-singers and pipers, are people of birth, though for the most part of small fortunes; and they are much more considered, as you know, in Italy, than all the greatest ancient Roman heroes, if revived, would now be. They leave their own country, where they are so infinitely esteemed for their moral as well as their musical characters, and generously sacrifice all these advantages to our diversion. Besides, my dear, what should we do with our money? Would you lavish it away upon foundling bastards; lying-in women, who have either no husbands or too many; importunate beggars, all whose cries and complaints are the most shocking discords? Or, suppose that we were to save our money, and leave our children better fortunes, who knows but they might, as too many do, squander them away idly? whereas what we give to these *virtuosi*, we know, is given to merit. For my own part, my dear, I have infinite pleasure, when I can get any of them to accept of fifty or a hundred guineas; which, by the way, cannot always be brought about without some art and contrivance; for they are most exceedingly nice and delicate upon the point of honour, especially in the article of money. I look upon such trifling presents as a debt due to superior talents and merit; and I endeavour to insinuate them in a way, that the receiver may not blush.'—Here my husband breaks out into a violent passion, and says,—'Ouns, Madam, shew me a *virtuoso*, or a *virtuosa*, (as you call them) who ever blushed in their lives, and I will give them the fee-simple of my estate.' You see, Mr. Town, what a strange man he is, that he has no idea of elegance and *divertimenti;* and when he is so violently in *alt*, I will leave you to judge, who it is that is mad, stark mad.

In short, Sir, my husband is insensible, untunable, to the most noble, generous, and strongest of all human passions, a passion for music. That divine passion alone engrosses the whole soul, and leaves no room for lesser and vulgar cares; for you must certainly have observed, Mr. Town, that whoever has a passion for, and a thorough knowledge of, music, is fit for no one other thing. Thus truly informed of my case, I am sure you will judge equitably between Sir Aaron and

Your very humble Servant,
MARIA HUMKIN.

N° 131. THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1756.

———Inter
Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos?—— HOR

Here the wise youth is deem'd a rev'rend sage,
And shares the honours of grey hairs and age:
Th' old dotard here, whom childish passions rule,
Takes for his name, an infant and a fool.

No other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it: he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family, from starving: and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendant genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers, to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and, with great propriety, placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and Bob Majors, as the boys of Christ-Church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhymer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully, as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, may always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly: and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved, and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is a humane man, who never did a beneficent action: and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head, and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip, undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, 'I have lost a day.' If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost? and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life? If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man, four years old: dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Ætat.* 80, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. In a burying-ground of this nature, allowing for the partiality of survivors, which would certainly point out the most brilliant actions of their dead friends, we might perhaps see some inscriptions, not much unlike the following:—

Here lie the remains of a celebrated beauty, aged 50, who died in her fifth year. She was born in her eighteenth year, and was untimely killed by the small-pox in her twenty-third.

Here rest in eternal sleep, the mortal part of L. B. a freethinker, aged 88, an infant. He came into the world by chance in the year ———, and was annihilated in the first year of his age.

Here continue to rot the bones of a noted buck, an embryo, who never shewed any signs of life; but after twenty-three years was so totally putrified that it could not be kept above ground any longer.

Here lies the swoln carcass of a boon companion, who was born in a dropsy in his 40th year. He lingered in this condition, till he was obliged to be tapped; when he relapsed into his former condition, and died in the second year of his age, and twenty-third of his drinking.

Here lies Isaac Da-Costa, a convert from Judaism, aged 64. He was born and christened in his sixty-first year, and died in the true faith in the third year of his age.

Here is deposited the body of the celebrated Beau Tawdry, who was born at court in the year ——, on a birthnight, and died of grief in his second year, upon the court's going into mourning.

Here rots A. B. still-born, who died of a fright on the 20th of May, 1756.

Here rests from his labours the brave General B. who died about the 100th year of his age, older than Methuselah. O.

No. 132. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1756.

Odi profanum volgus et arceo. HOR.

I hate the vulgar, nor will condescend
To call a foul-mouth'd handicraftsman friend.

I KNOW not any greater misfortune that can happen to a young fellow at his first setting out in life, than his falling into low company. He that sinks to familiarity with persons much below his own level, will be constantly weighed down by his base connexions; and, though he may easily plunge still lower, he will find it almost impossible ever to rise again. He will also inevitably contract a mean air, and an illiberal disposition; and you can no more give him an ingenuous turn of mind, by a sudden introduction to genteel company, than you can make an apprentice a fine gentleman by dressing him in embroidery: though experience teaches us, that the mind is, unhappily, sooner distorted than reformed; and a gentleman will as readily catch the manners of the vulgar, by mixing with such mean associates, as he would daub his clothes with soot by running against a chimney-sweeper.

A propensity to low company is owing, either to an original meanness of spirit, a want of education, or an ill-placed pride, commonly arising from both the forementioned causes. Those who are naturally of a grovelling disposition, show it even at school, by choosing their play-fellows from the scum of the class, and are never so happy as when they can steal down to romp with the servants in the kitchen. They have no emulation in them; they entertain none of that decent pride, which is so essential a requisite in all characters; and the total absence of which in a boy, is a certain indication that his riper age will be contemptible. I remember a young fellow of this cast, who, by his early attachment to low company, gave up all the advantages of a good family and ample fortune. He not only lost all his natural interest in the country where his estate was situated, but was not honoured with the acquaintance of one gentleman in it. He lived, indeed, chiefly in town, and at an expense sufficient to have maintained him among those of the first rank; but he was so perpetually surrounded with men of the lowest character, that people of fashion, or even those of a much inferior fortune, would have thought it infamous to be seen with him. All the while, he was reckoned, by his associates, to be a mighty good-natured gentleman, and without the least bit of pride in him.

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder, that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the groom and the game-keeper: but it would amaze us, to see a boy, well educated, cherish this ill-placed pride of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of The Gentleman: while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should excel him in abilities. Sometimes, indeed, it happens, that a person of learning and genius will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house or cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a bawdy-house, in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour; and from a desire of seeing the droller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now become almost as low a character as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions.

Toby will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practises, all the plebian arts and exercises under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then had the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen as a brother whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Essex or Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged in the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket, and is himself esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn: and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the air and manner of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect; which recommend him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the high spirits at Comus's court, or at the meetings of the 'sons of sound sense and satisfaction.' He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pickpockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These and other like accomplishments frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours; and is well known to every street-walker between Charing-cross and Cheapside. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping, and Fleet-ditch; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier, for engaging with his trull, in St. James's park. The last time I saw him, he was laid up with two black eyes and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night-cellar.

Nº 133. THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1756.

Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis;
Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas.
*Quod superest, ultrò sacris largire Camænis.**

Co. Litt.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir, Middle Temple.

If we look into the several inns of court, the professed students of the law compose a very numerous body: but if we afterwards turn our eyes on those few who are employed in exercising their talents in Westminster-hall, this prodigious army of lawyers shrinks to a very thin inconsiderable corps. Thousands, it seems, are disgusted with the unpleasing dryness of the study, as it is now managed, and conceive an unconquerable aversion to the white leaves and the old black letter. This early dislike to legal inquiries certainly proceeds from the fatal mistakes in the plan of study hitherto recommended. According to all systems now extant, it is absolutely impossible to be at once a lawyer and a fine gentleman. Seeing with concern the many evils arising from these erroneous principles, I have at length devised a method to remedy all these inconveniences; a method now very successfully practised by several young gentlemen. Wherefore I must beg leave to submit my thoughts to the public by means of your paper, and to chalk out the outlines of a treatise, now ready for the press, entitled The Complete Barrister, or A New Institute of the Laws of England.

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* See the translation in the body of the paper.

My Lord Coke prescribes to our student to follow the advice given in the ancient verses, prefixed to this letter, for the good spending of the day: 'Six hours to sleep, six to the study of the law, four to prayer, two to meals, and the rest to the Muses.' But what an absurd and unfashionable distribution of the four-and-twenty hours! I will venture a thousand pounds to a shilling, that not one student in the kingdom divides his time in this manner. Here is not a single word of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the theatres, or other public diversions; not to mention, that nobody but a Methodist would ever think of praying four hours; and that it would be impossible, though we were content with snapping up a chop every day at Betty's, to dispatch even dinner in two. How then shall we reconcile these precepts, scarce practicable by a hermit, to the life of a young gentleman, who keeps the best company? or how can these rules for severe application be made consistent with the practice of those who divide their whole time between eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusements? Well knowing that the volatile dispositions of the young gentlemen of the present age can never submit the ordering of their lives to any prescribed rules, I have endeavoured to square my precepts to their lives; and have so contrived the matter, that, amidst the keenest pursuit of their pleasures, they shall be engaged in the most improving course of the law.

As laws are chiefly nothing else but rules of action, what can be more cruel and absurd, than to coop up a brisk young man, to learn, in his chambers, what he can so much better teach himself by going abroad into the world? I propose to dose gentlemen with study, as Dr. Rock does with physic, to be taken at home or abroad, without loss of time or hindrance of business. This, I am convinced, is not only the best method, but also the only scheme which several inhabitants of the inns of court would ever follow. I shall not at present forestall the contents of my treatise, by presenting you with a dry abstract of it, but rather endeavour to give you an idea of the spirit and manner in which it is written, by delineating the plan diligently pursued by one of my favourite pupils: and I cannot but congratulate the bar, that so many young men, instead of blinding their eyes and bewildering their understandings with Coke, Plowden, Salkeld, &c. have sense enough to follow the same course of study.

Tom Riot, the principal ornament of my class o students, was sent to the Temple, not with any intention that he should become a great lawyer, but merely because, for a few years, his father did not know how to dispose of him otherwise: but so unwearied has been his application to the new method, that his father and the rest of his friends will, I doubt not, be surprised at his wonderful proficiency. As nothing is of more consequence to those gentlemen, who intend to harangue at the bar, than the acquiring a ready elocution, and an easy habit of delivering their thoughts in public, to this I paid particular attention. For this purpose, I advised him to a diligent attendance on the theatres; and I assure you, Mr. Town, he never fails to take notes at a new play, and seldom or ever misses appearing, at one house or the other, in the green boxes. He has also gathered many beautiful flowers of rhetoric, unblown upon by any other orators, ancient or modern, from the Robin Hood Society; and at the same place he has collected the strongest arguments on every subject, and habituated himself to modes of reasoning never hitherto introduced into courts of justice. But what has been of more than ordinary service to him, and is particularly recommended by Lord Coke himself, who calls 'conference the life of study,' is his so frequent attendance at George's and the other coffee-houses about the Temple, where every student has so many opportunities of benefiting himself by daily conversation with counsellors, attorneys, clerks to attorneys, and other sages of the law.

The law is intended to take cognizance of all our actions: wherefore my pupil, who is fond of exerting his faculties in polite life, has already digested almost all the grand leading points of the law into a journal of his transactions, which I shall lay before my readers at large in my treatise, as the best method for a common-place-book. Thus, for instance, having been frequently employed, after leaving the Shakspeare, in what is called beating the rounds, it has happened him to to be taken into custody by the magistrate of the night, and carried the next morning before a justice; by which means he has attained as full a knowledge of certain parts of the duty of a constable and justice of peace, as could be collected from Dalton, Blackerby, or Burn. Certain impertinences of his tailor and other tradesmen have given him a very clear notion of the laws of arrest, and been of as much service to him as the best treatises on bail and mainprize. Besides which, the several sums of money which he has taken up at different times, payable on his father's death, have opened to him some difficult points in conveyancing, by teaching him the nature of bonds, deeds, &c. and have at the same time shown him what Lord Coke calls, 'the amiable and admirable secrets of the common law,' by unravelling to him the intricate doctrines of reversion and remainder, as well as the general nature of estates. Thus he is continually improving; and whenever he shall happen to commit a rape, or a genteel murder, it will serve him for matter of instruction, as well as any history of the pleas of the crown, and give him an insight into the nature of the practice and extent of the jurisdiction of our courts of justice.

By this plan of study no time is lost: so that, while other students are idling away their vacation in the country, my pupil is daily improving there. As he is a member of the association, he is very conversant in all the laws enacted for the preservation of the game; and he picks up all the learning of the circuit, by dancing at the balls at the assizes. As his father has a place, he is employed in canvassing for votes at the time of an election, which instructs him in all the points of law touching those matters. He was principally concerned in discovering the Customary Tenants, that new species of freeholders unknown to Littleton, Coke, and all the lawyers of antiquity: and he is so intimately acquainted with all the doctrine contained in the several clauses of the bribery act, that I propose publishing in the body of my treatise, *Les Readings Del Mon Seignior Riot Sur L'Estatute de* 2 *Geo. II. &c.*

By this time, Mr. Town, you must perceive, that the ground of my scheme is, in short, no more than this, viz. that the student should regard his life as a kind of commentary on the law, as it is recommended to the clergy to become examples of the doctrine they teach. Or, to bring my illustration more home to these gentlemen, let them learn the law by being occasionally interested in different parts of it; as they become, in some measure, doctors of physic from frequent need of it, and can cure themselves, in certain cases, as well as Rock himself. Instead of poring over books, a gentleman need only observe, how far the law and his actions tally with each other; and as it is said by Lord Coke, 'that the knowledge of the law is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding,' so, in pursuance of my plan, the student will improve according to the eagerness with which he engages in his pleasures: and this, no doubt, was intended by Lord Coke, as it is the most obvious interpretation of his words, when he concludes the comparison by saying, that 'when the professor of the law can dive into the depth, it is delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen, so long as he keeps himself in his own proper element.'

What plan, Mr. Town, can be more delightful, easy, and without any heavy burthen, than institutes of this nature? I have indeed often looked with concern upon those unhappy gentlemen, who have impaired their health by the old method of study, and considered them as martyrs to huge volumes of reports and statutes at large: my pupil will be in no danger of these misfortunes. It is recorded of an eminent counsellor, of the North family, (who, being one of the ablest practitioners at the bar, was overloaded with business,) that sometimes choosing to retire a while from hurry and perplexity, he would say to his clerk, 'Tell the people I do not practice this term.' This proper relaxation I always recommend to my pupils, and have some reason to think they are prudent enough to embrace it; for, as I am acquainted with several students on the new plan, and do not remember to have seen them doing any business in the courts for some time, I suppose they have given notice to their clerks, 'to tell the people that they did not practice in those terms.'

W. I am, Sir, yours, &c. IGNORAMUS.

Nº 134. THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1756.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, donec templa refeceris
Ædesque labentes Deorum, et
Fœda nigro simulacra fumo. HOR.

The tott'ring tow'r, and mould'ring walls repair,
And fill with decency the house of pray'r:
Quick to the needy curate bring relief,
And deck the parish-church without a brief.

MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

Dear Cousin,

THE country at present, no less than the metropolis, abounding with politicians of every kind, I began to despair of picking up any intelligence, that might possibly be entertaining to your readers. However, I have lately visited some of the most distant parts of the kingdom with a clergyman of my acquaintance: I shall not trouble you with an account of the improvements that have been made in the seats we saw according to the modern taste, but proceed to give you some reflections, which occurred to us on observing several country churches; and the behaviour of their congregations.

The ruinous condition of some of these edifices gave me great offence; and I could not help wishing, that the honest vicar, instead of indulging his genius for improvements, by enclosing his gooseberry bushes within a Chinese rail, and converting half an acre of his glebe land into a bowling-green, would have applied part of his income to the more laudable purpose of sheltering his parishioners from the weather, during their attendance on divine service. It is no uncommon thing to see the parsonage-house well thatched, and in exceeding good repair, while the church perhaps has scarce any other roof than the ivy that grows over it. The noise of owls, bats, and magpies, makes a principal part of the church-music in many of these ancient edifices; and the walls, like a large map, seem to be portioned out into capes, seas, and promontories, by the various colours with which the damps have stained them. Sometimes, the foundation being too weak to support the steeple any longer, it has been found expedient to pull down that part of the building, and to hang the bells under a wooden shed on the ground beside it. This is the case in a parish in Norfolk, through which I lately passed, and where the clerk and the sexton, like the two figures at St. Dunstan's, serve the bells in capacity of clappers, by striking them alternately with a hammer.

In other churches I have observed, that nothing unseemly or ruinous is to be found, except in the clergyman, and the appendages of his person. The 'squire of the parish, or his ancestors perhaps, to testify their devotion, and to leave a lasting monument to their magnificence, have adorned the altar-piece with the richest crimson velvet, embroidered with vine-leaves and ears of wheat: and have dressed up the pulpit with the same splendour and expense; while the gentleman who fills it, is exalted, in the midst of all this finery, with a surplice as dirty as a farmer's frock, and a perriwig that seems to have transferred its faculty of curling to the band, which appears in full buckle beneath it.

But if I was concerned to see several distressed pastors, as well as many of our country churches in a tottering condition, I was more offended with the indecency of worship in others. I could wish that the clergy would inform their congregations, that there is no occasion to scream themselves hoarse in making the responses; that the town-crier is not the only person qualified to pray with due devotion; and that he who bawls the loudest may, nevertheless, be the wickedest fellow in the parish. The old women too in the aisle might be told, that their time would be better employed in attending to the sermon, than in fumbling over their tattered Testaments till they have found the text; by which time the discourse is near drawing to a conclusion: while a word or two of instruction might not be thrown away upon the younger part of the congregation, to teach them, that making posies in summer time, and cracking nuts in autumn, is no part of the religious ceremony.

The good old practice of psalm-singing is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country churches since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins; and there is scarce a parish-clerk, who has so little taste as not to pick his staves out of the New Version. This has occasioned great complaints in some places where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himself, because the rest of the congregation cannot find the psalm at the end of their prayer-books: while others are highly disgusted at the innovation, and stick as obstinately to the Old Version as to the old style. The tunes themselves have also been new-set to jiggish measures, and the sober drawl, which used to accompany the first two staves of the hundredth psalm with the Gloria Patri, is now split into as many quavers as an Italian air. For this purpose, there is in every county an itinerant band of vocal musicians, who make it their business to go round to all the churches in their turns, and after a prelude with the pitch pipe, astonish the audience with hymns set to the new Winchester measure, and anthems of their own composing. As these new-fashioned psalmodists are necessarily made up of young men and maids, we may naturally suppose, that there is a perfect concord and symphony between them: and, indeed, I have known it happen, that these sweet singers have more than once been brought into disgrace, by too close an unison between the thorough-bass and the treble.

It is a difficult matter to decide, which is looked upon as the greatest man in a country church, the parson or his clerk. The latter is most certainly held in higher veneration, where the former happens to be only a poor curate, who rides post every sabbath from village to village, and mounts and dismounts at the church-door. The clerk's office is not only to tag the prayers with an amen, or usher in the sermon with a stave; but he is also the universal father to give away the brides, and the standing god-father to all the new-born bantlings. But in many places there is a still greater man belonging to the church, than either the parson or the clerk himself. The person I mean is the Squire; who, like the king, may be styled head of the church in his own parish. If the benefice be in his own gift, the vicar is his creature, and of consequence entirely at his devotion: or, if the care of the church be left to a curate, the Sunday fees of roast beef and plum pudding, and a liberty to shoot in the manor, will bring him as much under the Squire's command as his dog and horses. For this reason the bell is often kept tolling, and the people waiting in the churchyard, an hour longer than the usual time; nor must the service begin till the Squire has strutted up the aisle, and seated himself in the great pew in the chancel. The length of the sermon is also measured by the will of the Squire, as formerly by the hourglass: and I know one parish, where the preacher has always the complaisance to conclude his discourse, however abruptly, the minute that the Squire gives the signal, by rising up after his nap.

In a village church, the Squire's lady or the vicar's wife are perhaps the only females that are stared at for their finery; but in the larger cities and towns, where the newest fashions are brought down weekly by the stage-coach or waggon, all the wives and daughters of the most topping tradesmen vie with each other every Sunday in the elegance of their apparel. I could even trace the gradations in their dress, according to the opulence, the extent, and the distance of the place from London. I was at church in a populous city in the North, where the mace-bearer cleared the way for Mrs. Mayoress, who came sidling after him in an enormons fan-hoop, of a pattern which had never been seen before in those parts. At another church, in a corporation town, I saw several Negligées, with furbelowed aprons, which had long disputed the prize of superiority: but these were most woefully eclipsed by a burgess's daughter, just came from London, who appeared in a Trolloppée or Slammerkin, with treble ruffles to the cuffs, pinked and gymped, and the sides of the petticoat drawn up in festoons. In some lesser borough towns, the contest, I found, lay between three or four black and green bibs and aprons: at one a grocer's wife attracted our eyes by a new-fashioned cap, called a Joan; and at another, they were wholly taken up by a mercer's daughter, in a Nun's Hood.

I need not say any thing of the behaviour of the congregations in these more polite places of religious resort; as the same genteel ceremonies are practised there, as at the most fashionable churches in town. The ladies immediately on their entrance, breathe a pious ejaculation through their fan-sticks, and the beaux very gravely address themselves to the haberdasher's bills, glued upon the linings of their hats. This pious duty is no sooner performed, than the exercise of bowing and curtsying succeeds: the locking and unlocking of the pews drowns the reader's voice at the beginning of the service; and the rustling of silks, added to the whispering and tittering of so much good company, renders him totally unintelligible to the very end of it.

T. I am, dear Cousin, your's, &c.

No. 135. THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1756.

Vos sapere, et solos aio benè vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

O Cit thrice happy, that canst range
To Bow or Clapham from the 'Change;
In whose spruce villa is display'd
The plum thou hast acquir'd by trade!

I AM sorry to have provoked the resentment of many of our present poets by rejecting their compositions; which, as they abound in high-flown metaphors and compound epithets, were, I feared, too sublime for my humble province of plain prose. I have found, that the same poetical genius, which could soar to an Ode, can be whetted to a most cutting Satire against me and my works; and one in particular has poured forth his whole wrath upon me in an Acrostic. But I need not offer any apology for laying the following verses before the public, which may be considered as a supplement to a former paper on the like subject. The easy elegance, which runs through the whole, will readily distinguish them to come from the same hand, that has more than once obliged us in the course of this undertaking.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em;
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather:
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees;
Admires its views, its situation;
And thus she opens her oration.
'What signifies the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?

Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear:
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air,
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney Row:
He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
But not so warm, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be outdone, my dear."
  Sir Traffic's name, so well applied,
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost def'rence to his wife,
Confess'd the argument had reason;
And by the approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country box.
  Some three or four miles out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And so convenient does it lay,
That stages pass it every day,
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.
  Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past;
With all the fuss of moving over:
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
Lo! a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head.
'Well! to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so countrfied!
'Twould come to but a trifling price,
To make it quite a paradise.
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales;
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese.

Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd:
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
Objects continual passing by,
Were something to amuse the eye:
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house-beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before;
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ller, in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And, pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, 'That's Sir Thrifty's country seat.'
  No doubt, her arguments prevail;
For Madam's taste can never fail.
  Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a Connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though like the royal German dames,
It bears a hundred Christian names;
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, *Je-ne-scai-quoi*, Virtù;
Which appellations all describe
Taste, and the modern tasteful tribe.
  Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood
Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ller with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic or Chinese.
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon.
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water four feet wide:
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green:
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking sly ha-ha:
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance.

And now from Hyde Park corner come
The Gods of Athens and of Rome:
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus and the clumsy Graces:
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there without the power to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste:
And madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council-men by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

N° 136. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1756.

——*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.* MART.

To paint mankind, our sole pretence;
And all our wisdom, common sense.

We, whose business it is to write loose essays, and who never talk above a quarter of an hour together on any one subject, are not expected to enter into philosophical disquisitions, or engage in abstract speculations; but it is supposed to be our principal aim to amuse and instruct the reader, by a lively representation of what passes round about him. Thus, like those painters who delineate the scenes of familiar life, we sometimes give a sketch of a marriage *a la mode,* sometimes draw the outlines of a modern midnight conversation, at another time paint the comical distresses of itinerant tragedians in a barn, and at another give a full draught of the rake's or harlot's progress. Sometimes we divert the public by exhibiting single portraits; and when we meet with a subject where the features are strongly marked by nature, and there is something peculiarly characteristic in the whole manner, we employ ourselves in drawing the piece at full length. In a word, we consider all mankind as sitting for their pictures, and endeavour to work up our pieces with lively traits, and embellish them with beautiful colouring: and though, perhaps, they are not always highly finished, yet they seldom fail of pleasing some few, at least, of the vast multitude of Critics and Connoisseurs, if we are so happy as to hit off a striking likeness.

There is perhaps no knowledge more requisite, and certainly none at present more ardently sought after, than the knowledge of the world. In this science we are more particularly expected to be adepts, as well as to initiate, or at least improve, our readers in it. And though this knowledge cannot be collected altogether from books, yet (as Pope says) 'men may be read, as well as books, too much;' and it is to be lamented, that many, who have only consulted the volume of life, as it lay open before them, have rather become worse than better by their studies. They who have lived wholly in the world without regarding the comments on it, are generally tainted with all its vices, to which the gathering part of their instructions from books would perhaps have proved an antidote. There, indeed, though they would have seen the faults and foibles of mankind fairly represented, yet vice would appear in an odious, and virtue in an amiable light; but those who unwarned go abroad into the world, are often dazzled by the splendour with which wealth gilds vice and infamy; and being accustomed to see barefoot honesty treated with scorn, are themselves induced to consider it as contemptible. For this reason, I am a good deal offended at the ingenious contrivance of our modern novelists and writers of comedy, who often gloss over a villanous character with the same false varnish that lackers so many scoundrels in real life; and while they are exhibiting a fellow who debauches your daughter, or lies with your wife, represent him as an agreeable creature, a man of gallantry, and a fine gentleman.

The world, even the gayest part of it, may be painted like itself, and yet become a lesson of instruction. The pieces of Hogarth (to recur to the illustration I first made use of) are faithful delineations of certain scenes of life, and yet vice and folly always appear odious and contemptible. I could wish it were possible to learn the knowledge of the world, without being 'hackneyed in the ways of man:' but as that is impracticable, it is still our duty so to live in it, as to avoid being corrupted by our intercourse with mankind. We should endeavour to guard against fraud, without becoming ourselves deceitful; and to see every species of vice and folly practised round about us, without growing knaves and fools. The villany of others is but a poor excuse for the loss of our own integrity: and though, indeed, if I am attacked on Hounslow-Heath, I may lawfully kill the highwayman in my own defence; yet I should be very deservedly brought to the gallows, if I took a purse from the next person I met, because I had been robbed myself.

The knowledge of the world, as it is generally used and understood, consists not so much in a due reflection on its vices and follies, as in the practice of them; and those, who consider themselves as best acquainted with it, are either the dupes of fashion, or slaves of interest. It is also supposed to lie within the narrow compass of every man's own sphere of life, and receives a different interpretation in different stations. Thus, for instance, the man of fashion seeks it no where but in the polite circle of the *beau-monde;* while the man of business looks no farther for it than the alley. I shall beg leave to illustrate this, by concluding this paper with a description of two characters; each of whom, though diametrically opposite to the other, has acquired a thorough knowledge of the world.

Sir Harry Flash had the good luck to be born before his brother Richard: consequently, the heir to the estate was bred a gentleman, and the other condemned to plod in the dull drudgery of business. The merchant was sent to learn accompts at the Academy upon Tower-Hill, and the baronet had the finishing of his education in France. Sir Harry is now a most accomplished fine gentleman, is an excellent judge of fashions, and can calculate the odds at any game, as readily as Hoyle or Demoivre: the Alderman is the most knowing man upon 'Change, and understands the rise and fall of stocks better than any Jew. Both of them know the world; but with this difference, that one by his consummate knowledge has run out of a large estate, while the other has raised a plum by it. O.

N° 137. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1756.

Hunc comedendum et deridendum vobis propino. TER.

To all his guests a joke, the glutton lord
Seems the jack-pudding of his own rich board.

TO MR. TOWN.

Sir,

WHAT cloying meat is love, when 'matrimony is the sauce to it!' says Sir John Brute. But if he had been married to such an Epicurean consort as I am joined with, those expressions, that savour of the kitchen, would have been real, instead of metaphorical. We live in a land really flowing with milk and honey, and keep a house of entertainment for all comers and goers. We hardly ever sit down to table less in number than twenty or thirty, and very often to above double that number of dishes. In short, Sir, so much feasting has given me a surfeit.

There are, I see, scattered up and down your papers, several accounts of the petty distresses and domestic concerns of private families. As you have listened to many complaints from husbands, I flatter myself, you will not refuse your attention to the humble remonstrance of a wife; being assured, that my only reason for thus serving up my dear lord as a new dish to gratify the public taste, is to check (if possible) his violent passion for giving his friends entertainments of another kind; which, if indulged much longer, must eat us out of house and home.

The magnificent feasts of Timon of Athens, or the stories of old English Hospitality, would give you but a faint idea of the perpetual riot and luxury of our family. Our house is always stored with as large a quantity of provisions as a garrison in expectation of a siege, and those too of the dearest and most extravagant kind. Ortolans and woodcocks are as common as sparrows, and red mullets are scarce a greater rarity with us than gudgeons or sprats; while turtle and venison are regarded as branches of citizen-luxury, which scarce deserve notice, among the many other delicacies in which we abound. Authors, they say, (you will pardon me, Mr. Town), are seldom admitted to great entertainments; and I can assure you, that it is not easy for any, but those who are present, to conceive the parade and extravagance displayed in our house. I myself am condemned to sit at the head of the table, while my lord is placed at the other end, in pain and uneasiness at my awkward mistakes in doing the honours. You must know, Sir, that I was bred up under a housewifely aunt in the country, who taught me to pickle and preserve, and gave me, as I thought, a tolerable notion of cookery. But, alas? though I understand plain boiled and roast, and have a very good notion of a pudding, I am often totally ignorant of the names and compositions of the delicacies before me, and have imagined fish to be fowl, and mistaken a *petit patee* for a plebeian mince-pie. In the mean time, my lord is displaying his exquisite taste, by deciding upon every dish, and pronouncing, with a critical smack, upon the flavour of the wines; all the while not a little solicitous about the exactness of the removes, and the duly adjusting the *entremets.* Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne abound, like ale or small-beer; and even Hermitage and Tokay are swallowed with as little remorse as Port or Lisbon. To add to all this, is most absurdly introduced the French custom of serving in *les liqueurs;* which consist of almost as many sorts as are contained in the advertisements from the Rich Cordial Warehouse. In a word, every common dinner with us is a feast; and when we have what my lord calls an entertainment, it is an absolute debauch.

But there is no part of this monstrous expense affects me so much, as the vast sums ridiculously lavished on a dessert. This piece of folly and extravagance could be nothing but the joint product of a Frenchman and a confectioner. After the gratification of the appetite with more substantial fare, this whip-syllabub raree-show is served up, chiefly to feed the eye; not but that the materials, of which the dessert is composed, are as expensive as the several ingredients in the dinner: and I will leave you to your own method of rating the rest, after telling you, that my lord thinks himself an excellent economist, by having reduced the expense of the hot-house to a thousand per ann. which perhaps the admirers of exotic fruits will not think dear, since we have pine-apples in as great plenty as golden pippins or nonpareils.

One would think, that the first requisite in eating was extravagance; and that, in order to have any thing very good, it must be produced at a time when it is out of season. Therefore one of the principal uses of our hot-house is to invert the order of nature, and to turn winter into summer. We should be ashamed to see peas upon our table, while they are to be had at a common market; but we never spare any cost to provide a good crop, by the assistance of our hot-beds, at Christmas. We have no relish for cucumbers during the summer months, when they are no rarity; but we take care to have them forced in November. But my lord mostly prides himself on the improvements that he has made in his mushroom-beds; which he has at length brought to so great perfection, that by the help of horse-dung, and throwing artificial sunbeams through a burning-glass we can raise any quantity of mushrooms, of the right Italian kind, at two hours warning.

From the hot-house we may make a very natural transition to the kitchen; and as in the former every thing must be produced out of season, so every thing in the latter must undergo a strange metamorphosis. The ordinary distinctions of fish, flesh, and fowl, are quite destroyed; and nothing comes upon table under its proper form and appellation. It is impossible to conceive what vast sums are melted down into sauces! We have a cargo of hams every year from Westphalia, only to extract the essence of them for our soups; and we kill a brace of bucks every week, to make a coulis of the haunches. Half a dozen turkeys have been killed in one day, merely for the sake of the pinions; I have known a whole pond dragged, to furnish a dish of carp's palates; and ten legs of mutton mangled raw, to make out a dish of pope's eyes.

The concomitant charges of the cellar, you will imagine, are no less extravagant; and, indeed, it is not enough that we abound in the best French and Italian wines, (which, by the bye, are purchased on the spot at an extraordinary price) but we must have several other kinds of the highest value, and consequently of most delicious flavour; and though but a taste of each has been sipped round by the company, the same bottles must never be brought a second time upon table, but are secured as perquisites by the butler, who sells them to the merchant, who sells them back again to my lord. Besides these, his lordship has lately been at an immense charge in raising a Pinery, in order to try the experiment of making Cyder of Pine-apples; which he hopes to do at little more than treble the expence of Champagne. To this article I might also add the charge of his Ice-houses: for although these are stored with a home commodity, originally of no value, yet I may venture to say, that every drop of water comes as dear to us, as the most costly of our wines.

As all our liquors, I have told you, are of foreign growth, and all our dishes distinguished by foreign titles, you will readily conceive, that our household is chiefly composed of foreigners. The *Maitre d' hotel* is a Frenchman: the butler out of livery, and his two under butlers, are Frenchmen: the clerk of the kitchen is a Frenchman: and Monsieur Fricando, the head cook, to be sure is a Frenchman. This gentleman never soils his fingers in touching the least bit of any thing; but gives his orders (like a general) to four subalterns, who are likewise Frenchmen. The baker, the confectioner, the very scullions, and even the fellow that looks after the poultry, are, all of them, Frenchmen. These, you may be sure, are maintained at very high salaries: and though Monsieur Fricando had the pay of a captain in a marching regiment, my lord was forced to double his wages at the beginning of the war, and allow him the free exercise of his religion, to prevent his leaving the kingdom.

I am sorry to add, that this pride of keeping a table has visibly impaired my lord's fortune: and this very summer he has been obliged to fell all the timber on his estate, as I may say, to keep up his kitchen fire. The only satisfaction, which he can possibly reap from all this expense, is the vanity of having it said, 'that nobody treats so elegantly as his lordship;' and now and then, perhaps, reading in the newspapers, 'that such a day the right honourable ——— gave a grand entertainment at his house in ———, at which were present the principal officers of state and foreign ministers.'

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

N° 138. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1756.

Servatâ semper lege et ratione loquendi. HOR.

Your talk to decency and reason suit,
Nor prate like fools, or gabble like a brute.

IN the comedy of the Frenchman in London, which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of how do you? Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops as soon as he is down; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety: but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a Marquis and a *Valet de Chambre.* We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Thuilleries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours; and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of Whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can: but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, overshoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities easily acquired but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking Harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-scai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance; though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the Professed Speakers. And first, the Emphatical, who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunction *and;* which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe, (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low-speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert: and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass; the Bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the 'soft parts of conversation,' and sweetly 'prattling out of fashion,' make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into gad's bud, ad's fish, and demme, the Gothic Humbuggers, and those who nick-name God's creatures, and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable muskin, should never come into company, without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars, with this and that and t'other; and, lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the Gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native woodnotes, as any Signor or Signora for an Italian Air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once; Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to Hogs: Snarlers are Curs, that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the Spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech-Owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckoos. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than Asses: Critics in general are venemous Serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than Magpies. I myself, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a Dunghill Cock; but as I must acquaint them, that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments. W.

N° 139. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1756.

———*Sume superbiam*
Quæsitam meritis.——— HOR.

Now to the utmost all your labours charge,
And show your mighty consequence at large.

I WROTE to my Cousin Village, informing him of my design to finish with the next number; and have received the following answer from him, which I shall lay before my readers.

Dear Cousin,

It was not without some regret, that I received advice of your intentions to bid adieu to the public: for, as you had been so kind as to introduce me to their notice, I began to indulge all the weakness and vanity of a young author; and had almost persuaded myself that I was the principal support of your papers. Conscious of my own importance, I expect that you will do me the justice to acknowledge, how much you are indebted to the assistance of your very ingenious Cousin; and I care not how many compliments you pay me on my wit and learning: but at the same time I must beg leave to put in a caveat against your disposing of me in what manner you yourself please. Writers of essays think themselves at liberty to do what they will with the characters they have introduced into their works; as writers of tragedy, in order to heighten the plot, have often brought their heroes to an untimely end, when they have died quietly many years before in their beds; or as our chroniclers of daily occurrences put a duke to death, give away an heiress in marriage, or shoot off an admiral's legs whenever they please. Mr. Addison, while he was carrying on the Spectator, said, 'he would kill Sir Roger de Coverly, that nobody else might murder him.' In like manner, my dear Cousin, you may take it into your head to cut me off; you may perhaps make an end of me by a cold caught in partridge-shooting, or break my neck in a stag-hunt. Or you may rather choose to settle me perhaps with a rich old country dowager, or press me into the army, or clap me on board of a man of war. But I desire that you will not get rid of me by any of these means; but permit me to assure your readers, that I am alive and merry; and this is to let them know, that I am in good health at this present writing.

Your papers, I assure you, have made a great noise in the country; and the most intelligent among us read you with as much satisfaction as the Evening Posts or the Weekly Journals. I know more than one squire, who takes them in constantly with the Magazines; and I was told by the post-master of a certain town, that they came down every week, under cover to the butler of a member of parliament. There is a club of country parsons, who meet every Saturday at a neighbouring market-town, to be shaved and exchange sermons: they have a subscription for books and pamphlets: and the only periodical works ordered in by them are the Connoisseur, and the Critical and Monthly Reviews. I was lately introduced to this society, when the conversation happened to turn upon Mr. Town. A young curate, just come from Oxford, said he knew you very well at Christ Church, and that you was a comical dog: but a Cantab. declared, no less positively, that you was either a pensioner of Trinity, or a commoner of Bennet's. People, indeed, are very much perplexed about the real author: some affirm, that you are a nobleman, and others will have it that you are an actor: some say you are a young lawyer, some a physician, some a parson, and some an old woman.

The subjects of your papers have often been wrested to various interpretations by our penetrating geniuses; and you have hardly drawn a character, that has not been fixed on one or other of the greatest personages in the nation. I once heard a country justice express his wonder, that you was not taken up, and set in the pillory; and I myself, by some of my rural intelligence, have brought upon you the resentment of several honest squires, who long to horsewhip the scoundrel for putting them in print. Others again are quite at a loss how to pick out your meaning, and in vain turn over their Bailey's Dictionary for an explanation of several fashionable phrases; which, though they have enriched the town-language, have not yet made their way into the dialect of the country. Many exquisite strokes of humour are also lost upon us, on account of our distance from the scene of action; and that wit, which is very brisk and lively upon the spot, oftentimes wholly evaporates in the post-bag.

You moralists are very apt to flatter yourselves, that you are doing a vast deal of good by your labours; but whatever reformation you may have worked in town, give me leave to tell you, that you have sometimes done us harm in the country, by the bare mention of the vices and follies now in vogue. From your intelligence, some of our most polite ladies have learned, that it is highly genteel to have a rout; and have copied the fashion so exactly, as to play at cards on Sundays. Your papers upon dress set all our belles at work in following the mode: you no sooner took notice of cocked hats, but every hat in the parish was turned up behind and before; and when you told us, that the town beauties went naked, our rural damsels immediately began to throw off their clothes. Our gentlemen have been also taught by you all the new arts of betting and gaming: and the only coffee-house in one little town, where the most topping inhabitants are used to meet to play at draughts and back-gammon, has, from the great increase of gamesters who resort to it, been elegantly christened by the name of White's.

As to the small share which I myself have had in your work, you may be sure every body here is hugely delighted with it; at least you may be sure, that I will say nothing to the contrary. I have done my best to contribute to the entertainment of your readers; and, as the name of Steele is not forgotten in the Spectator, though Addison has run away with almost all the honour, I am in hopes, that whenever the great Mr. Town is mentioned, they may possibly think at the same time on

Your affectionate Cousin and Coadjutor, VILLAGE.

After this account, which my Cousin has sent me, of the reception I have met with in the country, it will be proper to say something of my reception here in town. I shall therefore consider myself in the threefold capacity of Connoiseur, Critic, and Censor General. As a Connoisseur, in the confined sense of the word, I must own I have met with several mortifications. I have neither been made F. R. S. nor even a member of the Academy of Bourdeaux or Petersburgh. They have left me out of the list of trustees to the British Museum; and his Majesty of Naples, though he presented an 'Account of the Curiosities found in Herculaneum' to each of the Universities, never sent one to me. I have not been celebrated in the Philosophical Transactions, or in any of our Magazines of Arts and Sciences; nor have I been styled *tres-illustré tres-scavant* in any of the foreign Mercuries or Journals Litteraires. Once, indeed, I soothed myself in the vain thought of having been distinguished by the great Swedish Botanist, Linnæus, under the title of Eruditissimus Urbanus, which I conceived to be the name of Town latinized; but, to my great disappointment, I afterwards discovered, that this was no other than the learned naturalist, Mr. Silvanus Urban, author of the Gentleman's Magazine. This neglect of me as a Connoisseur, I can attribute to no other cause, than to my not having made myself known by my Musæu or Cabinet of Curiosities: and, to say the truth, I am not worth a farthing in antique coins; nor have I so much as one single shell or butterfly. All my complaints against the modern innovations of taste have been therefore disregarded: and with concern I still see the villas of our citizens fantastically adorned with Chinese palings, and our streets incumbered with superb colonnades, porticos, Gothic arches, and Venetian windows, the ordinary decorations of the shops of our tradesmen.

Nor have I, as a Critic, met with greater success or encouragement, in my endeavours to reform the present taste in literature. I expected to have the privilege of eating beef gratis every night at Vauxhall, for advising the garden poets to put a little meaning in their songs: but, though I was there several nights this summer, I could not say (with Cassio) of any of their productions, 'that is a more exquisite song than the other.' I have not been able to write the operas out of the kingdom, and, though I have more than once showed my contempt for Harlequin, I am assured there are no less than three Pantomimes to be brought on this season. As I invested myself with the dignity of supreme judge in theatrical matters, I was in hopes that my Lord Chamberlain would at least have appointed me his Deputy-Licenser; but he has not even consulted me on any one new play. I made no doubt but the managers would pay their court to me; but they have not once sent for me to dinner; and, so far from having the freedom of the house, I declare I have not had so much as a single order from any of the under-actors.

In my office of Censor General, though I cannot boast of having over-turned the card-tables at routs and assemblies, or broke up the club at Arthur's, I can safely boast, that I have routed the many-headed onster at the Disputant society at the Robin Hood, l put to silence the great Clare-market Orator.

In a word, I have laboured to prevent the growth of vice and immorality; and with as much effect as the justices of the quarter-sessions. For this reason I expected to have been put in the commission, and to have had the power of licensing all places of public diversion vested solely in my hands. But as I find my merits have been hitherto over-looked, I am determined to lay down my office; and in my next number I shall take my final leave of the public, when I shall give them an account of my correspondents, together with a full and particular account of myself. T.

Nº 140. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1756.

Vel, Duo, vel nemo. PERS.
Censor nor he, nor he: or both, or none:
A two-fold author, Messieurs Mr. Town.
———*Pene gemelli,*
Frâternis Animis HOR.
Sure in the self-same mould their minds were cast,
Twins in affection, judgment, humour, taste.

PERIODICAL writers, who retail their sense or nonsense to the world sheet by sheet, acquire a sort of familiarity and intimacy with the public, peculiar to themselves. Had these three volumes, which have swelled by degrees to their present bulk, burst forth at once, Mr. Town must have introduced himself to the acquaintance of the public with the awkward air and distance of a stranger: but he now flatters himself, that they will look upon him as an old companion, whose conversation they are pleased with: and, as they will see him no more after this time, will now and then perhaps miss their usual visitor.

However this may be, the authors of the Connoisseur now think proper to close the undertaking, in which they have been engaged for near three years past: and among their general thanks to the indulgent readers of their papers, they must include in a particular manner their acknowledgments to those, who have been pleased to appear in them as writers

They have, therefore, at the close of their work, brought Mr. Town and his associates on the scene together, like the dramatis personæ at the end of the last act.

Our earliest and most frequent correspondent distinguished his favours by the signatures G. K. and we are sorry, that he will not allow us to mention his name; since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his contributions. To him we are proud to own ourselves indebted for most part of No. 14 and 17; for the letter, signed Goliah English, in No. 19; for a great part of No. 33 and 40; and for the letter, signed Reginald Fitzworm, Michael Krawbridge, Moses Orthodox, and Tho. Vainall, No. 102, 107, 113, and 129.

The next, in priority of time, is a gentleman of Cambridge who signed himself A. B. and we cannot but regret that he withdrew his assistance, after having obliged us with the best part of the letters in No. 46, 49, and 52, and of the essays in No. 62 and 64.

The letters in No. 82, 98, 112, and 130, came from various hands, equally unknown to us. The imitation of Horace, in No. 11, was written (as we are informed) by a gentleman of Oxford: and from two gentlemen of Cambridge we received the letter signed W. Manly, in No. 65, and another, signed B. A. in No. 107.

These unexpected marks of favour, conferred on us by strangers, demand our highest gratitude; but we are no less happy in being able to boast the assistance of some other gentlemen, whom we are proud to call friends, though we are not at liberty to introduce them to the acquaintance of our readers. From a friend engaged in the Law, we had the first sketches and most striking passages of No. 75, 78, 87, and 104; though it may be regretted by the public as well as ourselves, that his leisure would not permit him to put the finishing hand to them. From a friend, a gentleman of the Temple, we received No. 111, 115, and 119. To a friend, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, we are indebted for the song in No. 72, and the verses in No. 67, 90, 125, and 135. The list of contributions from such capable friends would doubtless have been much larger, had they been sooner let into the secret: but as Mr. Town, like a great prince, chose to appear *incog.* in order to avoid the impertinence of the multitude, he did not even make himself known to those about his person, till at last they themselves found him out through his disguise.

There are still remaining two correspondents, who must stand by themselves: as they have wrote to us not in an assumed character, but *in propria persona:* the first is no less a personage than the great Orator Henly, who obliged us with that truly original letter, printed in No. 37. The other, who favoured us with a letter, no less original, in No. 70, we have reason to believe is a Methodist teacher and mechanic; and we do not know either his name or his trade.

We now come to the most important discovery of ourselves, and to answer the often repeated question of, who is Mr. Town? it being the custom for periodical writers, at the same time that they send the hawkers abroad with their last dying speech like the malefactors, like them also to couple it with a confession. The general method of unravelling this mystery is by declaring, to whom the different signatures, affixed to different papers, are appropriated. For ever since the days of the inimitable Spectator, is has been usual for a bold capital to stand, like a sentry, at the end of our essays, to guard the author in secrecy: and it is commonly supposed, the writer, who does not choose to put his name to his work, has in this manner, like the painters and statuaries of old, at least set his mark. But the authors of the Connoisseur confess, that the several letters at first pitched upon to bring up the rear of their essays, have been annexed to different papers at random, and sometimes omitted, on purpose to put the sagacious reader on a wrong scent. It is particularly the interest of a writer, who prints himself out week by week, to remain unknown, during the course of this piece-meal publication. The best method, therefore to prevent a discovery, is to make the road to it as intricate as possible; and, instead of seeming to aim at keeping the reader entirely in the dark, to hang out a kind of wandering light, which only serves to lead him astray. The desire of giving each writer his due, according to the signatures, has, in the course of this undertaking, often confused the curious in their inquiries. Soon after the publication of our first papers, some ingenious gentlemen found out, that T, O, W, N, being the letters that formed the name of TOWN, there were four authors, each of whom sheltered himself under a particular letter; but no paper appearing with an N. affixed to it, they were obliged to give up this notion. But, if they had been more able decypherers, they would have made out, that though T, O, W, will not compose the name of TOWN, yet, by a different arrangement of the letters it will form the word TWO; which is the grand mystery of our signatures, and couches under it the true and real number of the authors of the Connoisseur.

Having thus declared Mr. Town to consist of two separate individuals, it will perhaps be expected, that, like two tradesmen, who have agreed to dissolve their partnership, we should exactly balance our accounts, and assign to each his due parcel of the stock. But our accounts are of so intricate a nature, that it would be impossible for us to adjust them in that manner. We have not only joined in the work taken together, but almost every single paper is the joint product of both: and, as we have oured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend, that [illegible] workmanship of either [illegible] started by one of [illegible] still further heightened [illegible] timent in both; [illegible] collision of flint and steel [illegible] lovers conversing with [illegible] have written papers together [illegible] from each other: [illegible] minutes of an essay have [illegible] coach from town to country [illegible] town; and we have frequently [illegible] man (whom we expected [illegible] remainder of a Connoisseur [illegible] as we should wait for [illegible] out which the other [illegible] These our joint labours [illegible] would have soon broke off [illegible] been too fondly attached [illegible] or if we had conversed [illegible] a rival, or the [illegible] ance, who smiles at [illegible] companion. Nor could [illegible] ried on, with so much [illegible] mour on both sides, [illegible] united, as the two [illegible] mentions, as recorded by a [illegible] 'to have had but one mind, one purse, [illegible] and one hat.'

It has been often remarked, that [illegible] desirous of picking up some little [illegible] cerning the author of the book which [illegible] To gratify this passion, many literary [illegible] have been published, and an account of [illegible] character, and behaviour, has been prefixed [illegible] works of our most celebrated writers. Essayists [illegible] commonly expected to be their own Biographers: and perhaps our readers may require some further intelligence concerning the Authors of the C[illegible] seur. But, as they have all along appeared as a sort of *Socias* in literature, they cannot now describe themselves any otherwise, than as one and the same person; and can only satisfy the curiosity of the public, by giving a short account of that respectable personage Mr. Town, considering him as of the plural, or rather (according to the Grecians) of the dual number.

Mr. Town is a fair, black, middle-sized, very short man. He wears his own hair, and a periwig. He is about thirty years of age, and not more than four-and-twenty. He is a student of the law, and a bachelor of physic. He was bred at the university of Oxford; where having taken no less than three degrees, he looks down on many learned professors, as his inferiors: yet, having been there but little longer than to take the first degree of bachelor of arts, it has more than once happened, that the Censor-General of all England has been reprimanded by the Censor of his College, for neglecting to furnish the usual essay, or (in the collegiate phrase) the theme of the week.

This joint description of ourselves will, we hope, satisfy the reader, without any further information. For our own parts, we cannot but be pleased with having raised this monument of our mutual friendship, and if these essays shall continue to be read, when they will no longer make their appearance as the fugitive pieces of the week, we shall be happy in considering, that we are mentioned at the same time. We have all the while gone on, as it were, hand in hand together: and while we are both employed in furnishing matter for the paper now before us, we cannot help smiling at our thus making our exit together, like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay. W. O.

THE END.

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